### THE

# CALCUTTA REVIEW.

## SEPTEMBER, 1857.

- ART. I.—1. Ina, and other Poems. By Miss Leslie. Hay and Co., Calcutta.
  - 2. Ex Eremo, Poems chiefly written in India. By H. G. KEENE. Blackwood, Edinburgh.
  - 3. A Dream of a Star, and other Poems. Calcutta.

Our readers would not thank us, if we were to add to all that has been written in elucidation of the question, "what is poetry?" From the days of Aristotle to those of Leigh Hunt, few subjects of a kindred nature have given rise to speculations at once so profound and so beautiful; but we know of nothing so practically sensible, or which goes so directly to the heart of the matter, as a saying of Johnson's, in reply to the question of Boswell, "Sir, what is poetry?" "Why, sir, it is much easier to say what it is not. We all know what light is, but it is not easy to tell what it is." And, that, without being guided by any theory, men do know what poetry is, seems manifest from the manner in which true poetry is sooner or later recognised, and sifted from all counterfeits.

There is an universal appreciation of melody and rhyme. As by an instinct, all nations, even the rudest, shape their languages into poetic form. Like Pope, they "lisp in numbers;" even though the higher elements of poetry may be wanting. And this instinct is ever prepared to welcome him who will give it voice and shape. Hence the avidity with which even the uneducated adopt such songs and ballads as embody familiar incidents of love and war; and hence too, the readiness with which poets and their productions are welcomed.

But the glad reception accorded to poetry in its ordinary forms, is not the only proof that it is known—known in the

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sense of being appreciated. This appreciation is perhaps more strikingly seen in the preference that is given to good poetry over bad, or in other words to real poetry; for according to a strict application of poetic laws, bad poetry is not poetry at all. It usually has happened that a great poet has at once and for ever taken possession of his crown, as by a kind of right divine which none felt inclined even for a moment to dispute. Homer, Shakespeare and Spenser have never had their genius called in question. If it has occasionally happened otherwise, there have been reasons for it. Milton's earlier productions appear to have been received as they deserved; for who could question the genius which gave birth to the magnificent "Hymn on the nativity of Christ," to "Lycidas," "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." If his "Paradise Lost" was not received by his cotemporaries, in a manner worthy of its merits, the cause is easily found in that intense prejudice and hate, with which the dominant party in the nation during the reign of Charles II., looked on everything which belonged to the Puritans. It was impossible for them to recognise any merit in aught that could emanate from the Secretary of Cromwell; albeit there was not perhaps in all England a man of loftier genius or nobler nature than that defamed, blind old man. But from the time when party spirit sufficiently subsided to allow men to judge impartially the works of their predecessors, there has been but one opinion about Milton as a poet. Wordsworth is the next great poet, whose merits were not at once recognised, save by a very few of his earliest cotemporaries. De Quincy tells us, that he had two enthusiastic admirers, himself and Professor Wilson! reduces the number low enough; too low, indeed, for the demands of truth, we imagine; but it is certain, that his friends were few, and his decriers tolerably numerous. But for this, he had himself to blame; he seemed intent on shewing how easy it is to descend from simplicity to silliness. Not content to write such exquisite poems as "Ruth," "Laodamia," "the Power of Sound," and "Dion;" he was led, by pushing a dangerous theory too far. to put forth such productions as "Alice Fell," "The Idiot Boy," and "the Waggoner," as if to perplex the judgment of his readers, and keep in suspense his own reputation. Wordsworth now, we are inclined to think, holds his high position, not because of all that he has written, but in spite of one half of it; for the reputation of a writer is fixed much more by his best productions than by his worst.

The conclusion then to which we arrive, is this; that all poets, both small and great, will sooner or later receive their due at the hands of the community. The verdict may be delayed, but it will be a just one at last. Great poets are too few, and too dearly

prized, to be allowed to perish; and we believe that not a single one has ever thus perished. If minor ones are forgotten, they

can well be spared.

Such thoughts as we have now thrown out are of use to us in reflecting on the probable fate of cotemporary literature, and of still greater use to such writers as those whose poems we are now about to review. The volumes before us are the first publications of their respective authors, and to us they are of greater interest, since, with the exception of a small portion of Mr. Keene's volume, all their contents have been written in India. Their individual peculiarities render it necessary that we notice each one separately; but before doing so, they collectively sug-

gest to us one or two observations.

The first has reference to their general characteristics, when compared with the style of poetry now most common in England. India has no school of literature; writers here, therefore, will take their models and receive their bias from the writers of our native land. Our readers need not be told, we hope, that the prevalent tone of poetic literature there is not worthy of imitation. It is what the Edinburgh Review happily designated of the "spasmodie" type, which being forced and unreal, must necessarily be short-lived. The three writers before us have happily avoided, to a very considerable extent, this unfortunate characteristic. Mr. Keene has done so entirely; but we cannot say quite so much for Miss Leslie, and the author of "A Dream of a Star." If the former has been influenced by any living writer, we suspect it has been Mrs. Browning; nor could she study a better living model, if, instead of freely and alone cultivating her own nature, she must have one.

Though these poems have almost all been written in India, they have but a very slight connexion with the land of their nativity; and singular enough, this remark chiefly applies to the two volumes which have been published in this country. Mr. Keene has evidently seen in Indian history and the incidents of oriental life, ample materials for the exercise of his poetic powers, whilst his own exile has suggested some of the most touching and beautiful sentiments to be found in his volume; sentiments which will find a response in the heart of every Englishman whose lot is east in this land of the sun. We wish that the other two writers before us had derived more of their inspiration from the same sources. Surely in the history, the scenery, the social relations, and even in the superstitions of India, there are abundant materials for the poet to work upon. Not only might we suppose that writers would chiefly direct ·their attention to the land in which they live, especially if that land were one about which distant nations, through many ages, have fondly dreamed and ardently thought; but any writer,

whether of fiction or of poetry, would have, in making Indian subjects his theme, the great advantage of working a mine hitherto comparatively neglected and overlooked. Ireland, Scotland, America, Italy, Germany, and the lands so pregnant with instruction to the philosophic historian, as well as of gorgeous recollections and imaginings to the poet, which, fifty years ago, formed the Ottoman Empire, have all in turn contributed rich materials to the suggestive minds of our English poets and romancers. India's time will surely come at last. As Campbell sang his funeral dirge over neglected Poland, as Rogers made us acquainted with sunny sensuous Italy, as Byron aroused attention in favour of degenerate Greece, as Whittier drew forth sympathy toward slaves, and excited wrath against their masters; so may we hope, that the labour of calling a yet deeper attention to India's wrongs and wants will not be left exclusively to statisticians, historians and political adventurers, but that some one or more of powerful genius, deeply brooding over the state of this land, will give forth to the world in "immortal verse" an account of its sufferings, its wants and its resources, which shall call forth English sympathy and energy, as, to this country, they have never been called before. Southey, in his "Curse of Kehama," has handled a purely Indian subject with marvellous accuracy and skill, and proved that even the huge and monstrous mythology of this country is rich in themes which might well engage the attention of a poet even of the highest order. Waiving the consideration of the capability of any of the writers before us, thus to arouse public attention, we are sorry we cannot say of them "they have done what they could." But we must proceed to a more detailed consideration of their respective merits. Two of the works before us will not demand so much of our time, since they were brought before the attention of our readers in the "Miscellaneous Notices" of this Review on their first appearance.

A "Dream of a Star" occupies nineteen pages of the pamphlet in which it appears; and we are bound to say, it should not have appeared at all. We find it quite beyond our power to give an intelligible account of it, simply because it is as devoid of incident as it is destitute of aim. All we know is, that it is intended to be about a brother and a sister, who, when children, wander about a good deal amongst flowers, churchyards and meadows, but not half so much as the author himself. Indeed, he wanders so much that he absolutely loses the poor children altogether, and at length, apparently conscious that, like the "Babes in the Wood," they are actually missing, exclaims:—

<sup>&</sup>quot;But where is he? that thoughtful boy! And where that ever present joy, His gentle sister?"—

Where they are, he does not inform us, and we cannot discover. We think the sister dies at the dawn of womanhood, but the author leaves us to infer this rather than tells us so. If he intended the "Dream of a Star" to be an account of a lovely sister, prematurely snatched from an affectionate brother, he should have remembered that this alone is not sufficient to be the basis of a poem of any length; incident and purpose are demanded, and in this case we have them not. The discursiveness everywhere exhibited is excessive, and the writer resembles a child who wandering from its home, soon becomes lost amidst the mazes of a trackless forest. He preserves no sequence and connexion between the different parts of his poem. The lines are tolerably good, viewed separately; his choice of language is usually select. and there is a sylvan cast about his scenery, which not unfrequently reminds us of Keats; but there is no continuity, even in the thoughts and sentiments; it is like a piece of spar, the crystals of which jut out without any connexion the one with the other.

Such a poem as this should not have been published. It can bring no reputation to the author, nor can it minister enjoyment or instruction to the reader. We regret that we cannot pronounce a more favourable opinion on the literary production of one, evidently possessed of a mind deeply imbued with sentiments of a pure and healthful quality, and who writes, as all true poets do, because he feels deeply, and finds verse the most befitting form of utterance. But we have to judge of the intellectual character of this production, and thus viewing it, we pronounce that it is wanting in some of the essential qualities of a good narrative poem. Were it within our province to take account of the moral qualities of a writer of verses, we should willingly do so in this case, since it would then be our happiness to express a higher estimate of this small volume. It exhibits to us a heart at least which is the home of the social and domestic virtues, and very susceptible of all those influences which refine and elevate humanity.

The miscellaneous pieces are of higher merit. There is the same habit of running off from the subject into purposeless versification, the same want of thought, and not unfrequently a very prosaic style of expression. "The Missionaries in India" perhaps best illustrates these defects. The following lines to

"Mnemosyne" are in the author's best style :-

Memory! to gaze on thy land of shade, Chequer'd with flashes of sunny light, Is like looking back down a forest glade, Illumin'd by sunbeams few, yet bright. Joy, all so strangely with sadness blended,
Fond hopes fulfill'd which regret still brought,
Long-cherish'd schemes that in failure ended,
And yet such failure with pleasure fraught.

As the smooth mirror, the form depicting,
Gives back an image revers'd, though true,
So memory, on sorrows past reflecting,
May find them joys on a closer view.

"Ex Eremo" exhibits much more cultivated poetic power than the book we have just passed. Mr. Keene, we should infer, has here done his best, and the result is a volume, which will be read, not with enthusiasm, but with satisfaction, by most cultivated readers. There is little of fire, vigour and enthusiasm in his style; but whilst he never rises into the higher regions of poetry, he seldom falls into grave errors of composition, or below mediocrity. He is never sublime and seldom beautiful; but he is generally agreeable, and never fails to exhibit vigorous thought and devout sentiment. He may be found occasionally obscure, and, though usually a careful writer, now and then slovenly, whilst his transitions are sometimes too abrupt, and his exhibition of human feeling and passion is limited in its range; but those defects are combined with excellencies which we have no wish to overlook; indeed, we are inclined to give Mr. Keene a high place amongst our Indian minstrels.

Of the longest poem in the volume we shall say but little. It is the narrative of an adventurer who, at the commencement of Britain's sovereignty in the East, was led by the decay of his house to seek its restoration in India. It is a well told tale of bold adventure, and of baffled lust for gold. An air of naturalness and probability runs through the whole narrative, whilst the conclusion, though too abrupt, is finely conceived. Michael De Mas, after gaining and losing more than one fortune in India, and losing what is still more precious, his virtue and his honor, in his too ardent pursuit after wealth, leaves India with the wrecks of his fortune, that he may, to the eastward, make one more effort to gain the means of restoring the glory of his name, which however had been lost only for a season, for the family estate had been recovered by the fidelity of an old

servant; but the heir could not be found:

"There was a nine days' wonder; men inquired,
"Where was the man whose wealth, without an heir,
(So lost, so wonderfully won again.
But after his departure, by the faith
Of an old servant, thought to have been slain,)
Was fabulously splendid?" And some said,

"There was a will; all he might have was left To strangers"—" to a lady he had loved." It was the year that filled the century From Michael's birth, when he was seen again."

#### A band of adventurers in California find his remains:-

"Here, with the lumps of ore heaped high around,
They found a human skeleton; hard by,
A rusty cutlass, such as mariners use
Whereon was rudely graven, and half-effaced,
The words "Michael De Mas," and underneath,
"I die of want upon a bed of gold."

Another poem of some length is called "the Wanderer;" it has probably been suggested by Wordsworth's Excursion. It strikes us as being one of the least successful of Mr. Keene's efforts, for though it contains agreeable reflections and just sentiments, it is somewhat desultory and vague in its general outlines. The following extract from "Day Dreams" affords a very fair illustration of the prevailing character both of Mr. Keene's poetry and style of thought:—

"Where summer is, there 'tis fresh and fair,
For forest and field are gay,
When the sun looks down on tower and town,
That smile beneath his ray.
Upon the hills the morning breeze
Still whispers in the yellow broom,
The poplar throws a quivering shade,
The oak-tree sheds a broader gloom,
And in the hazel thicket hangs
The silence of a tomb.
But shades come o'er the face of day,
Tempering afresh the genial May,
The light air softly drops,
And nestles in the tall tree-heads,

The spraylets in the copse.

In such an hour as this
The earth-impeded soul.

Entranced with nature's bliss,
Surmounts the bear-watched pole,

And stirs the violets in the glades,

And the great space wherein the firm spheres roll;
Knows of a brighter sun,
Basks in his beams,
Sees crystal waters run,

And drinks their streams, And spreads her wings and floats into the land of dreams."

But he gives us unfortunately lines that are less carefully wrought; take the following as a specimen:

"In the long dawn of vernal day, How often have I burst away, Fared gaily through the sleeping town,
And wandered to the woods alone.
The bee hummed in the eglantine,
And the breeze swayed the curls of the young woodbine,
The May scented the hedges along,
The lark was above like a star of song;
Through the hay-hung lanes we go
Over the style, across the meadow,
Where the swift streams whispering flow,
Where the black pools sleep in shadow,
Where the angler seeks his sport,
That Verdurer of nature's court,
Who never lets his occupation
Balk him of happy contemplation."

Some of the rhymes in this extract are unbearable, as "town," "alone;" "eglantine," "woodbine;" whilst the two last lines are very defective in versification and poetry; and the last but two is both fanciful and obscure. Other faults there are, but we have pointed out a sufficient number.

Whilst we are in the croaking strain, we may as well indulge our vein a little further. In a short poem suggested by the fine expression of Schiller, "Death cannot be an evil for it is

universal,"-occurs the line-

"They own that Death is God."

The idea is as repulsive as it is false. The theology of Mr. Keene is equally defective when he says:—

"In His sight how little differ Very bad and very good."

The word "long" in the following lines looks too much as if it had been introduced to make a rhyme; the inversion of language moreover is unpleasant:—

"The burden of the world's old song
Must have its share of truth,
That the most honoured life and long
Was happier in youth."

The least effective and satisfactory performance in the volume, we consider to be a short drama on "the Origin of Caste." There is an air of flippancy and levity about it which strikes us as being quite incompatible with the frightful evil whose rise it professes to relate. But it really does not explain to us, in any way that can be called satisfactory, how this curse of India arose. Satan would be ashamed of such a meagre contrivance as Mr. Keene attributes to him.

The most carefully conceived and best executed of the longer

poems is, "The Twins; a Rosicrucian mystery." The story is a very complicated one, but it is full of deep interest, and the air of mystery and romance which is thrown over it, is made the more attractive because of the skill with which the natural and supernatural are combined. Albertus an Alchemist at length has his wish gratified by being told that he shall have two sons. The sylph who conveys to him this information, points him to two stars, the symbols of his children's destiny—

— As he gazed
Two stars shone forth, where clouds had been before;
Yet not with equal lustre; one still waned
And paled and flickered as the other burned
And so they shone alternate. "See thy sons,"
The sylph was saying—

## The father rightly interpreted the sign-

Albertus' brain was troubled, for he knew
The saying of the air-born was not false,
And that his children would be like those stars,
Mysteriously united, all their lives,
To hang dependent one upon the other,
That when one erred, the other straight should mourn,
When one did good, the other fall away;
And fear there was, if one should die in peace,
The other should receive extreme despair
As his companion everlastingly.

In their chequered lives this alternation of good and evil occurs. As the one is visited with emotions of fraternal love, the other as surely is possessed with feelings of fratricidal hate. Their lives are ever in juxtaposition.

We have said enough to exhibit the prevailing qualities of "Ex Eremo," but notwithstanding its length we cannot refrain from extracting one of Mr. Keene's best poems. We hope the sentiments it unfolds are not rare amongst us:—

As on her faithful Edward's breast Emilia's head reclined,
He gazed on her with tenderness, while fear came o'er his mind;
For he thought her perfect features showed a presage of decay;
And "Oh, the lady of my love," he said, "she fades away!
The sun of this wild land is bright, but deadly is his glare,
And poison loads the gales and rains of all the livelong year.
My labours, too, are fameless here—all joyless every feast—
My soul is sick for freedom from this weary, weary East.
O for the breeze so pure though chill, the sun, though weak, so kind,
A crust of bread from day to day, with health of frame and mind,
And the voices of our children never absent from our hearth,
And gladness in the garden-plots, where bees and birds make mirth—
And in the end the old churchyard, with two green mounds of earth."
"Ah! not from you," the lady said, and her timid eyelash fell;
"Oh! not from you those false weak words my own heart knows so well;

We were not born for happiness in this stern world of toil,
Nor are we of the forest growth whose souls are in the soil:
Whatever land we start from, dear, the goal is still the same,
And he who steers for duty's light must never think of fame.
Our fates are but our motives, and (if this is any balm)
Think if an age of pleasure can be worth an hour of calm,
Of deep and settled peace, with which, before the day is done,
And the weary march is ended, we may watch the setting sun;
So if duty be a burthen, 'twill be lighter borne by two,
And if you will struggle on, love, I will struggle here with you."
He kissed her ample brow, as sweet peace came o'er his breast
And let not any seek to know (I cannot tell) the rest—
If he lived to share with her he loved a few bright years at least,
Or one, or both, have left their bones to moulder in the East;
Or whether they enjoyed, or not, what worldly men call bliss,
'Twere vain to ask, and vain to tell: the moral is not this.

We come now to the last of the works before us. For more than one reason, Miss Leslie's poems have stronger claims on our notice as Calcutta Reviewers than the others we have noticed. She has lived, we believe, from her childhood in India. She has had no opportunity of observing nature, save as it is presented to us in Bengal; she is besides a young writer, and we may therefore expect from her apparent love of "the gentle art," that her first appearance as an authoress will not be her last. The publication in Calcutta of a good-sized volume of poetry, which really proves that the writer is endowed with the "gift divine" and which gives promise of yet further progress in excellence, is of importance in the history of Anglo-Indian literature. We are prepared therefore to bid Miss Leslie welcome, and whilst we recognise her merits, we wish not to hide her defects.

A reviewer's task is never so responsible as when he takes in hand the first productions of a young poet. He may kill, as the Quarterly did Keats; he may envenom, as the Edinburgh did Byron; or he may mislead, as a somewhat extravagant Scottish critic now living is said to have misled half a dozen of our young English poets. It is perfectly natural that young writers should wish to know what opinions are formed of their productions; these productions constitute in their estimation a standard by which their reputation is to be judged: to them judicious advice may be of essential service, whilst on the other hand, indiscriminate laudation may confirm them in error, or undue severity may

crush and blight minds of great worth and power.

"Ina" is a dramatic narrative, occupying two-thirds of the volume before us. Its perusal at once suggests the enquiry, is ability to conceive a skilful and elaborate plan an essential attribute of a poet? We reply in the negative; at the same time let us add that no one will be a poet of the first order, unless to perfection of detail in the composition of poetry he unite the

power of original design. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser and Milton have based their fame on poems which display wonderful genius in the conception of them. Perhaps no equal number of fine lines and passages could be collected from any other four of our English poets as could be gathered from their writings; but yet it is not on these excellencies in detail that their fame rests, so much as on the great genius exhibited in the conception of their poems. The two conjoined lead to supreme excellence. But great poetic power may exist where there is no genius to conceive an original and elaborate plan. Horace, with all his exquisite beauty and taste, was, we believe, incapable of writing a tolerable epic, or a respectable play. No higher quality than great skill is exhibited in the outlines of any of Dryden's poems or plays. Tennyson, unquestionably the greatest poet of our day, has failed, as did Wordsworth, when he has attempted the dramatic and the narrative forms of composition. No one cares for "the Princess," or "Maud" as entire poems, but who does not delight in the minute excellencies they so profusely exhibit! Where original power exists in the conception of a great poem like the Paradise Lost, or a fine play like Othello, there will generally be found the genius requisite to work it out perfectly even in the minutest details. The greater power implies the lesser; but there may exist the ability to write perfect sonnets, lyrics and descriptive pieces, where there is no epic or dramatic power. When therefore a poem of any length comes before us, we adopt the most complete mode of investigation, if we test it both as a work of art and a poetical composition. Judging "Ina" then in the former aspect of it, we are bound to say, that it is found wanting; it is deficient in plot, incident and The reader is not borne onward to some clear and deep conclusion. At its close he is conscious of having had intercourse with some very agreeable and accomplished persons—who by the way are too much alike—with having read some fine lyries, and had presented to his attention some beautiful imagery, but he has to think much before he can say what it is all about; and if at last he discovers a plan, he feels that it is deficient in moral earnestness and literary ingenuity. we suspect Miss Leslie of a species of literary vagrancy. was absorbed in a passionate love of flowers, sunbeams, musicmurmuring brooks "and all that sort of thing," so that, like the child in the story, who forgot the business on which he was sent in the ardour of his pursuit after a butterfly, she has been so intent on the separate details of her poem as to overlook design. She has strung her pearls on an ordinary thread, which is not sufficiently strong to bear their weight. But let us examine "Ina" in detail. Being a dramatic

narrative, it is easily separated into distinct parts. Suppose we take it then entirely to pieces,-we will unstring the necklace, and examine the various stones of which it is composed. Are they separately of any poetic value? Suppose they were put, with some degree of adaptation, into a volume of poetry with befitting titles-and we are not sure but Miss Leslie would act wisely if she were to do this, should she publish, as we hope she will, any other poems-would they be recognised as possessing some merit? We certainly think they would, and some of them merit of a high order. We would instance several of her lyrics, and two scenes-p. 161-suggested, we imagine, by the noble heroism of Florence Nightingale, the first of a lady in England, amidst the luxury and refinement which wealth can there purchase in such perfection as can be exhibited in no other land; the second of the "Lady Ermengarde," who moves like an angel amidst the sick and wounded, pining in an hospital on the banks of the Euxine. These are too long for quotation, but the following passages exhibit Miss Leslie's capability both of thinking and writing, nor would it be difficult to cite others equally good:

> "Life is like that fair Queen of Portugal, Bright Inez of the beautiful, glad smile, Whom after death her royal husband robed In regal tire, and bound her brow with gold, And made her sit upon a gorgeous throne, And while most rich and lordly music swelled, Caused his proud nobles to kneel down and kiss The dead cold hand, stiff and impassible; Her ears heard not the music's thrilling gush, Her hand felt not the kisses of the lords, Her eyes looked not upon her husband's face. Thus in our love, we act toward this life, Robe it in purple, kneel in reverence down Before it throned upon a seat of gold; And all the while it is a deathly thing Meet only for the lightless sepulchre.

Life is a white and silver basket, void
Of fruits and flowers; man's earthly work it is
To gather all the sweetest flowers of Time,
And all its richest, ripest summer fruits,
And fill the basket ere his days are o'er,
Then shall it stand before his sovereign's face,
Lightened with splendour from the azure skies,
Struck over by Eternity's great light."

# Take another extract on a different theme:-

"Ay, and young children scarce believingly Shall hear of battle-fields where man met man In deadly, inextinguishable strife, Fort walls with ivy shall be mantled o'er, And birds shall build their small nests 'mid the leaves. Cannon shall lie along the grass, and flowers Shall twine around them in long, starry wreaths; Ball-pyramids shall scatter, and each shot Shall be encradled tenderly in moss, 'Mid cowslips and young purple violets. O cease not, Lady, thy low voiced prayers, For this morn's advent companied with joy, And songs, and smiles, and glad thanksgiving words: Surely it shall come though it tarry long."

There is fine appreciation exhibited in the following lines, as well as noble sentiment:—

"I thank Him daily for the wise, the brave, The true, the loving and the beautiful, With whom He glorifies and gladdens Life. The earth is fair and rich with lustrousness, The sweet reflection of God's holy smile Yet lingers on blue sea, and rippling stream, And lake surrounded by deep summer green, Aye shining with a wondrous loveliness. Each full-blown flower seems as if wrought in Heaven, In presence of the splendoured sanctities, And the sweet budding of the trees in spring Might make glad flushes light a scraph's cheek. But richer, rarer than each glorious thing Which glows and glitters on this rounded earth, Is man's great, deathless soul. Therefore the heart Exulteth more at meeting of an heir Of immortality, than at the sight Of earth's most fair and beauty-lighted scenes,— Fields flushed with roses on a summer's morn,— White lilies floating on a dark, deep pool,-A herd of red deer in a forest's gloom,-Long, western shadows in a wooded park,— Stars shining near a mountain's white-snowed peak,— Palm-shaded islands in a sapphire sea,-Pure springs encircled with green, mossy stones,— And valleys among mountains rainbow-arched."

But perhaps Miss Leslie will be more fairly judged by the miscellaneous pieces prefixed to "Ina." Embodying as they do single incidents or special thoughts, she has not to contend with the difficulty of conceiving an elaborate plan, and her attention being fixed chiefly on the partial treatment of a simple subject, she is more at liberty to display her power. These miscellaneous pieces exhibit more diversified ability than the mere readers of "Ina" would expect. The descriptiveness of several passages in "the Death of Moses," the pathos of "Died at Sea," and "Tintoretto and his Daughter"—which we think one of the best of Miss Leslie's productions;—the quiet imaginativeness of "the Ruined house;" the war-like vigour of "Christmas night" and "the War-farewell," and the bold symbolism of "Eastern

voices" give proof of genuine poetic power. We regret that

all these pieces are too long to be extracted.

But we will enter somewhat more particularly into the characteristics exhibited in this volume. Its author's forte is evidently the descriptive. Had she possessed the power of narrating, we think she would have seized the opportunities of displaying it, which often occur in "Ina." Perhaps she may hereafter disclose, what she certainly has not yet exhibited, a power to pourtray individual character; experience and observation may do this and much more, but recording what we observe, it strikes us that Miss Leslie's mind runs strongly in the direction we have indicated, and we are the more assured of this from the marvellous instinct with which she can describe seenes with which she cannot be familiar, and of which we suspect she can know little by means of analogy and inference. Everywhere we meet with fine touches like the following:—

"Look, father, at my basket heaped with flowers,
And half-oped buds, and green leaves feathery,
I've sought for them in still and hidden nooks,
'Neath over-shadowing trees, in corners known
Only to little birds which on the mould
Have left faint traces of their small, red feet,
And from their leaf-enshrined nests have won
The sweetest treasures of this golden morn.
See these white wax-like buds, and spicy flowers,
Ringed as the royal tiger of the woods;
So purely are they fashioned, that the light
Of angel-fingers seems yet visible
In their surpassing beauty-moulded forms."

This volume exhibits great imaginativeness on the part of its author. She writes as if she often looked at objects not so much to see what they are in themselves, as to observe what they resemble, and how many analogies they can suggest. Hence it is that she is not content with one figure, but must have several: occasionally indeed she seems so intent on their multiplication, as to forget the idea which suggested them; the stalk of the tree is almost hidden beneath the rich foliage, and the golden blossoms which it supports. This love of imagery exhibits itself often in a delight in personification, thus:—

"Summer, with large and jetty eyes steals on, Bearing upon her head a loose thick crown Of open roses white and golden-hued And tinged with pink, and crimson as the sky After the gorgeous setting of the sun.

Evening, a maiden with a rosy flush Upon her rounded cheeks, her golden hair Falling about her in long glossy curls, Her purple robe thrown round her in rich folds, Comes up the west with a majestic tread. Morning brings with her a rich urn of gold, Filled with clear dew-drops, which she scatters round On flower and leaf, and her high brow is wreathed With rosebuds washed in dew and glittering stems.

Twilight, a matron with a diadem Of large, dim planets, and a countenance Ethereal in its beauty, and a look Of solemn tenderness in her grey eyes.

Night, with a black veil o'er her star-crown flung, In mean disguise comes to the silent earth, As to a foeman's camp a fearless queen: Yet through the shrouding dark her jewels shine, And men confess the present majesty."

More frequently it is seen in the creation of what are termed figures. Some of them are so fine that we cannot forego the pleasure of laying two or three of them before our readers:—

"O rich, rich gift of life, white marble block!
Why hast thou been entrusted to my hand?
I am too weak to hew grand statuary
For earth's bright golden halls, wherewith the souls
Of gazers-on may throb with spirit-joy.

Eternity is as the marriage ring Pure, bright, and golden, where with God unites For ever more his ransomed to Himself.

Death comes unto us, as at midnight came The angel to the guarded prison-house, Where calmly the apostle doomed to death Slept dreaming dreams of beauty, and he bids Our clay chains drop adown, and with a touch Flings wide the massy portals of the earth, And leading our still wondering spirits out Into the star-streets of the universe Departs, and leaves us to seek out our own.

Oft-times I feel like to a little child,
Aboard some huge black ship upon the sea;
The vessel rocks, the billows dash and moan,
The sea-bird screams, around me dismally,
And I — I know not what the crash and stir,
The straining of the masts and cordage mean;
But terrified I sit me down and weep.

Occasionally the imagery is obscure, and now and then it is drawn from sources that are too familiarly known; but we should withhold from Miss Leslie her just meed, if we did not add that it is always such as a refined and cultivated taste will approve. A similar remark indeed will apply to the whole volume; it exhibits great purity of taste and of feeling. We may not always be able to approve of the mere language as an exhibition of rhythmic power, though usually it is harmonious and very

musical, but the sentiments and the thoughts it clothes are never at variance with what a woman should think and feel. Would that the healthy moral tone and the purity of feeling here exhibited, were more prevalent amongst our existing English poets; Dobell, Smith, Gerald Massey, and James Bailey are more defective in this respect than they are even in Wordsworthian

repose and Grecian chasteness and simplicity.

There are one or two points on which we will venture to give Miss Leslie a word of warning. We do this the more readily, because we fully recognize her merit, and believe that her faults are neither numerous nor ineradicable. Let her then, first of all, be careful in the use of adjectives. A poet, we are aware, can no more do without them than without flowers, stars and rhythm; but, like many other things, they are good or bad according as they are used; now if they are used too frequently, or inappropriately, they greatly weaken style. In our younger days, we had a fellow-student who could not express his approval of the most ordinary things without declaring that the loaf before him was superb, the coffee magnificent, and the tea glorious! Now if De Quincy is right—and no living writer has a deeper knowledge of the significance and fitness of words—in saying that he only knows one object on earth made by the hand of man which can appropriately be called sublime, then what an offence to good taste must that have been, of which we have just spoken! Had not its excess rendered it ridiculous, it would have grated on the ears with the offensiveness of fifty hackery wheels. We distinctly wish it to be understood that Miss Leslie is never guilty of the extreme inappropriateness to which we have alluded, but could she write the words "forehead" and "brow" without appending the adjectives "pale," or "white?" Does not the word "fingers," always suggest the other word, "tapering?" Such iterations and common places are by all means to be avoided.

A similar tendency to that we have just indicated, is seen in the very frequent combination of words, which occasionally weakens her lines, and sometimes violates the usage of the English language. Such as the following are open to one objection or the other, "large-souled," "stiff-jewelled," "Eden-land," "Soul-father," "gladly-guested," "sigh-companioned," "vale-lily," "fondness-full."

We think it more important still to caution Miss Leslie against too great a love of word-painting, lest it should weaken her inclination for originality of thought and conception. Words are often mistaken for thoughts, and by none so frequently as by young poets. It is a very natural and therefore a pardonable error; but yet it is an error. True poetry is found not so much

in words as in ideas. Miss Leslie is sometimes beguiled from what she should say, by reflecting too much on the best manner in which she can say it; she is therefore occasionally too stiff and artificial, and her lines move onward, not with the free impulsiveness with which a child walks, but with the deliberateness of one who is obliged to pick his way, or who marches in some slow and stately procession. However, time will give her more thoughts, and experience will increase her power of varied expression. Her reading may have much to do with this attribute of her poetry. We suspect she has read much more extensively in the field of modern than of old English poetry. This is matter for regret. Our best recent poets have been the deepest students of the old masters of song, not of their cotemporaries. They have discovered where the gold mines are. Any one conversant with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Tennyson, cannot fail to perceive at whose feet they sat and learned, learned, so far as genius admits of being taught. However much there may be that is admirable in the best modern poetry, we take it to be an important thing that a writer bring himself frequently into close converse with minds most diverse from his own, both in their forms of thought and of expression. result is both instructive and invigorating.

We cannot close our remarks without a definite expression of our opinion. This volume contains indubitable proofs of considerable poetic power. It is full of promise for the future. She who can utter some of the fine and beautiful things here written, should continue to write. Its fair authoress has no small store of that wealth of language and imagery, and that enthusiasm in behalf of her noble art, of which true poets are made; may she live to fulfil the promise which her book justifies us in cherishing!

ART. II.-1. Report on the Jails of the Lower Provinces of the Bengal Presidency for 1855-56.

2. List of Jail Manufactures executed in the Prisons of Bengal and the North Western Provinces. 1856.

3. Report of the Committee on Prison Discipline, to the Governor General of India. 1838.

THE elaborate and able report which stands last in our list of Prison Documents, may be said to have formed the groundwork of nearly all that has been accomplished, or attempted, in the reformation of Indian Jails. Occupying about four hundred folio pages, examining every detail and subject, from Transportation to Tobacco, and emanating from such men as Sir Edward Ryan, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Cameron, and Mr. Grant, this valuable State Paper is well deserving of notice by those who take any interest in the important questions of criminals, their punishment and reformation.

portion of the general subject, other than that relating to the employment of prisoners under sentence in the Jails of India. The recent exhibition of Jail manufactures in the Town Hall of Calcotta, has been the means of bringing this mode of employing the inmates of our prisons so prominently before the public, and the objects there exhibited attracted so much attention from some portions of the community, that it is thought preferable to treat our Jail industry apart from the larger question of "crime and its repression." We believe it to be in contemplation to hold a second Jail exhibition towards the close of the present year: this alone would induce us to treat the matter as a separate question, having a care to consider in what manner such a public collection of Prison Industry may be susceptible of improvement, and how most likely to conduce to the end in view.

Previous to the date of the Prison-Committee's Report, the only active occupation for the inmates of our Jails, with the exception of a few menial employments about the Prison, was road-work, either contiguous to, or at a distance from, the respective Jails, under Engineer officers. At that time, there were about thirteen thousand thus employed in Bengal alone, out of twenty-three thousand six hundred criminal prisoners. These prisoners worked in fetters, guarded by one Burkandaz to every five convicts, supervised by Duffadars and Jemadars. Women do not appear to have performed any description of labour; whilst in the great Jails of the three Presidency towns none of the prisoners

were called upon to work.

The report proceeded to show that in the Bengal Presidency, there was, properly speaking, no system of in-door labor for male convicts, excepting for those sentenced to imprisonment for life. Of these, there were in 1838, one thousand and fifty-two committed for murder, attempt at murder, homicide, and gang-robberies with wounding and torture. The only labour exacted from these desperate characters, was spinning flax and jute-yarn for the manufacture of gunny bags, which seldom occupied the most indolent after mid-day, whilst the more active were engaged for a much shorter time. The productive result of this labour was not more than 2,500 rupees per annum. The life-prisoners in fact appear to have performed just as much work as suited them; the jailer having but little command over them, owing to their being congregated in one vast yard, and the few sepoys placed as a guard on them, having only unloaded muskets, a fact of which the prisoners were perfectly aware.

There were, however, even at that period, some few exceptional cases, where the Magistrates had, as mere experiments, put a certain number of prisoners to in-door labor. At Beerbhoom, a few were placed at cloth-weaving, with very questionable results as to profitableness. At Allahabad, sixty prisoners were employed in a similar manner without success. A small carpet manufacture had been attempted at Benares, but eventually abandoned. In like manner, the convicts of Gurruckpore, Hameerpore, and Meerut, were put to labor, but with somewhat better results.

The Committee reported that, so far from in-door labor being generally preferred by prisoners, they sought for work on the roads, with the knowledge that they could nearly always command intercourse with friends and relations by means of bribes to the guards, with the savings of their mouthly allowance money. This however could only be done when they were employed under the civil authorities, for when transferred to the military, for work on the Grand Trunk Road, they were much more strictly kept and watched over.

"This system was commenced in the Lower Provinces on the 1st March, 1833, when every prisoner sentenced to labor, for whatever crime, whose unexpired period of imprisonment exceeded one year, was sent to Captain Thompson. But we believe that, except on the first occasion, none but those sentenced for murder, dacoity, highway robbery, burglary, theft, receiving stolen goods, forgery, perjury, arson, rape and other offences, for which the term of imprisonment has been five years or more, have been sent.

"By day, the prisoners in these road-gangs work in iron fetters, and at night, they sleep sometimes in huts, and sometimes in tents, secured in gangs,—secured by means of a long iron chain, ' passed through a ring in each man's fetters, or between the legs above the fetters, and fastened at each and. The executive officer has power to handcuff refractory prisoners, or to put

extra irons on them, to stop one-third of their allowance, or to

' flog them on the spot with a ratan.

"There is no doubt, the prisoners dislike working under the executive officers away from their districts. The removal from the neighbourhood of their friends is greatly disliked, for when on the roads in their own district, they are visited by them and receive money from them. The loss of this intercourse is particularly felt by prisoners in good circumstances."\*

The exposure to weather, and the frequent unhealthiness of certain localities, where road-making had to be carried on, induced a much heavier rate of mortality amongst the out-of-door gangs under the military than elsewhere. In some instances, the losses from disease were excessively severe. The average mortality amongst the in-door prisoners, was at that date 7.28 per cent., whilst the road-gangs showed losses averaging 11.16 per cent. "In one gang employed under Captain Thompson, Ramghur division of the Trunk Road, the number of convicts who died whilst actually belonging to the gang, averaged for ten months, at the rate of 34.25 per cent. per annum. In one month, the

deaths in that gang were ten per cent."+

This mortality does not appear to have arisen in any way from defective clothing, or bad or insufficient food. They had ample clothing, and more rations than they usually consumed. An analysis of the comparative cost of Jail prisoners, and gang convicts on the roads in Bengal, shews that whilst the former cost the State, Rs. 32-13-2 each, per annum, the charge for the latter was, Rs. 46-4-6 a head: the principal increase was under the heads of clothing, and guards, the amount of which in the latter instance, was double that for in-door prisoners. The keep of a prisoner in Jail, without labor, and therefore not needing nearly so much overlooking, is not more than Rs. 24-2 a year.

The Committee went into very elaborate details to shew that the State were absolute losers by employing convict labor on the roads, and that it would be preferable to feed the prisoners in idleness in Jail, and to employ hired laborers for the roads. "The 'extra cost of a convict, when he is put to work on the roads, 'is two rupees a month, whilst the work he does could be con-'tracted for everywhere at considerably less, in some places at

<sup>&#</sup>x27;two-thirds, and in some places, at one-half of that price."

<sup>\*</sup> Report on Prison Discipline, 1838, page 47.

<sup>+</sup> Report on Prison Discipline, page 49.

<sup>‡</sup> Report on Prison Discipline, page 57.

In conclusion, the Committee reported their opinion, that the employment of convicts on the roads was the worst method of treatment that could be resorted to. Without any proper Jail Discipline, the Engineer officers, anxious to obtain as much work out of the prisoners as possible, fed them highly, gave many holidays, and presents, as well as other privileges inconsistent with prison regulations. In short, the better an executive officer discharged the duties of his own profession, the less fit he must be for a Jailor.

Upon this strong evidence, the Governor-General in Council decided that "the entire system of employing the convicts in road-gangs, or otherwise under Engineer or Executive Officers, at a distance from the Jails of their respective districts, should immediately be put an end to throughout the Presidencies."

The convicts transported beyond the seas from Bengal, were, in most cases, employed in road-making, or let out to private individuals as domestic servants. At Singapore, there were 901 Bengali convicts, of whom 857 were placed in road-gangs; the rest remained with private individuals, or, in some instances, were permitted to live free from any restraint, and to provide for themselves, somewhat on the Ticket-of-leave system. At Penang, there were 566 Bengal convicts, and at Malacca, 284, of whom very trifling use appears to have been made, whilst the discipline amongst them amounted to nothing. In the former settlement, a wealthy Bengali, transported for a heinous offence, was carrying on trade to a very considerable extent on his own account, and in his own name, as freely as any merchant could do. In the Tenasserim Provinces, the prisoners from Bengal were placed on the roads or at similar work, and employed from day-break until 4 P. M., with one hour allowed for breakfast, but otherwise with very lax discipline.

An analysis of the cost of keep and productive labor of these

transported convicts, gives the following results:-

"At Singapore, their cost amounted to Rs. 3-12-4 per month, whilst the value of their labor was put down at Rs. 5-8-9. At Penang, the monthly cost was from Rs. 2-12 to Rs. 4, and the produce of their labor was said to be Rs. 2-8 to Rs. 3. At Malacca, the keep of the convicts amounted to Rs. 4 monthly, whilst their labor was estimated at Rs. 6. In the Tenasserim Provinces, their cost was Rs. 4-8, and their monthly work yielded Rs. 5. But these figures, or at any rate, the productive side of the account, must be taken with some degree of caution, as they were supposed to be very roughly estimated." The Report under notice is dated January, 1838. In October

The Report under notice is dated January, 1838. In October of the same year, an elaborate "minute" on the subject appeared, in which, amongst many other improvements suggested, the abandonment of road-gangs, at a distance from the respective

Jails, was determined upon, and at once carried out; whilst an extension of in-door occupation, especially as regards manufactures, was ordered. The energy thrown into the subject by the Committee of that day, appears to a great extent to have died with their labors, and it was not until the year 1843, that any beginning was made with the regular introduction of manufactures

into our Jails.

The Report for 1855-56, by the present Inspector of Jails for the Lower Provinces, gives evidence of new vitality infused into this department of the public service, by one who is able, and thoroughly resolved, to render the Jails of Bengal effective both as reformatories, and as places of punishment, with as little cost to the State as possible. The elaborate character of Dr. Mouat's first Report is a proof of what may be accomplished even in India by an indefatigable man. In his enquiries and suggestions of reform, he doubtless encountered prejudice in some, ignorance in others, especially amongst the inefficient subordinates; yet already he has accomplished several striking reforms, not the least note-worthy of which has been the prohibition of tobacco amongst the convicts. His labors must not be the less valued, that he has had to struggle against " a corrupt ' and inefficient subordinate agency, and a construction of pri-' sons, which, in many cases, invites escape, defies classification, ' renders penal servitude impossible, and unites every quality ' that is undesirable in a place of incarceration."\*

Of the fifty-five Jails now under his supervision, from Assam to Arracan, Dr. Mouat contrived to inspect and report upon thirty-three during the first year of his tenure of office. The tabular returns in the Appendix give ample, and on the whole, accurate details as to the present working of those establishments. It could be wished, however, that regular periodical returns of the number of prisoners confined in the various Jails, were given, instead of the one statement of those incarcerated on the 30th April. This is acknowledged in the Report, for we are told that "the result of this imperfect plan is that the quarterly, half-yearly, and annual, returns, all differ in their results, and the discrepancies are so hopeless that I have in despair aban-

' doned the attempt to reconcile them."

A daily return is recommended, by which monthly averages could be revived at. He cordially agrees with our suggestion where the report says: "there is no mention in the engmeration of the number of recommitments, nor is any information furnished as to the causes of crime, its increase or diminution in particular districts, the number of previous imprisonments the criminals have undergone, or any other circumstances to show

<sup>\*</sup> Report on Jails of the Lower Provinces, 1855-56. Page 19.

the effects of imprisonment on crime, and how far the punishments inflicted are efficacious or otherwise, either as regards the criminal himself, or the class from which he comes. All those particulars might be easily afforded, without inflicting much additional trouble on Magistrates, by abolishing all unnecessary multiplication of returns, and by substituting for them one complete set of monthly records furnished to a single central office, and these collated with the extreme care and attention neces-

sary, to render criminal statistics of any value."

Without some well devised and honestly worked plan of statistics, as regards the lives of former prisoners, the effects of Jail discipline, and especially of Jail industry, cannot be ascer-It is so far satisfactory to know that the health of the convicts is not needlessly sacrificed, and that their cost is greatly reduced by placing them to occupations in-doors instead of on the reads, but as regards the after-effect of their industrial prison teaching, we are, under the present system, in most complete ignorance. We are anxious to know whether the various new or improved branches of manufacture, taught them during their imprisonment, are in their after-career made a means of obtaining an honest livelihood, or if the teaching be scattered to the winds, and they return to their former evil This is certainly one of the most essential points to ascertain, and until we are enlightened on the subject of recommitments, we shall continue to be groping in the dark.

On the 30th April, 1855, there were in the various prisons under Dr. Mouat, 18,788 males and 568 females: of these, 1,146 were "life prisoners." The number of those sentenced to labor, was 16,048, of whom 3,367 were employed on roads, 6,076 engaged in manufactures, 3,595 otherwise occupied, and 3,005 inefficients for age or other causes. The principal employments under the head of manufactures, consist of gunny and cloth-

weaving, paper-working and brick-making.

The gross financial results of the year were as follows:—

Value of articles sold in the bazar	36,666	8	0
Deducting from this, the value of articles in Store at the end of the year 1854-55			
The earnings of the year will have been			
From which deducting the cost of raw materials and sundry charges, there would be a nett profit ofRs.	90,859	2	1
Against that of the previous year	81,163	1	3

The table accompanying shews, at a glance, the progressive increase in the produce of Jail industry, since the first systematic introduction of in-door manufacture in the year 1843:—

Years.	Jails in which in-door labor was enforced.	Nett profits of the year.
1843-44	35	Rs. 17,113
1844 - 45	35	35,943
1845 - 46	40	42,529
1846 - 47	43	48,325
1847 - 48	46	46,477
1848-49	42	53,877
1849-50	45	68,810
1850-51	47	78,285
1851 - 52	° 50	84,036
1852-53	50	88,186
1853-54	48	93,503
185455	49	95,163
1855-56	49	1,11,582

It must be observed here, that this statement includes the working of the Calcutta House of Correction, the receipts from which were excluded from the return previously analysed.

The earnings of the several Jails vary considerably: the difference arising from the better system pursued in some establishments, as well as from the more advantageous locality of their positions, in regard to the value of labor in the market.

The four Jails indicated below, stand at the head of the list in this respect, shewing against each name, the yearly earning of a

single prisoner:-

Hooghly,	Earnings per prison	erRs.	53	0	0
Alipore,	ditto	,,	27	0	0
Jessore,	ditto	***************************************	26	0	0
Nuddea.	ditto	************	22	0	0

Whilst far below these in the long list we find:

MonghyrRs.	12	0	0	
Patna	8	0		

And this result was in spite of the superior quality of the article produced by them, so that it is, clearly, not the actual money value of the manufacture which yields the largest amount of profit. Some Jails, from their unfavorable position, do not realise above one rupee per prisoner; and for this, there would appear to be no remedy at present.

It appears that the total cost of each convict in the different

Jails, ranges from Rs. 30-3-3 per annum to Rs. 96-12-3, the bulk of them being between Rs. 34 and Rs. 44. Here again we must not place all this difference to the credit of economical management, though it does happen that the best managed Jails are those which cost least. A good deal of the extra costliness of many at the bottom of the list in the matter of expenditure, arises, beyond a doubt, from the dearness of the particular district, and not from the defective management of the establishment. The first result of the working of the year under review, is that the average annual cost of all the nineteen thousand prisoners confined in the fifty-five Jails of the Lower Provinces, amounts to Rs. 42-10-7, including all fixed and extra charges, whilst the average earning per man for the same period, was Rs. 5-11-10.

The four establishments already instanced, as shewing the highest returns in their manufacturing products, will be found as

regard their cost and earnings, to stand thus:-

	For least cost.	For greatest earnings.
Alipore	2	2
Hooghly		1
Jessore		3
Nuddeah	1	4

In many of the Jails, the introduction of manufactures has been too recent to yield any favorable result, and in some of them, we find that the cost has slightly exceeded the value in the market of the articles produced. Time will however put all

this right.

In the latter part of last year, an exhibition of articles of Jail manufacture was held in the Town Hall of Calcutta. It lasted for many days, and was attended by great numbers of all classes of the community. This was the first exhibition of the kind in British India. The articles shewn were such as are ordinarily made in the Jails, and not specially manufactured for the purpose; so that the exhibition may be said to have fairly enough represented the actual working proficiency of each Jail. Many of the articles shewn were not of a nature to interest Europeans, yet they were probably the most suitable manufactures for the districts in which they were produced, where the population is entirely native, and the cost of transporting a superior produce to Calcutta or elsewhere would doubtless have proved it a ruinous proceeding.

The exhibited articles comprised cloths of various descriptions in use amongst the native population of the various districts, table-covers, towelling, dusters, carpets, durrees, blankets, horse-clothing, saddlery, gunny bags, thread, tape, twine, paper, bamboo and rattan articles, carpentry, iron-

work, bricks and tiles, pottery, shoes, oil, &c. &c.

Of the above, many were of such a nature as scarcely to call for any notice from us. There were again other manufactures so good as to deserve especial mention. Whilst we can say nothing in commendation of the paper produced at the Jails, nor feel able to speak in especial terms of their gamlahs, thilias, bathing stools, roasting hooks or iron hinges, we can afford to pause and examine with much interest and pleasure, the door mats, baskets, blankets, towelling, cotton cloths, thread,

gunny bags, and carpets.

It is quite possible that some of the articles most deserving of praise, are the least remunerative to the Jails; but this, although an element in the entire calculation, is after all not of primary importance. There can be no doubt, but that, as far as excellence in quality is concerned, a large number of the articles produced afford a good example to the non-convict workman. Whether the free work-people may find it to their advantage to imitate the excellence of the superior Jail manufactures, is a question that can only be solved by time. Probably in the more remote districts, the cost of the additional labor bestowed, would scarcely meet with a corresponding value, but this could hardly be the case in localities within reach of populous neighbourhoods, where quality has become of some moment in most

articles of popular demand.

The articles which most especially attracted the attention of consumers of the commercial class, were the various gunny bags, which were as superior in every respect to the ordinary production of the village looms, as could well be imagined. Indeed they have long been known as the Jail bags of Bengal, and, under that name, are known in foreign markets, for their great strength and durability. We understood that on the first few days of the exhibition, more contracts were offered for this description of gunny bags, than could be taken by the Jails producing them, than could be executed during the current year. would appear advisable that this branch of manufacture should be commenced in other Jails, whenever they were not at so great a distance from the market, as to render the transit charges on the bags too heavy. There seems to be no limit to the consumption of these articles in a trade which is yearly restricted only by the impossibility of enabling the supply to keep pace with the

There can be no reasonable doubt as to the success of this introductory exhibition of Jail manufactures. Others will follow yearly, and the public will not only be thus enabled to mark the progress in the industry and skill of our convicts, but able to supply some of their wants to an extent, and with goods of a quality, which in this non-progressing country it would be elsewhere

impossible to do. Having thus considered this portion of the subject, we would desire to turn our attention to other points; but before offering the suggestions we have to make, we would say a few words upon the subject of the convicts themselves, their offences, and the degrees of punishment and probation called for in their several cases. It is necessary that we do this before giving our opinion as to the quality and degree of labor, which

we think, should be exacted from them.

In considering this part of our subject, there are four results to be kept in view, viz:—the proper amount of punishment to be inflicted on each prisoner for the offence committed by him: —the example to be made with a view of deterring from future offences in others:—the reformatory training of the convicts; and lastly, the saving of some portion of our Jail outlay, by the labor of the prisoners. Of the latter object, we do not intend to say much, because we believe it of far less moment than any of the others, and too much regard to it might weaken the effect of the larger question. We must of course omit from this portion of our remarks, the life-prisoners, whose crimes and punishment do not bring them under the same considerations.

For our present purpose, we may safely and properly divide the whole of the remaining convicts into two great divisions, those who have committed simple misdemeanors, and those who have been found guilty of serious offences. According to our pre-conceived ideas on crimes and punishments, as gathered in Europe, and more especially in England, we should have been tempted to apply the ordinarily accepted rules to these cases, and to have said with all confidence in our western judgment, that the misdemeanors might be amply recompensed, and offended society satisfied by the lightest occupation, whilst the perpetrators of the heavier offences against our laws, should be placed at gang-work on the roads, at brick-making, or other heavy and laborious tasks proportionate to the serious nature of their

offences.

In this we should have fallen into error. The state of native society, the habits of the natives, and the predisposing causes to crime amongst them, all differ most materially from the state of things in European countries. It is to be regretted that we possess so little in the shape of criminal statistics for any part of India. The labors of the Statist, at all times valuable, can hardly be over-estimated when brought to bear upon crime and its repression. In this country, too, where social defects and evils have such a widely different character from those in the west, we the more stand in need of correct data to guide us in our proceedings.

The Government will do well to lose no time in putting them-

selves in possession of as ample a supply of statistics, bearing on crime and criminals, as it may be possible to obtain with the means at their command. We, however, are already in a position to shew that like effects do not spring from like causes in the East and West. Without entering upon any minute details as to the many descriptions of crimes and offences committed in this country by the natives of the land, we will content ourselves with considering them all as classed under the two principal heads to which we have already alluded, viz: crimes and misdemeanors.

In the Appendix\* to the Prison Discipline Report of 1838, may be found a very ably-penned communication from the Magistrate of Shahabad to the Officiating Judge of the Court of Circuit for the Division of Arrah, upon the subject of criminals and their treatment in Jail. The remarks therein are so entirely to the purpose of this article, and appear to be written by one so thoroughly conversant with the subject, that we prefer giving the official opinion on the classification of criminals, and the consideration their cases require, in the words

employed in the paper.

"I assume it," says the Magistrate of Shahabad, "as an axiom, ' that almost all persons convicted of misdemeanors, are landed proprietors or agriculturists; and that all those convicted of burglary, theft and the higher offences, or connivances at the same, are invariably tradesmen, and mechanics, or persons of the ' lowest eastes, such as domes and gwallas, who can be taught any trade without violence to their religious prejudices. It will be seen that, as far as regards this Zillah, I am justified in the assumption, for out of sixty-five, (the total number sentenced to private labor, when I last made the calculation) there was only one tradesman, the greater proportion being brahmins, rajpoots and persons of the superior classes. This proportion is not accidental. It arises out of the nature of things, and will always continue in the same ratio. Affray is the only prevalent species of misdemeanor. The industrious and well-disposed tradesman has neither interest nor leisure to assist in the commission of this offence, while to him, of opposite habits and disposition, felony is a more lucrative source of transgression. The same observation applies to persons of the lower orders above specified. They have little or no interest in the soil, the fertile parent of affrays. In cases of misdemeanor, the reformation of the offender is not the object. His general character may be excellent. The chief, and perhaps the only object in ' such cases, is to deter him by punishment from a repetition of

<sup>\*</sup> Appendix, No. 31.

The persons whose reformation of character is principally desirable, are those who are guilty of felonies, among ' which theft and robbery are the most prominent. But this re-' formation can only be effected by infusing into such persons a ' habit of industry; and to ensure this, an active and vigilant superintendence over their labors is requisite. They are too easy ' in their circumstances to work for the sake of the compensation; ' and the terms of their imprisonment are comparatively too short to make it worth their while to work out their liberation. other description of offenders have, on the contrary, every in-' ducement to prove themselves worthy of indulgences held out, ' and many of them would, I am convinced, manifest the dis-' position, if they had the opportunity, to display their industry; ' considering therefore private task-work as the best method of 'stimulating industry,—and industry to be essentially necessary to ' reformation,—and reformation to be only or chiefly requisite in ' the cases of persons convicted of felonies and the more serious ' offences, I am of opinion, that private labor ought to be includ-'ed generally in the sentences of thieves and robbers."

The official report goes on to advocate, on the same grounds, that, as far as a public example is concerned, prisoners of a superior grade convicted of misdemeanors, should be placed to work in public on roads or some such occupation, where their employment would act in a salutary manner by impressing the minds of rich and poor, that offended justice is no respecter of persons; whilst to place the poor wretch who committed an offence of a higher character under the extreme pressure of destitution and hunger, in the like position, would not only be without effect on himself, but also on others, who would be rather tempted to pity the poor creature, whilst he would be in no

degree reformed by this mode of punishment.

As regards the influence which the employment of the convict during confinement, may have on his after-conduct and occupa-

tion, the same authority is equally clear and emphatic:-

"Proceeding on the principle which I have assumed, and which I hold to be incontrovertible, that persons guilty of thefts, burglaries, and the higher offences, are, generally speaking, either tradesmen and mechanics, or domes, gwallas, dosauds, pushans, and other persons of low caste, who have no prescribed occupation, and who can exercise any handicraft without detriment to their religious persuasion; and that those convicted of misdemeanors are agriculturists and persons of the superior classes; the inference I think must follow, that as to the question of inculcating habits of industry to be available to the prisoner on his release from confinement, the object must be in a great measure defeated by the restrictions pre-

' scribed by the Nizamut Adawlut; for, by employing the first description of offender on the roads, he loses his familiarity with his own proper art in which he has been educated, and ' acquires no other which can be serviceable to him afterwards; ' while, by employing the second description in manufactures, on ultimate benefit will accrue to the individual; for it is ' obvious, that he will not continue an occupation through choice, which he was driven into by compulsion, and to which his ' nature is averse. Thus neither class would be benefitted by ' employment which they would relinquish the moment they were at liberty to do so: those who had been accustomed to any particular trade or manufacture, would be positively injured by a long discontinuance from the exercise of their skill; while those of the inferior classes, to whom no handicraft had been ' familiar, would leave the Jail with their morals probably unim-' proved, and in a state of total incapacity to provide an honest ' livelihood for themselves and families; their future support depending mainly on their own exertions, from the unwilling-' ness notoriously displayed by the respectable part of the com-' munity, to take into service persons who have been punished ' for theft and similar offences. Had they been taught while in ' confinement the simple art of making baskets even, they ' might easily have secured an honest and independent livelihood. 'Those of the highest tribes, on the other hand, who have been compelled to engage in manufactures which form the occupa-' tion of the inferior classes, will return to their families with a ' reputation blemished from no fault of their own; and with a ' stigma annexed to their characters which no plea of want of ' free agency can wholly remove. To degrade a man in the estimation of others, and consequently in his own, is not the ' most likely mode of making him a virtuous member of the community. In every light in which I can view the subject, ' to insure honest industry after liberation, it appears to me that ' misdemeanors should generally be punished with public, and ' thefts and similar offences, with private labor."

Whether criminal statistics of the present day would bear out the statement contained in the Report of 1838, as to the classes chiefly committing crimes and misdemeanors, may be left an open question; though we cannot avoid the belief that a considerable number of those convicted of the more serious offences, are in some districts of the agricultural class. An inundation, or a long continued want of rain, will sometimes so blight the prospects of the poorer class of ryots, that absolute destitution not unfrequently drives them to the commission of offences

other than mere misdemeanors.

But be this as it may, we are agreed in the maintenance of

the great principle contended for in the Official Paper quoted from above. Whether regarded as a means of reformation and occupation in after life, or as a source of present remuneration in aid of their cost to the state, the employment of prisoners should be such as we have indicated, as much as possible in conformity with their previous occupations, as well as of a nature likely to be adopted by them in their after-career. Although it would be highly desirable that we possessed data, as to the after-career of liberated prisoners, in order to judge of the moral effect of their punishment, we need no statistics to assure us that an agricultural laborer put to weaving, or carpentering, or smith-work whilst incarcerated, will not follow any such occupation on his return, however skilful he may become in his forced calling; but will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, prefer his own caste profession, poorly though it may remunerate him, and uncertain though it may be.

Equally certain are we that the petty trader, or dealer, or artificer, who may be put to agricultural, or any description of out-door or field work, would not take to it under almost any inducement when liberated, but would prefer having recourse to the calling in which he had been brought up from his early days. The well-known character of the natives of this country leads us to this belief, a conviction which scarcely requires proof

in tabulated returns.

It follows then as a natural consequence of this conclusion, that we are wasting time and flinging behind us our opportunities for good, in teaching a ryot to make gunny bags or table-covers, bathing-stools or frying-pans; and that the sooner we put him to something more just, prudent and profitable in a moral and economical point of view, than making roads or pounding soorkie, the better for humanity, the better for the State. Every native reclaimed from the chances of a re-commission of his offences, is an honest man gained to the community. Somebody once said that the worst use we can put a man to, is to hang him: we turn him to but little better use, when we herd him with others in a limited space, in close contact with the worst criminals, to exasperate and worry him with some hateful occupation, when perhaps the poor wretch committed the offence for which he suffers under the pressure of extreme want.

Whilst we are quite of opinion, with the writer of the document just quoted, as regards the work to be exacted from nonagricultural offenders, and those who may have been guilty of affrays, tumults, &c., we would advocate the use of some agricultural labour for ryot offenders against the laws, whose offences were thought of a serious character. In all industrial occupation within or without our Jails, let the teaching be of an improving, an elevating character. Every new idea you can instil into the mind of the poorest ryot, every improved process you can introduce amongst the most abject class of toilers on the soil, at the loom or at the forge, will prove the germ of after good; the spring for some future stream of thought, polluted and unsightly at its source, but as it flows onwards becoming purified and

wholesome.

We are in the habit of complaining that the Hindus are impregnable to new processes, and hopelessly attached to the ancient systems of their country. Let us then introduce improvements, when the power of doing so is in our hands, by the instrumentality of convicts. The native is given to doubt the value of any new method; it is most difficult to persuade him, that time, and trouble and outlay on some time-honored system, will yield sure and ample returns. If we can but demonstrate the truth of our new theory by practical illustration, we shall generally succeed in overcoming all the opposition. The reason why so little has been done in India in the way of improving agricultural or other processes, has been that no persons were to be found willing to incur the first experimental outlay. Let these experiments be made by means of Jail labor in the vicinity of our Jails, and at the cost of Jail funds. Let the State bear the brunt of it in the first instance, for, in the long run, the State will be the great gainer.

If we are not greatly mistaken, Dr. Mouat has already made some proposal of this kind to the Government. Most cordially do we back the suggestion. Let it be tried by all means. Every novelty is at first regarded in the light of a vexatious innovation. We remember when the "Road Ordinance" was introduced into Ceylon, compelling every man to give six days' labor, or the equivalent in money, towards the construction of new roads, the opposition to it was most violent. But the Government were firm; and at the end of the first year, so sensible had the natives become of the benefit derived from the law, that in many districts,

they volunteered ten and twelve days' labor!

We can see no practical objection to the formation of small model farms attached to some of our Jails, where circumstances will allow of its being done without incurring too heavy an outlay for guards. Can we for a moment doubt the ultimate value to the country of improvements in the preparation of the soil, in the system of rotation of crops, in the agricultural implements employed, in the application of manures, in the better cultivation and preparation for the market of such plants as hemp, flax and jute? Let these or some of them be put in practice on

the Jail industrial farms, by means of forced prison labor, and we shall soon find the free laborer imitating the processes, and reaping some of the advantages, of the penal establishments.

The task which private enterprise fails to take in hand, by reason of a defective state of society, or from some other cause, may well be undertaken by the State. Our opinion of Jail labor has ever been that it should, so far as practicable, be made the pioneer of progress. Those who have outraged society by crimes or offences, are surely called upon to render reparation by some bold and forward work on behalf of that same society. The early convicts of Great Britain planted new colonies in the islands of the south: they pioneered the way for armies of free settlers, and laid the foundation for great and happy states. In doing that they rendered back the price of their great offences. We would say in this present time, do yet the same. Let the imperial convicts go forth to other lands, and repeat the self-same process. Here in India, let it be done in smaller things. Instead of founding empires, let our felon population lay the foundation of a better system of industry. It needs but the order to go forth to have it done. In the present Inspector of Jails, we have a man in every way fitted for the task, one who adds the will to the power of doing good service. Let it be set about in no niggard spirit, but with large and practical views. Let an ample support be given to the toiler, with full and effective assistance.

We are far from expecting complete success to attend at once upon such an experiment. Many difficulties will be found in the way: many disappointments will be met with. It is simply a question of patience and time. Dr. Mouat has before him a great and noble task, and he will do well to let no ordinary discouragements turn him aside. We can conceive no loftier work in this world of ours, than that of "turning the hearts ' of the disobedient," of reclaiming to society its lost children. "An honest man is the noblest work of God," and surely he who becomes the human instrument of recovering honest men from amongst the lost ones, can desire no better task. have been noble spirits engaged in this work before. It is something to toil in the same field as Howard and Fry! It is something to feel that whilst others are engaged in struggles with the material things of the world, the toiler in Jails is overcoming the hearts and minds of men.

This work of mercy is one of England's noblest tasks: its fruits will live for ever. When the classic New-Zealander takes his stand on Westminster Bridge, and looks down on the hoary ruins of her capital, he shall think of her great mission with warm affection. The Hindus of those unborn days, in

speaking of her eastern rule, shall dwell but lightly on some things, but name her works of charity and mercy with child-like reverence. They shall say the Saxon race which come from o'er the seas a thousand years ago, ruled our forefathers with an iron rule, yet tempered might with mercy. The memory of their victories has passed away: not so the good they did. Our children in their earliest books are taught to know the men who, armed with the strength of giants, used it like angels.

ART. III.—A visit to India, China and Japan, in the year 1853. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Putnam and Co., New York.

WE owe an apology to the accomplished author of this work, for having so long neglected to notice it. We have repeatedly intended to call the attention of our readers to it, but have been unable till now. The work is one which deserves a kindly reception from English residents in India, and which will afford many an hour of pleasant and instructive reading. It is written in a very lively tone, contains vivid descriptions of scenes through which the writer passed, and exhibits that peculiar phase of Indian life and Indian celebrities, in which

all persons of educated taste must feel an interest.

The author, Mr. Bayard Taylor, has been employed for many years as one of the correspondents of the New York Tribune. His pleasant and lively sketches of all sorts of scenes, places, and events within the United States and Mexico, have done much to increase the popularity, and extend the circulation, of that influential journal. Of the same school with Douglas Jerrold and Albert Smith, his warm imagination enlivens every subject that his pen describes, and sets off even the dull details of the routine of political life. Mr. Taylor is one of the most extensive travellers of modern times, and his pen has been specially employed in describing the countries he has visited. Having exhausted Mexico and the States, he set out in August, 1851, for an extended tour in the old world. He visited the greater part of Europe, passed through Constantinople, Asia Minor and Palestine; ascended the Nile to Abyssinia, and then examined the remains of Moorish supremacy in Spain. Thence he turned his face to the distant east; embarking from Gibraltar, he travelled the overland route to Aden and Bombay; crossed the country by Indore to Agra, ascended the Himalaya to Landour. and visited Lucknow, Allahabad and Benares. Embarking once more at Calcutta, he went by steamer to Hong-Kong and Shanghai, joined the American expedition to Japan and Loochoo; and having paid a passing visit to the grave of Napoleon on his return home, finally landed on the Eastern Quays of New York, after an absence of two years and four months. Few men have traversed so many of the most interesting countries of the world; fewer still have visited them in so short a time; and few have been so ready to describe intelligently the scenes which so rapidly passed before their eyes.

In visiting India, he came merely as an intelligent traveller, to see the great objects for which the country has been celebrated. He came not to study our military supremacy and the character of our civil rule; or to shew how a handful of Europeans have hitherto held sway over so many millions of orientals. He did not come as a philosopher, to enquire into the ancient systems of knowledge; or as a linguist, to examine the languages and history of Hindostan; nor did he purpose as a Christian to trace out the fruits of idolatry and superstition, and contrive plans for the successful introduction of a revealed faith. He came simply as a scholar, who had read of the magnificence of India, to behold its glorious mountains, its boundless plains, its tropical vegetation, its fertile abundance of flowers, fruits and food for man. He came to see some of its strange races, to traverse scenes rendered famous by noble deeds, and to examine for himself some of those wondrous buildings which have come

down to us as the relies of by-gone ages.

Having had such an end in view, and being distinguished by the lively fancy with which his sketches are adorned, and the freedom and fluency with which he throws them off, it will at once be surmised that our author has produced a work possessing Throughout his pages, we are told what the no great depth. eye saw, what the ear heard, what the heart felt. We are not bored by heavy scholarship, nor improved by profound reflections, nor enlightened by compilations from others' books, nor led astray by a pretence of deep acquaintance with ancient history or modern researches. The work therefore belongs to that popular class of travels which deal with the heart more than with the head, and which, when directed to the lands more interesting to Christian people than all others, caused all eyes to turn towards Eliot Warburton, and which, exhibited still more distinetly by Mr. Kinglake, have made the name of Eothen immortal.

The peculiar phase of Indian scenery and Indian life, which Mr. Taylor describes, is well worth looking at. In India all intelligent men work hard; harder we believe than men in similar situations do in England. Overcome by heat and weariness, residents here are little given to sight-seeing. Men are anxious to make money, and be off to enjoy it in a more grateful clime, almost declining altogether the recreations and rational pleasures which they might find even in this land of exile. There are hundreds of residents in India, who do not in the least appreciate the country where their lot is cast. Hundreds of persons come and reside for years in our presidency towns, absorbed in business of varied kinds, and having secured the end for which they came, turn their faces homeward, without an effort to make a journey into the interior, to see some of the numerous wonders with which the land is filled. Unhappily we have very few, if any, books that can be regarded as complete guides to these wonders.

Heber's travels, one of the best in former times, is now much out of date. The routes he describes are unfrequented, and his modes of travelling have become obsolete. A work therefore like that of our author, which describes in a lively and most readable manner, the objects which an experienced traveller thought most worthy of observation only three or four years ago, cannot be without interest to those who wish to take advantage of a brief holiday, and to see, with their own eyes, on a large scale, the

India of the present day.

The more thoroughly this country is examined, and compared with other lands peopled by orientals, the more clearly will it be seen, what a splendid heritage has been bestowed by its conquest on the English Crown, and what a glorious work has to be performed in elevating it to its proper place among the nations. Not only has it excellencies peculiar to itself, but in all that it shares in common with other eastern lands, few can surpass the position which it takes up. We need not refer here to its many races, especially the warlike tribes of Upper India; nor to its many valuable products, especially its finest fabrics, in jewellery, shawls, and silk, that rival even western skill. Even in the features of its landscapes, the structure of its cities, and in its monuments of ancient grandeur, it falls not a whit behind the position occupied by other portions of the eastern world. boundless plains, laden with crops of rice, and wheat, and mustard, are far more extensive, and not less fertile, than those of Rumelia and Egypt. The icy capes and mountains of Siberia cannot be compared with the higher range of the Himalaya, whose proud monarchs rear their heads to the blue heaven in silent grandeur, crowned with eternal snow. The wide-spread valleys of Cashmere and the Dhoon are not less lovely than that of Samarkand, or even than the far-famed vale of Tempe itself. Delhi and Lucknow will well compare with Cairo or Constantinople. The strange arches of Orissa, and the towers of the temples at Purí and Konarák, find no parallel, but in the Cyclopean walls of the Peloponnesus, and in the Treasury of Mycenæ. The Alhambra is proud among palaces; but our author declares it to be far surpassed by the palaces of Akbar and Shah Jehan. The tombs of the Mamelukes are numbered among the celebrities of Cairo; but they are more than equalled by those of kings, priests and nobles, scattered widely round the cities of Agra and The Church of St. Sophia and the mosque of Suleiman are the pride of Constantinople; but amongst all Mahommedan buildings, whether mosques or mausoleums, nothing can come up to the exquisite beauty and wondrous grandeur of the Taj Mahál. These things appear plain to travellers, who, from personal experience, are able to compare the scenery and the

monuments of one land with those of another far distant. In spite of present disorders, we hope that the day will soon come, when the best portions of India will be rendered easily accessible; and when all will be able to take advantage of even brief hours of leisure, in examining those features both of the country and of its monuments, which it is most desirable to know.

Our traveller commences his account of India, by an excellent description of Aden, its western portal. He thence passed to Bombay, where he landed, December 27, 1853. He thus describes his state of mind, as he drew near the desired haven:—

"I have rarely approached any country with a keener interest. Scarce Vasco de Gama himself, after weathering the Cape of Storms, could have watched for the shores of India with more excited anticipation. That vision of gorgeous Ind, the Empress far away in the empurpled East, throned on the best grandeurs of History, and canopied by sublime tradition, was about to be confirmed, or displaced for ever. Near at hand, close behind the blue sea-horizon, lay that which would either heighten the fascination of her name, or make it thenceforth but an empty sound to the ear of Fancy."

Having remained but a few days in Bombay, Mr. Taylor says very little about the city, the fort, and the society of the place. His chief visits were paid to some Parsi friends, at whose house he beheld a nautch; and to the well-known caves in the island of Elephanta. He thus describes the colossal heads for which the caves are celebrated, and gives what we conceive to be an original explanation of the model from which the capitals of the pillars in the subterranean temples were first formed:—

"The Portuguese, in their zeal for destroying heathen idols, planted cannon before the entrance of the cave, and destroyed many of the columns and sculptured panels, but the faces of the colossal

Trinity have escaped mutilation.

"This, the Trimurti, is a grand and imposing piece of sculpture, not unworthy of the best period of Egyptian art. It reminded me of the colossal figures at Aboo-Simbel, though with less of serene grace and beauty. It is a triple bust, and with the richly-adorned mitres that crown the heads, rises to the height of twelve feet. The central head, which fronts the entrance, is that of Brahma, the Creator, whose large, calm features, are settled in the repose of conscious power, as if creation were to him merely an action of the will, and not an effort. On his right hand is Vishnu, the Preserver, represented in profile. His features are soft and feminine, full of mildness and benignity, and are almost Grecian in their outlines, except the under lip, which is remarkably thick and full. The hair falls in ordered ringlets from under a cap, something between a helmet and a mitre. The right arm, which is much mutilated, is lifted to the shoulder, and from the half-closed hand droops a lotus-blossom. The

third member of the Trinity, the terrible Shiva, the Destroyer, is on the left of Brahma, and, like Vishnu, his head is turned so as to present the profile. His features are totally different from the other two. His forehead is stern ridged at the eyebrows; his nose strongly aquiline, and his lips slightly parted, so as to show his teeth set, with an expression of fierce cruelty and malignity. A cobra twists around his arm and hand, which grasps the snake by the neck and holds it on high, with hood expanded, ready to strike the deadly blow.

"Nothing astonished me more, in this remarkable group, than the distinct individuality of each head. With the exception of the thick under lip, which is common to all three, the faces are those of different races. Brahma approaches the Egyptian, and Vishnu the Grecian type, while Shiva is not unlike the Mephistopheles of the

modern German school. \* \* \* \*

"The columns supporting the roof were unlike any others I had seen. The lower part is square, resting on a plinth, but at about half the height it becomes circular and fluted—or rather filleted, the compartments having a plane and not a concave surface. The capital is a flattened sphere, of nearly double the diameter of the shaft, having a narrow disc, with fluted edges, between it and the architrave. I knew these columns must have some type in Nature, and puzzled myself to find it. On visiting one of the smaller temples on the eastern side of the island, the resemblance flashed upon me at once—it was the poppy-head. The globular capital, and its low, fluted crown, are copied almost without change from the plant, and these two symbols—the poppy and the lotus—with the closed eyelids and placid faces of the colossal guardians, give the whole temple an air of mystic and enchanted repose. One involuntarily walks through its dim and hushed aisles with a softer step, and speaks, if he must speak, in an undertone."

Our author's general view of Pagan religions is expressed in the following extract:—

"There is something in every form of religion worthy of general respect; and he who does not feel this, can neither understand nor appreciate the Art which sprang from the ancient Faiths. Our teachers of religion speak with sincere and very just horror and contempt of all forms of idolatry; yet, under pain of their anathemas, I dare assert, that he who can revile Osiris and Amun-Re, is unworthy to behold the wonders of Thebes. The Christian need not necessarily be an iconoclast: nay more, his very faith, in its perfect charity, and its boundless love, obliges him to respect the shrines where the mighty peoples of the ancient world have bowed and worshipped. Besides, there is truth, however dim and eclipsed, behind all these outward symbols. Even the naked and savage Dinkas of Central Africa worship trees; and so do I. The Parsees worship the sun, as the greatest visible manifestation of the Deity; and I assure you, I have felt very much inclined to do the same, when He and I

were alone in the Desert. But let not the reader, therefore, or because I respect the feeling of worship, when expressed in other forms than my own, think me a Pagan."

Against the doctrines laid down in this extract, we object on many grounds. We had thought that the views expressed in Pope's 'Universal Prayer' had been long since exploded among men of sense, from being so perfectly inconsistent with each other. In studying the religions of the world, regard must be paid, not merely to the fact of men's worship, but also to its objects. Amongst men all objects of knowledge are known by the qualities and characters with which they are invested. The ancient Jove, the goddess Aphrodite, the Hindu Mahadeo, Krishna, and Kàli, the Gods of the Khonds, the devils feared by the Shánars and Yezidees, have each and all distinctive attributes, by which they are separated from all other objects of knowledge or of faith, and by which they are specially known to their worshippers. How can they be representatives of the one true God, with whose real attributes theirs have scarcely any thing in common? Those that worship them cannot be said to worship Him. The difference is not merely one of name. It is an essential difference of persons, because it is a difference of fundamental attributes. Religious worship, to be acceptable, must be paid to the right person, who, so far as he is known, must at least be known correctly. How can he be worshipped rightly, where his true attributes are unknown? Again, the worship even of the works of God is idolatry: idolatry is folly; —and idolatry is strictly forbidden. There is a great difference between paying homage to the work, and indulging in that admiration, which at once calls to mind the Creator with thankful joy, and revels in his works with filial delight. Mr. Taylor would do the former, as the Parsees do. The patriarch Job however condemned what he approves. He says:-

"If I beheld the sun when it shined;
Or the moon walking in brightness,
And my heart hath been secretly enticed,
Or my mouth hath kissed my hand;
Then I should have denied the God that is above."

In addition to these views of worship in general, we object strongly to Mr. Taylor's account of the Hindu religious system. Its earliest form, as made known to us in the Vedas, especially in their Upanishads, is by no means a "consistent monotheism." It is an avowed pantheism, taught in the clearest and most express terms, with transmigration and even idolatry accompanying it. The present number of Gods received by the Hindus, is not 33 millions, but 330 millions: and we have never seen

any book of authority which declares that, of these, "three millions are evil and the rest good," thus "strikingly acknowledging the beneficence of the ruling Deity." It is again quite a mistake to suppose that the more intellectual of the professors of Hinduism understand it as a system of monotheism. Everywhere the intelligent Hindus are either idolators or pantheists. The only exceptions are those who have received an English education; but who too generally, afraid to act up to their convictions, maintain outwardly at least, all the forms

and ceremonies enjoined by Puranic idolatry.

Our traveller having spent a week in Bombay, prepared for a journey to Agra direct. The road by Indore, along which the telegraph has since been erected, is even to this day, but little used by European travellers, beyond Nassik. The country is to a great extent covered with jungle, and is but thinly populated. Very little is known of its character; and as Mr. Taylor has described his progress in a very vivid and picturesque manner, we shall give several extracts from his journal. We consider the narrative of his journey over this part of India, one of the most interesting portions of his book. The only mode of conveyance that was at all available for a road so little used, was a banghy-cart, a mere box on wheels; without cover above, and without springs below. Though it cost him considerable suffering, Mr. Taylor accomplished the journey in safety. After crossing the islands of Bombay and Salsette, he traversed the plain lying between the western Ghauts and the sea, and then began to ascend into the hills:—

"Khurdee lies at the base of the Ghauts, and our road now plunged into a wild, hilly region, covered with jungle. The road was broad, but very rough, and so steep that nothing but the emigrant trail over the Sierra Nevada could equal it. At the worst descents, my conductor called upon the aid of half a dozen bullock-drivers, who seized the shafts and pushed backward with all their force. Our progress was still further hindered by the endless throng of bullocks which we met. They were laden with bags of rice and of grain, and bales of cotton, and on their way downward to the coast. Between Khurdee and Kussara, a distance of twelve miles, we must have passed from fifteen to twenty thousand of them. \* \* \* \*

"We were nearly four hours in making the twelve miles over the pass of Rudtoondee, and then came down upon Kussara, a little village situated in a dell at the foot of the Tull Ghaut. The highest parapet of the range was now above us, and the final ascent to the table-land commenced. The physical formation of this part of India very much resembles that of the Western Coast of Mexico. The summit level is nearly uniform, but instead of presenting a mural front, it thrusts out projecting spurs or headlands, and is cloven by deep gorges. Sharp peaks rise here and there from the general level, formed of

abrupt but gradually diminishing terraces, crowned by domes or towers of naked rock. At a distance, they bear an extraordinary resemblance to works of art, and what is very striking, to the ancient temples of the Hindus. Is this an accidental resemblance, or did not the old races in reality get their forms of architecture directly from Nature? It is certainly a striking coincidence that all the hills in the Nubian Desert should be pyramids, and all the peaks of the Indian Ghauts pagodas. The word ghaut means a flight of steps, as the Ghauts are a succession of terraces descending from the table-land to the sea; and every principal Hindu temple is approached by a ghaut. The formation of the summits is a characteristic of Indian scenery. Tennyson, who, I believe, has never been in India, describes in two lines the most peculiar aspects of the country:

"And over hills with peaky tops engrailed,
And many a tract of palm and rice,
The throne of Indian Cama slowly sailed,
A summer fanned with spice."

"There is a splendid artificial road leading up the Tull Ghaut. As a piece of engineering, it will vie with some of the best roads in Europe. The grade is so slight that we drove all the way on a fast trot; and the windings around the sides of the gorge gave me grand views of the lower terraces of the Ghauts. At the top, we entered on the great table-land of Central India. It was an open, undulating region, much better cultivated than any I had yet seen, and crossed, at intervals of twenty to thirty miles, by high ranges of hills. The air was drier and purer than below, and the setting sun shone broad and warm over tracts of wheat and sugar-cane. We rolled along merrily, through the twilight and into the darkness again, and towards nine o'clock came to the large town and military station of Nassick. \* \* \* \*

"All the rest of the night we travelled slowly along, through a rolling country, and about nine next morning reached Chandore, only forty-five miles from Nassick. Chandore is a walled town, situated in a hollow at the foot of the Chandore Ghaut. It boasts several Hindu temples of dark stone, but none of them remarkable for size or beauty. The grotesque idols, their faces smeared with red paint, were visible through the open door. \* \* \* \* \*

"We crossed the Chandore Ghaut by a wild pass, half way up which stands a pagoda, so old and black that it might properly belong to the Yezidees or Devil-Worshippers. Beyond the Ghaut we came upon a waste, hilly region, entirely covered with thorny jun-

gle.

"All this part of India reminded me strongly of the table-land of Mexico. There are the same broad, sweeping plains, gashed by deep ravines and gullies; the same barren chains of hills, and the same fertile dips of lowland, rich in corn and cane. I passed through more than one landscape, where, if I had been brought blindfold and asked to guess where I was, I should have declared at once: "This is Mexico." Substitute the words nulla for "arroyo," (gully,) ghaut for



"sierra," and jungle for "chapparal," and you change a description of the Mexican into that of the Indian table-land. I must admit, however, that, in general, Mexican scenery is on a broader and grander scale than here. \* \* \* \*

"The resemblance to Mexico, however, does not extend to the towns and population, which are rather those of Egypt. The Indian native is darker than the Egyptian Fellah, and has a more acute and lively face, but in his habits and manners he has much in common with the latter. He has the same natural quickness of intellect, the same capacity for deception, the same curious mixture of impudence and abject servility, and the same disregard of clothing."

After passing the military station of Malligaum, and meeting with a hospitable welcome at Doolia, where he obtained a night's rest, our traveller met with a series of accidents in troublesome horses and broken axles. Advancing slowly, he at last approached the valley of the Nerbudda, and crossed that well-known stream:—

"Soon after leaving Palasnehr, the road crossed the Sindwah Ghaut, a range of hills about six miles in breadth and covered with jungle. Beyond them opened the valley of the Nerbudda; the Vindhya Mountains, on the opposite side, though fifty miles distant, were dimly visible. Between lay a wild waste of jungle, almost uninhabited, a reservoir of deadly malaria, and a paradise for panthers and tigers. \* \* \* \*

"About Sindwah the jungle is close, composed of thick clumps of shrubbery and small trees, with here and there a magnificent banyan or peepul tree towering over it. In the valley of the Nerbudda, there are many banyans, and some of great size. Few trees present grander masses of foliage than this. Instead of a low roof of boughs, resting on its pillared trunks, as I had supposed, it sends up great limbs to the height of a hundred, or even a hundred and fifty feet, and the new trunks are often dropped from boughs thirty feet high. They hang like parcels of roots from the ends of the boughs, and when broken off and prevented from reaching the earth, continue to increase and become woody like the trunk. I have seen a tree on which huge half-trunks, that had never reached the earth, hung from the branches like the fragments of shattered pillars, hanging from the roof of an Egyptian rock-temple. The leaves of the banyan are large, glossy and dark-green, and in the winter the foliage is studded with buds of a bright purple color. The only other large trees that I remarked, were the sycamore (peepul) and the tamarind. The acacia and mimosa are occasionally met with, and the date and brab palms thrive in the valleys. The tamarind frequently rivals the banyan in size, while its foliage is wonderfully graceful and delicate.

"The people made many observations, but all availed nothing, till at last one of them rose and beckoned me to follow him. We went down to the Nerbudda, which is a beautiful river, a third of a mile wide, crossed the ferry, and behold! there stood a new cart, and there lay a new driver, asleep in the sun!

"The road was tolerable, I could now sit without holding on, and thus the journey became pleasant again. The valley of the Nerbudda is very rich and fertile, the soil resembling the black loam of Egypt. We passed many fields of flax, covered with blue and white flowers: wheat, cotton, tobacco and poppies, besides small patches of sugar-cane. All seemed to thrive equally well. But a small proportion of the soil is cultivated, and it is no exaggeration to say, that the valley might be made to support a hundredfold its present popu-We now approached the picturesque Vindhya Mountains, one of the summits of which was crowned with a white building-the tomb of a Moslem Saint, as well as I could understand the driver. The road passes the mountains, at a place formerly called Ghara, but now Kintrey's Ghaut, in honor of the engineer. It is, indeed, admirably planned, though somewhat out of repair. The summit, which separates the waters of the two sides of India, overlooks a waste and bleak country. Soon after descending the northern side, we crossed the head-waters of the Chumbul, the largest affluent of the Jumna. At eight o'clock I reached the military station of Mhow, within fourteen miles of Indore, and was so well satisfied that I allowed the driver to stop for the night.

"Mhow is a handsome station, the officers' bungalows, surrounded with small gardens, being scattered over an extent of two miles. It stands on a dry plain, 2,000 feet above the sea, and is considered a

very healthy place of residence."

The first half of his journey was completed at Indore, which he thus describes. The description has acquired new interest from the events which have recently taken place within the walls of that city:—

"Indore is a town of about 60,000 inhabitants, having been much increased within a few years by the tyranny of the Begum of Oodjein, a holy old city about eighty miles distant, many of the inhabitants of which have emigrated to the former place. Portions of Indore are well built, reminding me somewhat of Konia, and other places in the interior of Asia Minor. The houses are generally of wood, two stories high, the upper story projecting and resting on pillars, so as to form a verandah below. The pillars and the heavy cornice above them are of dark wood, and very elaborately carved. In the centre of the town is the Rajah's palace, fronting a small square. It is a quadrangle of about four hundred feet to a side, the portion over the main gateway rising to the height of eighty or ninety feet, and visible for many miles around. The architecture is Saracenic, though not of a pure style. The gateway, however, and the balconies over it, are very elegant; and the main court, surrounded by fifty pillars of dark wood, connected by ornate horse-shoe arches, has a fine effect. The outer walls are covered with pictures of elephants, horses, tigers, Englishmen and natives, drawn and colored withthe most complete disregard of nature."

Safely arrived in Agra, our author, under the guidance of a



countryman, one of the American Missionaries, visited of course the whole of the lions of that city. They are so well-known that little need be said of them here, though he has described The fort with its lofty sandstone walls; the them well. palace of Akbar, covering a large space of ground, and including numerous objects of special interest; the arsenal, with all its array of bristling cannon, its hall of trophies, and the Somnath Gates; the Moti Musjid, so exquisitely beautiful, and yet so severely simple; the Jumma Musjid; the narrow bazar leading from the fort, with its carved verandahs, overhanging balconies and beautiful Saracenic arches, reminding one of Cairo; the tomb of Akbar at Secundra; the Secundra Mission Press in the great tomb of Munni Begum; the great jail and its indefatigable superintendent Dr. Walker; the tomb of Ettimaud-Daola, the father of Nourmahál; the Rambágh; and above all, the Taj,—taken together, form an assemblage of objects, each valuable in itself, of which any city might be proud, and which few cities in India can excel. Only Delhi can-perhaps we should rather say, *could*—afford a comparison. The following is Mr. Taylor's description of the palace:—

" Beyond the arsenal, and in that part of the fort overlooking the Jumna, is the monarch's palace, still in a tolerable state of preservation. Without a ground-plan it would be difficult to describe in detail its many courts, its separate masses of buildings and its detached pavilions—which combine to form a labyrinth, so full of dazzling architectural effects, that it is almost impossible to keep the On entering the outer courts, I was at once reminded of the Alhambra. Here were the same elegant Moorish arches, with their tapering bases of open filigree work resting on slender double shafts a style so light, airy and beautiful, that it seems fit only for a palace Akbar's palace is far more complete than the Alhambra. No part has been utterly destroyed, and the marks of injury by time and battle, are comparatively slight. Here a cannon-ball has burst its way through the marble screen of the Sultana's pavilion; there an inlaid blossom of cornelian, with leaves of blood-stone, has been wantonly dug out of its marble bed; the fountains are dry, the polished tank in the "Bath of Mirrors" is empty, the halls are untenanted—but this is all. No chamber, no window or staircase is wanting, and we are able to re-people the palace with the household of the great Emperor, and to trace out the daily routine of his duties and pleasures.

"The substructions of the palace are of red sandstone, but nearly the whole of its corridors, chambers and pavilions are of white marble, wrought with the most exquisite elaboration of ornament. The pavilions overhanging the river are inlaid, within and without, in the rich style of Florentine mosaic. They are precious caskets of marble, glittering all over with jasper, agate, cornelian, blood-stone and lapis-lazuli, and topped with golden domes. Balustrades of marble, wrought in open patterns of such rich design that they resemble fringes of lace when seen from below, extend along the edge of the battlements. The Jumna washes the walls, seventy feet below, and from the balconies attached to the zenana, or women's apartments, there are beautiful views of the gardens and palm-groves on the opposite bank, and that wonder of India, the Taj, shining like a palace of ivory and crystal, about a mile down the stream."

No visiter to the north-west of India can fail to be struck by the immense number and variety of the mosques. They are all constructed on the same plan, and differ in beauty according to the size, and the proportion of the different parts. In general, the mosque consists of a hall on the west side of a square court. It is roofed with three domes; and at each of the western corners is a lofty minaret. The court is open in the centre, and has an open verandah on the other three sides, the entrance being on the East. These mosques are ornamented in many ways. In some cases, as at Muttra, they are covered with enamel, patterns being drawn all over them in different shades of green and blue. One or two of the royal mosques have gilded domes. One of the noblest in appearance is the Jumma Musjid at Delhi. It stands near the centre of the city, upon a lofty platform, and is approached on three sides by immense flights of steps. The view from the top of the minarets is one of the most striking sights to be obtained in Upper India. But amongst all the mosques, whether small or large, the palm of beauty must be conceded to the Motee Musjid, in the fort at Agra. Most travellers will agree with our author in the opinion which he passes on it:—

"Before leaving the fort, I visited the Motee Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, as it is poetically and justly termed. It is, in truth, the pearl of all mosques, of small dimensions, but absolutely perfect in style and proportions. It is lifted on a lofty sandstone platform, and from without, nothing can be seen but its three domes of white marble with their gilded spires. In all distant views of the fort these domes are seen, like silvery bubbles which have rested a moment on its walls, and which the next breeze will sweep away. Ascending a long flight of steps, a heavy door was opened for me, and I stood in the court-yard of the mosque. Here nothing was to be seen but the quadrangle of white marble, with the mosque on its western side, and the pure blue of the sky overhead. The three domes crown a deep corridor, open toward the court, and divided into three aisles by a triple row of the most exquisitely proportioned Saracenie arches. The Motee Musjid can be compared to no other edifice that I have ever seen. To my eye it is a perfect type of its class. While its architecture is the purest Saracenic, which

some suppose cannot exist without ornament, it shows the severe simplicity of Doric art. It has, in fact, nothing which can properly be termed ornament. It is a sanctuary so pure and stainless, revealing so exalted a spirit of worship, that I felt humbled, as a Christian, to think that our nobler religion has so rarely inspired its architects to surpass this temple to God and Mohammed."

There is one place a few miles from Agra, which is almost unknown, whether in or out of India: but which contains some of the finest monuments to be found in the whole country. This is Futtehpore-Sikri, a small town, near which Akbar built himself a palace. To this beautiful spot he used to retire from Agra, as the English Court retire to Windsor or Osborne. The buildings are in admirable preservation. We cannot refrain from giving Mr. Taylor's description:—

"A low range of red sandstone hills appeared in the west, with here and there a crumbling ruin on the crest. The extremity of this range, about four miles distant, was covered with a mass of walls, terraces and spires, crowned with a majestic portal, which rose high above them, gleaming against the sky with a soft red lustre, as the sun shone full upon it. As I approached nearer, I found that this part of the hill was surrounded by a lofty wall of red sandstone, with a machicolated or notched parapet, and a spacious gate, through which my road ran. It is almost entire, and upwards of six miles in circuit, enclosing a portion of the plain on both sides of the hill. Driving through the deserted gateway, I was amazed at the piles of ruins which met my eye. Here was a narrow hill, nearly a mile and a half in length, and averaging a hundred feet in height, almost entirely covered with the remains of palaces, mosques and public buildings, in some places nearly as perfect as when first erected, in others little else than shapeless masses of hewn stones. Innumerable pavilions, resting on open arches, cupolas and turrets, shot up from this picturesque confusion; but the great portal, of which I have already spoken, dominated over all, colossal as one of the pylons of Karnak. The series of arched terraces, rising one above another up the sides of the hill, gave the place an air of barbaric grandeur, such as we imagine Babylon to have possessed, and of which there are traces in Martin's pictures. But here there was nothing sombre or stern; the bright red sandstone of the buildings, illumined here and there by a gilded spire, was bathed in a flood of sunshine, and stood, so shadowless as almost to lack perspective, against a cloudless sky.

"The buildings of the palace cover the crest of the hill, having superb views on both sides, over many a league of the fruitful plain. There is quite a labyrinth of courts, pavilions, small palaces, gateways, tanks, fountains and terraces, and I found it difficult to obtain a clear idea of their arrangement. Most of the buildings are so well preserved that a trifling expense would make them habitable. For a scholar or poet I can conceive of no more delightful residence. Adjoin-

ing the palace of the Christian woman, stands the Panch-Mahal (Five Palaces), consisting of five square platforms, resting on richly carved pillars, and rising one above another in a pyramidal form, to a considerable height. Mr. Sherer supposes it to have been a sleeping place for the servants connected with the palace. Beyond it is a court-yard, paved with large slabs of sandstone, and containing a colossal pachisi-board, such as I have described in speaking of the Palace at Agra. In one corner of the court-yard is a labyrinthine building, of singular design, wherein the ladies of the Emperor's zenana were accustomed to play hide-and-seek. A little further is a sort of chapel, two stories high, and crowned with several cupolas. On entering, however, I found that there was but one story, extending to the dome, with a single pillar in the centre, rising to the height of the upper windows. This pillar has an immense capital of the richest sculpture, three times its diameter, with four stone causeways leading to the four corners of the chapel, where there are small platforms of the shape of a quadrant. Tradition says that this building was used by Akbar as a place for discussing matters of science or religion, himself occupying the capital of the central pillar, while his chief men were seated in the four corners.

"In this same court is a pavilion, consisting of a pyramidal canopy of elaborately carved stone, resting on four pillars, which have a cornice of peculiar design, representing a serpent. This pavilion approaches as near the Hindu style of building, as is possible, without violating the architecture of the palace, which is a massive kind of Saracenic. It was the station of a Guru, or Hindu Saint, whom Akbar, probably from motives of policy, kept near him. palace of the Sultana of Constantinople is one mass of the most laborious sculpture. There is scarcely a square inch of blank stone in the building. But the same remark would apply to almost the whole of the palace, as well as to that of Beer-Bul. It is a wilderness of sculpture, where invention seems to have been taxed to the utmost to produce new combinations of ornament. Every thing is carved in a sandstone so fine and compact, that, except where injured by man, it appears nearly as sharp as when first chiselled. The amount of labor bestowed on Futtehpore throws the stucco filigrees of the Alhambra quite into the shade. unlike any thing that I have ever seen. And yet the very name of this splendid collection of ruins, which cannot be surpassed anywhere, outside of Egypt, was unknown to me, before reaching India!"

The following is the account of the tomb of Sheikh Chishti, Akbar's great friend and adviser, through whose prayers it is said, a son was born to him, the future Jehangir:—

"By this time it was two hours past noon, and I still had the famous Durgah to see. We therefore retraced our steps, and ascended to the highest part of the hill, where the tomb rises like a huge square fortress, overtopping the palace of Akbar himself. We

mounted a long flight of steps, and entered a quadrangle so spacious, so symmetrical, so wonderful in its decorations, that I was filled with amazement. Fancy a paved court-yard, 428 feet in length by 406 in breadth, surrounded with a pillared corridor fifty feet high; one of the noblest gateways in the world, 120 feet high; a triple-domed mosque on one side; a large tank and fountain in the centre, and opposite the great portal, the mother-of-pearl and marble tomb of the Shekh, a miniature palace, gleaming like crystal, with its gilded domes, its ivory pillars, and its wreaths of wonderous, flower-like ornaments, inwrought in marble filigree. The court, with its immense gate, seemed an enchanted fortress, solely erected to guard the

precious structure within. \* \* \* \*

"We are allowed to enter the inner corridor which surrounds the Shekh's tomb, and to look in, but not to cross the threshold. tomb, as well as a canopy six feet high, which covers it, is made of mother-of-pearl. The floor is of jasper, and the walls of white marble, inlaid with cornelian. A cloth of silk and gold was spread over it like a pall, and upon this were wreaths of fresh and withered flowers. The screens of marble surrounding the building are the most beautiful in India. They are single thin slabs, about eight feet square, and wrought into such intricate open patterns that you would say they had been woven in a loom. The mosque, which is of older date than the tomb, is very elegant, resembling somewhat the Hall of the Abencerrages in the Alhambra, except that it is much larger, and of white marble, instead of stucco. Ali informed me that the Durgah was erected in one year, from the wealth left by the Shekh Selim-Chishti at his death, and that it cost thirty-seven lacs of rupees—\$1,750,000."

A writer so accomplished as Mr. Taylor, who had seen the finest specimens of Saracenic art in Turkey, Egypt and Spain, could not fail highly to appreciate the wonderful excellence of that noblest of monuments, the Taj of Shah Jehan. Writing however apparently in haste,—writing from memory, and at a distance, he has not given us so shining a description as the Taj deserves, or as he himself was capable of writing. He has fallen too into the not uncommon mistake of confounding the Queen of Shah Jehan, with the Nourmahal of Lalla Rookh. Nourmahál, "the light of the Harem," was the daughter of an Affghan noble, and became the wife of Jehangir, the son of Akbar. Before he became emperor, and took the title of Jehangir, "Lord of the world," the son of Akbar had been called Selim, which was his personal name; and in Lalla Rookh, Moore has retained this name as the one by which he was best known in his family Jehangir and Nourmahal have nothing whatever to do with the Taj; they both lie buried at Lahore. Neither of them is worthy to be connected with a structure so renowned. Jehangir was morose, superstitious and cruel. Nourmahal, in spite of

the halo of poetic beauty thrown around her in Lalla Rookh, was spoiled by prosperity, was a proud, ambitious, intriguing woman, and gave her husband and his kingdom endless trouble. Taj Begum was the niece of Nourmahál, and was married, by the latter's address, to one of the younger sons of Jehangir, the favourite of his grandfather, Akbar. This son ascended the throne on Jehangir's death, and took the title of Shah Jehan. His attachment to his gentle and loving consort was intense; when she died, he was inconsolable, and it was in honour of her memory that he built the finest monument the world ever saw, and called it by her name:—

"I am aware of the difficulty of giving an intelligible picture of a building, which has no counterpart in Europe, or even in the East. The mosques and palaces of Constantinople, the domed tent of Omar at Jerusalem, and the structures of the Saracens and Memlooks at Cairo, have nothing in common with it. The remains of Moorish art in Spain approach nearest to its spirit, but are only the scattered limbs, the torso, of which the Taj is the perfect type. It occupies that place in Saracenic art which, during my visit to Constantinople, I mistakenly gave to the Solymanye Mosque, and which, in respect to Grecian art, is represented by the Parthenon. If there were nothing else in India, this alone would repay the journey. \* \* \* \*

"The gate to the garden of the Taj is not so large as that of Akbar's tomb, but quite as beautiful in design. Passing under the open demi-vault, whose arch hangs high above you, an avenue of dark Italian cypresses appears before you. Down its centre sparkles a long row of fountains, each casting up a single slender jet. On both sides, the palm, the banyan, and the feathery bamboo mingle their foliage; the song of birds meets your ear, and the odor of roses and lemon-flowers sweetens the air. Down such a vista, and over

such a foreground, rises the Taj. \* \* \*

"The material is of the purest white marble, little inferior to that of Carrara. It shines so dazzlingly in the sun, that you can scarcely look at it near at hand, except in the morning and evening. Every part—even the basement, the dome, and the upper galleries of the minarets—is inlaid with ornamental designs in marble of different colors, principally a pale brown, and a bluish violet variety. Great as are the dimensions of the Taj, it is as laboriously finished as one of those Chinese caskets of ivory and ebony, which are now so common in Europe. Bishop Heber truly said: "The Pathans designed like Titans, and finished like jewellers." \* \* \* \*

"The Taj truly is, as I have already said, a poem. It is not only a pure architectural type, but also a creation which satisfies the imagination, because its characteristic is beauty. Did you ever build a Castle in the Air? Here is one, brought down to earth, and fixed for the wonder of ages; yet so light it seems, so airy, and, when seen from a distance, so like a fabric of mist and sunbeams, with its great dome soaring up, a silvery bubble, about



to burst in the sun, that, even after you have touched it, and climbed to its summit, you almost doubt its reality. The four minarets which surround it are perfect—no other epithet will describe them."

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Our author's acquaintance with the Mohammedan monuments of other lands, has led him naturally to enter on a subject on which few writers have yet spoken; viz. the relation of Saracenic art in India to the same art in Egypt, Spain and Western Asia. Little indeed is known upon the subject, beyond the small circle of scholars who, like Mr. Fergusson, take an enthusiastic interest in every thing which can illustrate the science of architecture. The materials for exhibiting both the progress of the art in India, and its connection with Mohammedan art elsewhere, are abundant, and will, by the aid of photography, be rendered more generally available. Mr. Taylor thus speaks on the subject:—

"We in America hear so little of these things, and even the accounts we get from English travellers are generally so confused and unsatisfactory, that the reader must pardon me, if in attempting the description, I lose myself in details. I thought the Alcazar of Seville and the Alhambra of Granada had already presented me with the purest types of Saracenic architecture, but I was mistaken. I found, in India, conceptions of Art far nobler, and embodiments far more successful. There is a Saracenic, as distinctly as there is a Greek and Gothic school of Art—not the inferior, but the equal of these. \* \* \* \*

"In comparing these masterpieces of architecture with the Moorish remains in Spain, which resemble them most nearly, I have been struck with the singular fact, that while, at the central seats of the Moslem Empire, art reached but a comparative degree of development, here, in India, and there, on the opposite and most distant frontiers, it attained a rapid and splendid culmination. The capitals of the Caliphs and the Sultans—Bagdad, Cairo, Damascus, and Constantinople—stand far below Agra and Delhi, Granada and Seville, in point of architecture, notwithstanding the latter cities have but few and scattered remains. It is not improbable that the Moorish architects, after the fall of Granada, gradually made their way to the eastward, and that their art was thus brought to India—or, at least, that they modified and improved the art then existing. The conquest of India by Baber, (grandson of Tamerlane and grandfather of Akbar) is almost coeval with the expulsion of the Moors from Granada."

Of the Jain architecture, with its singular domes and tall towers, so simply raised, so beautifully ornamented, and bearing such a close resemblance in structure to the Pelasgian remains of Mycenæ and Etruria, our author has not spoken. He came across but one specimen of it, in the elaborately carved cloisters near the Kuttub at Delhi, which were appropriated by the

earliest Pathan sovereigns for their magnificent mosque at that place. Neither has he noticed the special features of the Buddhist remains in various parts of India, especially the immense 'topes' or tumuli at Bhilsa and Sárnáth. It is scarcely possible to appreciate the early state of the arts in India, without knowing something of these interesting relics; and the reader who would push his enquiries in detail, will find an admirable guide in Fergusson's Illustrated Handbook of architecture, published two years ago. It is only in respect to Saracenic architecture in India, which he compares to similar architecture in Egypt and Spain, that he has made the observations quoted above. They are scarcely sufficient however to give a clear and complete view of the subject, or to enable the scholar on a visit to the North-west, to appreciate the true value of the ruins by which he is surrounded. We shall therefore add here a few observations.

Saracenic art, at length so complete and so beautiful in its own distinctive forms, started at first from other and older styles. In Egypt and in Spain, it took up the Roman forms of building which had hitherto prevailed. In Syria, and subsequently in Turkey, it adopted the Byzantine style, which it found in the Christian churches with which those countries were filled. In Persia, the Sassanian element appears in the oldest remains that are now found. But in India the Tartar conquerors adopted the Hindu style, especially the Jain, and mingled it with the Sassanian forms which they had found prevalent in Central Asia, the first seat of their conquests. All these various forms were seized and appropriated to the peculiar demands of Mohammedan worship. In the mosques, a covered space was required for prayer, the chief wall of which, ornamented by one or more niches, as Keblahs, should be placed towards Mecca. In front of this was placed an open court, with a verandah on one or more of its three sides. On the roof was placed a dome; and on the west, where the call to prayers was made by the human voice, minarets soon sprang up to make the muezzin more effective. This kind of arrangement seems to have prevailed everywhere in respect to mosques; though modified as to details. In regard to palaces and tombs, the Musalman style in different countries displays much wider differences, evidently derived from the habits and manners of the country, or people by whom they were erected. In this way there sprang up various branches of Saracenic art, the history and developments of which will well repay attentive But as communication increased between the different countries of the Mohammedan world, the differences were to a considerable extent softened down, the foreign elements



disappeared, and the whole became fused into a style bearing

the distinctive peculiarities of the Saracenic alone.

From the first there were adopted in the Saracenic style two or three elements, of which it has made special use. These are the dome, the pointed arch, minaret towers, and open areades. dome seems to have been a most ancient invention, being found among the remains both of the Pelasgians and the Jains. Romans built domes upon drum-shaped buildings, and formed them of voussoirs, or sections of arches, such as are now adopted everywhere, strengthening the walls of their buildings (as of the Pantheon at Rome) by buttresses, and similar contrivances to counteract the immense lateral thrust. In the east, however, domes were everywhere built of level rings gradually contracted in width, just as English boys build oyster-shell grottoes: and naturally became more pointed, than if built, like round arches, in true segments of a circle. The pointed arches seem to have become specially popular throughout the east: and in Hindustan especially alternate only with the flat stone architraves, so common in the choultries of southern India. The open courts sprang from the necessity of tempering the heat, by abundance of air, and broad cool shade: promoted especially by fountains of water, bubbling over paved stone floors.

In Hindustan, the Mohammedan rule was from the first distinguished by one peculiarity. The Pathans and Moguls were a tomb-building race, and have expended upon their tombs all their resources both of money and of skill. The mosques and palaces they have left behind, are comparatively few; but their tombs form an almost unbroken series, stretching from the times of Shahab-ud-din down to the present day. They display in continuous series the massive strength of the Pathan age, the graceful form and gorgeous finish of the best Mogul times, and the tawdry ornament which began to creep in with the first symptoms of Mogul decay. It is in them, therefore, that the peculiarities of the Indian form of Saracenic architecture most

conspicuously appear.

The oldest buildings are the mosques and tombs near the Kuttub Minar at Delhi; the black mosque of Feroze at old Delhi; the mosques at Juanpore and Mandoo. All are characterized by that appearance of massive strength, by which the Pathan and Turk sovereigns were distinguished. The mosques all contain a considerable amount of Hindu architecture, and were built by Hindu architects. Besides the flattened dome, springing straight from its foundation, and the handsome arched way which forms the entrance to the building, the mosque at the Kuttub, and the mosque at Juanpore, have each an arcade built on the Hindu plan, and in the former case of Hindu materials. There seems

little doubt, that the very pillars, architraves and roofs of Jain temples, were taken down and re-built into the verandahs round the courts of mosques; and that in some cases, Jain buildings were taken as they stood, and merely altered by the removal of the centre pillars, and the walling in of the outside, in order to suit the demands and conditions of Mohammedan worship. rare cases tombs also are found, consisting of a small Hindu pillared hall, supporting a dome instead of the usual flat roof. The Pathan mosques exhibit also another element, brought from Central Asia, and first found among the few monuments left by the Sassanian Kings of Persia. In building a round dome upon a square room, it is necessary to find some support for that portion of the dome, which crosses the corners. The Romans provided heavy buttresses rising from the ground: but in the Sassanian monuments, the corners are filled high up the walls by pendentives or brackets formed of arches, grouped together in the most ingenious way. Brackets of this kind, identical in shape with those of the Sassanian kings, are found in the small mosque near the Kuttub, the oldest of its class now found in Upper India. With such elements, combined in the grandest and most massive forms, Saracenie art was first introduced into India.

With the Mogul emperors, came in a higher degree of size and magnificence in ornament. The tomb of Humayun at old Delhi, the most prominent in that city of tombs which lies to the south of the fortress of Feroze, stands out at once in contrast to the small and contracted mausoleums, by which it is surrounded. It occupies the centre of a large garden, having a massive gateway in each of its four walls. It is a large building, raised on a platform, is two stories in height, has small chambers in each of its four corners, and the central octagonal hall is covered with an immense dome. Smaller domes or kiosks cluster round the chief dome, covered with a green enamel which has preserved its colour to this day. The building is of red sandstone; having the bands around its chief entrances, inlaid with white marble. It is a striking monument, having considerable pretensions to beauty, and forms the starting point of a new era in tomb-building. The tomb of Akbar at Secundra, just out of Agra, is formed on the same model, but is in every way of larger size and more elaborate finish. Its garden is larger, its pavements wider, the gateways are higher, more massive, more elaborately inlaid with the white marble mosaics. The tomb itself is an immense building, with a lofty entrance, deep recesses on its lower story, numerous cupolas and kiosks, covered with green enamel on the upper story—and rising even to a third story: but without the usual dome. The third story is now entirely



white marble, erected in the chastest style, and is said to have been substituted by Shah Jehan for the story of red sandstone, which his grandfather had originally placed above the tomb. Though somewhat straggling, and dull, from the material of which it is chiefly composed, and though deficient in height as compared with its immense breadth, and the space over which it is spread, it is still one of the noblest monuments of the Mogul empire to be found in Upper India. The palaces of Akbar again are not in Saracenic style at all. Considering only the inner palace at Agra to be his, and the outer palace, harem and reception halls, as the work of Shah Jehan, the visitor will at once perceive that the style is purely Hindu: the pillars of the two halls are carved in Hindu fashion, are surmounted by the usual stone brackets with their pendent knobs, and are surmounted by the stone architrave which supports the roof. are no domes, no pointed arches; every thing is Hindu: and a counterpart of this palace can be found in a now deserted temple, built by Akbar's Hindu minister, in the sacred city of Brindabun. The mosque, palace, and other buildings, erected by Akbar at Futtehpore-Sikri, are, as we have seen, most interesting exam-

ples of the Saracenic style, as practised in his time.

The tomb of Ettima-ud-Dowlah, the minister of Jehangir, on the north side of the Jumna at Agra, exhibits a further advance in the progress of this architecture. The red sandstone, with its flowers and wreaths of white marble inlaid, is confined to the gateways. The garden is small, neatly laid out, and planted amongst other trees with the sombre cypress. The tomb is built entirely of white marble, with towers at the four All the windows are filled with arabesque tracery of various forms, and the whole building is profusely covered, within and without, with Florentine mosaics, of wreaths and flowers, formed of bloodstones, jaspers and cornelians, inlaid into the marble. This style, in which the chief buildings were erected of the richest materials, and profusely inlaid, with the greatest taste, with these beautiful Florentine mosaics, is seen in its noblest and most perfect form in the Taj. It is seen also less perfectly in the palaces erected by Shah Jehan both in Agra and Delhi. The reception rooms, inlaid with mosiacs both on the walls and in the floor, the marble pavilions overlooking the river, the stately halls with the open arcade, on the side of which sat the king on his marble throne, distinguished the former. The noble hall, with its simple and elegant pillars, the edges, flutings and pedestals of which, with the panels of the roof, were covered with gold, while in the centre blazed the peacock throne, must have made the most gorgeous reception room for the courtiers and tributaries of a mighty monarch, which the world ever saw. The

mosques of Shah Jehan also exhibit the finest forms of the buildings erected for Mohammedan worship. From the Jumma musjid of Delhi, on its lofty platform, with its vast bulbous domes, and tall massive minarets looking down upon the city, oft doomed to destruction, from the little garden-mosque in the palace with its gilded domes; to the Moti musjid at Agra, with its stern simplicity, its exquisite purity, its silent eloquent grandeur, Saracenic architecture in India finds its finest specimens of the purest and most finished type. All culminated in the profusion of wealth and exquisite taste poured upon his princely erections, by the most magnificent king that ever ruled in India. his time every thing fell away. The power of the empire began to decay, and with it died out rapidly the taste, the elegance, the finish by which these works of Saracen art had hitherto been distinguished. The next reign, that of Aurungzebe, produced nothing better than the mosque at Benares, and that which he erected in the heart of Muttra, with its coarse style, rough materials, and tawdry enamel of green and blue. In central and southern India few Musalman monuments remain beyond the mosque at Beejapore with its noble dome, and the well-known tombs of Hyder and his family in the Lal Bagh of Seringapatam. In Upper India, in the present day, the new Imambaras at Hooghly and Lucknow alone strive to emulate the glories of the past. But with their profuse decorations, their images of flying horses, their innumerable wall-shades, purple, green and yellow, and their green glass tigers, it can scarcely be expected that they will attain to that position which was secured by the mighty magnificence of the kings long dead.

Our limited space prevents us from following Mr. Taylor closely, during his subsequent travels in Upper India, the numerous monuments of which he describes in his best style. After visiting Delhi, in which he greatly admired the wonderful group of ancient monuments around the Kuttub Minar, he set out for Roorkhee, intending to pay a brief visit to the Himalayas. Here he first caught sight of the goal whither he was bound: and thus describes their extraordinary appearance:—

"It was about eight in the morning: an atmosphere of crystal, and not a cloud in the sky. Yet something white and shining glimmered through the loose foliage of some trees on my right hand. My heart came into my mouth with the sudden bound it gave, when, after plunging through the trees like one mad, tumbling into a ditch on the other side, and scrambling up a great pile of dirt, I saw the Himalayas before me! Unobscured by a single cloud or a speck of vapor, there stood revealed the whole mountain region, from the low range of the Siwalik Hills, about twenty miles distant, to the loftiest pinnacles of eternal snow, which look down on China and Thibet.

The highest range, though much more than a hundred miles distant, as the crow flies, rose as far into the sky as the Alps at forty miles, and with every glacier and chasm and spire of untrodden snow as clearly defined. Their true magnitude, therefore, was not fully apparent, because the eye refused to credit the intervening distance. But the exquisite leveliness of the shadows painted by the morning on those enormous wastes of snow, and the bold yet beautiful outlines of the topmost cones, soaring to a region of perpetual silence and death, far surpassed any distant view of the Alps or any other mountain chain I ever saw. As seen from Roorkhee, the Himalayas present the appearance of three distinct ranges. The first, the Siwalik Hills, are not more than two thousand feet in height; the second, or Sub-Himalayas, rise to eight or nine thousand, while the loftiest peaks of the snowy range, visible from this point, are 25,000 feet above the Far in the north-west was the Chore, an isolated peak, which is almost precisely the height of Mont Blanc, but seemed a very pigmy in comparison with the white cones beyond it.

"I was most struck with their exquisite beauty of form and colouring. The faintest pink of the sea-shell slept upon the steeps of snow, and their tremendous gulfs and chasms were filled with pale-blue shadows, so delicately pencilled that I can only compare them to the finest painting on ivory. When I reflected that each of those gentle touches of blue was a tremendous gorge, "where darkness dwells all day;" that each break in the harmonious flow of the outline on the sky—like the break in a cadence of music, making it sweeter for the pause—was a frightful precipice, thousands of feet in depth and inaccessible to human foot, I was overpowered by the awful sublimity of the picture. But when their color grew rosy and lambent in the sunset, I could think of nothing but the divine beauty which beamed through them, and wonder whether they resembled the mountains which we shall see in the glorified landscapes of the future world."

In the following passage, our author describes the range on a much nearer view, when standing on the highest peak of Lan-

dour, in the garden of the American Mission :-

"The view from this point best repaid me for my journey to the hills. The mound on which we stood was conical, and only twenty feet in diameter at the summit. The sides of the mountain fell away so suddenly that it had the effect of a tower, or of looking from the mast-head of a vessel. In fact, it might be called the "main truck" of the Sub-Himalayas. The sharp comb, or ridge, of which it is the crowning point, has a direction of north-west to south-east (parallel to the great Himalayan range,) dividing the panorama into two hemispheres, of very different character. To the north, I looked into the wild heart of the Himalayas—a wilderness of barren peaks, a vast jumble of red mountains, divided by tremendous clefts and ravines, of that dark indigo hue which you sometimes see on the edge of a thunder-cloud—but in the back-ground, tower-

ing far, far above them, rose the mighty pinnacles of the Gungootree, the Jumnootre, the Budreenath, and the Kylas, the heaven of Indra, where the Great God, Mahadeo, still sits on his throne, inaccessible to mortal foot. I was fifty miles nearer these mountains than at Roorkhee, where I first beheld them, and with the additional advantage of being mounted on a footstool, equal to one-third of their height. They still stood immeasurably above me, so cold and clear, and white, that, without knowledge to the contrary, I should have said that they were not more than twenty miles distant. Yet, as the crow flies, a line of seventy miles would scarce have reached

their summits!

"Though not the highest of the Himalayas, these summits form the great central group of the chain, and contain the cisterns whence spring the rivers of India, Thibet and Burmah. The snows of their southern slopes feed the Jumna and Ganges; of their northern, the Sutlej, the Indus and the Brahmapootra. Around this group cling the traditions of the Hindu Mythology. Thence came the first parents of the race; there appeared the first land after the deluge. And upon the lofty table-lands of Central Asia, whereon those peaks look down, was probably the birth-place of the great Caucasian family, from which the Hindoos and ourselves alike are descended. Far to the north-west, where the Altay, the Hindoo Koosh (or Indian Caucasus), and the Himalayas, join their sublime ranges, there is a table-land higher than Popocatapetl, called, in the picturesque language of the Tartars, the "Roof of the World." eaves of that roof, on the table-land of Pamir, if we may trust Asiatic tradition, dwelt the parents of our race. I fancied myself standing on the cone of Gungootree, and looking down upon it. The vast physical features of this part of the world are in themselves so imposing, that we are but too ready to give them the advantage of any myth which invests them with a grand human interest."

The Siwalik hills form a lengthy range running parallel to the Himalaya for many miles, and enclosing between the two ranges the lovely valley of the Dehra Dhoon. The Ganges descends the Himalaya and crosses the Dhoon: it then bursts through—what in Mexico would be called—a Canyon of the Siwalik hills, and pours into the vast plain of Upper Hindustan. In the gorge through which it bursts, stands in most singular position the celebrated town of Hurdwar. Our author thus describes it:—

"Hurdwar is one of the most curious cities in India. It lies on the western bank of the Ganges, exactly in the gorge formed by the Siwalik Hills. There is but one principal street, running parallel to the water, and crossed by others so steep as to resemble staircases. Broad stone ghauts descend to the river, to allow the pilgrims facility of bathing. Between them, upon platforms of masonry of various heights, are temples to the Hindoo gods, principally to Ganesh and Shiva. \* \* \* \*



"The temples are from twenty to fifty feet high-none, I think, of greater altitude—and generally built of grey sandstone. There is great similarity in their design, which is a massive square shrine, surmounted by a four-sided or circular spire, curving gradually to a point, so that the outline of each side resembles a parabola. All parts of the building are covered with grotesque but elaborate ornaments, and many of the spires are composed of a mass of smaller ones, overlapping each other like scales, so that at a distance they resemble slender pine-apples, of colossal size. There are fifty or sixty temples in and about the city, some of them being perched on the summit of cliffs rising above it. Most of them are whitewashed, and have a new and glaring appearance; but there are others, enclosed in large courtyards, which are very black and venerable, and seem to be regarded with more than usual reverence. I could see lamps burning before the idols, in the gloomy interiors, but was not allowed to enter. There is a great annual mela, or fair, held at Hurdwar, which is sometimes attended by a million and a half of persons. I believe there are never less than five or six hundred thousand present. The natives flock from all parts of Hindostan and Bengal, from the Decean, the Punjab, from Cashmere, Affghanistan, Tartary and Thibet, some as religious devotees, some as worldly tradesmen. For miles around the place it is one immense encampment, and all the races, faces, costumes, customs and languages of the East, from Persia to Siam, from Ceylon to Siberia, are represented. Buying and selling, praying and bathing, commercial fleecing and holy hair-cutting, and all kinds of religious and secular swindling, are in full operation; and Hurdwar, which is at other times a very quiet, lonely, half-deserted, out-of-theway nook, is then a metropolis, rivalling London in its tumult. Some of the missionaries usually attend on such occasions, in the hope of snatching brands from the burning, but the fires are generally so hot that they do little more than scorch their fingers for their pains."

Here is a pleasant sketch of the grand trunk road, between Meerut and Mynpoory:—

"The night of leaving Meerut, I again passed Allyghur, much to my regret, for I desired to see the famous pillar of Coel. Morning dawned on the plains of Hindostan. There is almost as little variety in the aspect of these immense plains as in that of the open sea. The same fields of wheat, poppies, grain and mustard alternate with the same mango or tamarind groves; the Hindoo temples by the roadside are the same dreary architectural deformities, and the villages you pass, the same collections of mud walls, thatched roofs and bamboo verandahs, tenanted by the same family of hideous fakeers, naked children, ugly women (who try to persuade you that they are beautiful, by hiding their faces), and beggars in every stage of deformity. But I noticed, as I proceeded southward, spacious caravanserais, built of burnt brick, though ruined and half deserted;

richer groves of tamarind and brab palm; and the minarets and pagodas of large towns which the road skirted, but did not enter. I stopped at the bungalow of Etah for breakfast, which was ready in The bungalows on this road are much superior to those in other parts of India. The floors are carpeted, and there are mattrasses and pillows on the charpoys. The rooms have a neat, homelike air, and are truly oases in that vast wilderness-for such India still is, except where the European hand has left its trace. The day passed away like other days on the plains. It was warm during the mid-hours, and the road was very dusty, in spite of the recent rains. It is a magnificent highway, and would not suffer by comparison with any in Europe. The amount of travel is so great, that from sunrise until sunset, I beheld an almost unbroken procession of natives of all descriptions, from the Affghan and Sikh, to the Goorkha of the hills, and the Mahratta of the Deccan, with tattoos (as the little country ponies are called), camels, elephants, Persian steeds, buffaloes. palanquins, dhoolies, hackrees, bullock trains, and the garrees of luxurious travellers like myself. I can, however, feel neither the same interest in, nor respect for, the natives of India, as for the Arab races of Africa and Syria. The lower castes are too servile, too vilely the slaves of a degrading superstition, and too much given to cheating and lying. One cannot use familiarity towards them, without encouraging them to impertinence. How different from my humble companions of the Nubian Desert!"

Amongst other celebrities, Mr. Taylor of course visited Lucknow, of which he gives a full description. He passed through the most striking portion of it, two or three times. The following is his view of the city as seen from the iron bridge:—

"The street I had chosen led me to a bridge over the river Goomtee, which here flows eastward, and skirts the northern side of the city. The word Goomtee means literally, "The Twister," on account of the sinuous course of the river. Looking westward from the centre of the bridge, there is a beautiful view of the city. Further up the river, which flowed with a gentle current between grassy and shaded banks, was an ancient stone bridge, with lofty pointed arches. The left bank rose gradually from the water, forming a long hill, which was crowned with palaces and mosques, stretching away into the distance, where a crowd of fainter minarets told of splendors beyond. The coup d'œil resembled that of Constantinople, from the bridge across the Golden Horn, and was more imposing, more picturesque and truly Oriental, than that of any other city in India. The right bank was level, and so embowered in foliage that only a few domes and towers were visible above the sea of sycamores, banyans, tamarind, acacia, neem and palm-trees. I loitered on the bridge so long, enjoying the refreshing exhilaration of such a prospect, that I am afraid the dignity of the great English race, in my person, was much lessened in the eyes of the natives.

"The picture, so full of Eastern pomp and glitter, enhanced by the luxuriance of Nature, was made complete by the character of the human life that animated it. Here were not merely menials, in scanty clothing, or sepoys undergoing daily pillory in tight coats and preposterous stocks, but scores of emirs, cadis, writers, and the like, attired in silken raiment and splendidly turbaned, continually passing to and fro, with servants running before them, dividing the crowds for the passage of their elephants. The country-people were pouring into the city by thousands, laden with their produce, and the bazaars of fruit and vegetables, which seemed interminable, were constantly thronged."

He thus describes the new Imambarra of Azuf-ud-Dowlah, to which we have already referred, as one of the recent specimens of Saracenic architecture :-

"On the left was the gate of the Imambarra, or tomb of Azuf-ud-Dowlah, one of the former Nawabs of Oude, and here the carriage drew up. I alighted, and entered a quadrangle surrounded by the same dazzling white architecture, with gilded domes blazing against the intense blue of the sky. The enclosed space was a garden, in which stood two beautiful mausoleums of marble. Several feeble fountains played among the flowers, and there was a long pool in the midst, with a bridge over it, and grotesque wooden figures of sepoys of the size of life, standing guard at each end. Scattered about the garden were also several copies in plaster of classical statues, and one in marble of Actaon and his hounds. Although Lucknow is a thoroughly Moslem city, most of the inhabitants, as well as the royal family, belong to the sect of Sheeahs—the descendants of the partisans of Ali-who do not scruple to make pictures or models of living things. This is a cause of great annoyance and sorrow to the Sonnees, or orthodox Mussulmen, who hold it to be a sin in the sight of God. The idea originated, no doubt, in the iconoclastic zeal of

the Prophet and his immediate successors.

"On ascending the marble steps leading to the edifice at the bottom of the garden, I imagined for a moment that I beheld a manufactory of chandeliers. Through the open marble arches nothing else was at first visible. The whole building was hung with them immense pyramids of silver, gold, prismatic crystals and colored glass —and where they were too heavy to be hung, they rose in radiant piles from the floor. In the midst of them were temples of silver filigree, eight or ten feet high, and studded with cornelians, agates and emeralds. These were the tombs. The place was a singular jumble of precious objects. There were ancient banners of the Nawabs of Oude, heavy with sentences from the Koran, embroidered in gold; gigantic hands of silver, covered with talismanic words; sacred shields, studded with the names of God; swords of Khorassan steel, lances and halberds; the turbans of renowned commanders; the trappings of the white horse of Nasr-ed-Deen, mounted on a wooden effigy; and several pulpits of peculiar sanctity. I had some difficulty in making out a

sort of centaur, with a human head, eyes of agate, a horse's body of silver, and a peacock's tail, but was solemnly informed that it was a correct representation of the beast Borak, on which the Prophet made his journey to Paradise. The bridle was held by two dumpy angels, also of silver, and on each side stood a tiger about five feet long and made of transparent blue glass. These, I was told, came from Japan."

There is one subject upon which we must take decided exception to the views which Mr. Taylor expresses at various parts of his travels. At several stations, both in India and China, he met with American missionaries, and saw a little of their Missionary labours. He mentions these missions on eight occasions, and though he praises the conscientiousness of the men, he always speaks of their labours in disparaging terms. The following passage describes his visit, with Mr. Hall of the Benares college, to the well-known Mission of the Church Missionary Society at Sigra, on the north-west side of the city of Benares:—

"After visiting Mr. Reid, the Commissioner of the District, Mr. Hall accompanied me to the mission establishment of the English Church. Here there is a small village of native Christians, whom I could not but compassionate. Cut off for ever from intercourse with their friends, denounced as unclean and accursed, they showed their isolation by a quiet, patient demeanor, as if they passively sustained their new faith, instead of actively rejoicing in it. There was, however, a visible improvement in their households—greater cleanliness and order; and the faces of the women, I could not but notice, showed that the teachings of the missionaries had not been lost upon them. I wish I could have more faith in the sincerity of these converts; but the fact that there is a material gain, no matter how slight, in becoming Christian, throws a doubt upon the verity of their spiritual regeneration. If lacking employment, they are put in the way of obtaining it; if destitute, their wants are relieved; and when gathered into communities, as here, they are furnished with dwellings rent-free. While I cheerfully testify to the zeal and faithfulness of those who labor in the cause, I must confess that I have not yet witnessed any results which satisfy me that the vast expenditure of money, talent and life in missionary enterprises, has been adequately repaid."

Christian missions are carried on both in India and China upon such an extensive scale, that they cannot fail to attract notice. In India alone £200,000 are annually spent upon them: they are vast public property, supported by numerous public bodies in Europe and America. Nothing can be more proper, nothing can be more beneficial, than that they should constantly be watched, by those who support them. No one will object to the most

careful enquiry and examination of their proceedings on the part of intelligent visiters, whether local residents or passing travellers. In India at least one fact is undeniable, that those laymen who know missions best, are their best supporters. But in the case of our author, no such enquiry was once made. He visited, he saw; and was everywhere determined not to believe. He makes no charges; he presents no rational arguments against the missions he saw; he makes no objections; he offers no explanations, derived from the magnitude of the work, the greatness of the obstacles with which it meets, or the character of the object at which it aims. He mentions none of the reasons, so plain to every eye, which render missions an arduous task. He simply sneers at them, as in his description of Hurdwar; or hammers away with the same assertions of unbelief in their utility, reiterated and repeated again and again. These things with sensible men will do no harm. They simply prove the intensity of his prejudices; they show that his mind had arrived at a foregone conclusion; that he was determined to believe that missions are useless and expensive; and that nothing should convince him to the contrary. Nothing else will account for the extraordinary statements in the paragraph above quoted, that the native Christians of Sigra are subdued and depressed outcasts, and that still they make a profit in becoming Christians!

No one who makes an honest and complete enquiry, can fail to discover the exact position which missions occupy in India. The managers of missionary societies have published, and continue to publish, much illustrative of this very point. From their annual reports may be compiled, not only a faithful account of the course which missions have taken; not only a record of their increase or decay, the casualties they have suffered, the hindrances they have met with, or the success they have attained; but all the circumstances under which these things have occurred, and the causes by which they are influenced, are described in Missionaries know well some things by which mere observers and chance visiters are continually puzzled and misled. For instance, the opponents of missions do not discriminate between people and places as they should do. They set down all native Christians as mercenaries or as hypocrites; they assert of all places that missions are unsuccessful and have few converts. But the real truth in these matters is well known to those who make enquiry. The different districts of India are not all alike; and missionary literature not only recognises the fact, that in some stations the progress of conversion has been exceedingly slow, but indicates most clearly the causes from which the delay springs. In these works nothing is more fully recognised than

the fact that immense differences exist in the knowledge, the social customs, the religious traditions of the various tribes which people India. They acknowledge plainly that caste, and a bigotted attachment to the shastras, have been great barriers to Christianity in the North-west Provinces; while simple manners, an open disposition, and unusual social freedom, have much facilitated its progress among the Shanars and the Karens. Again, none know the discouragements of missions so well as those who are best acquainted with the mission system. The assertion often made that only the bright side of things is communicated home, and that in England, fictitious success, and the hiding of difficulties, make every thing appear couleur de rose, is a great mistake. An attentive reader of missionary literature will find stories of lamentable apostacies, of disappointed hopes, of mercenary enquiries, of difficulties among native Christians, of failure among native catechists, all causes of grief to the missionary,—as well as stories of the incidents which give him joy. Mr. Taylor, like many other objectors to missions, praises missionaries as faithful, laborious and earnest men; let the view which such men give of their work be carefully studied and fully appreciated; the objectors will then find their cause fall utterly to the ground.

With the concluding sentence of the verdict passed by Mr. Taylor on the Benares and other missions, we, of course, disagree We might shelter missions under the consideration that Mr. Taylor has seen so very little of missionary operations, as to make it perfectly true, that what he saw did not correspond to the vast expenditure of money and talent, laid out on three hundred places which he did not see; and thus that the statement he makes, is literally true. But we refer rather to the obvious meaning of the sentence, that in his opinion immense sums of money have been expended on missions in India, and that taking all the results together, they do not correspond to the outlay. Of course, Mr. Taylor has no right to make such an assertion, having neither seen nor read enough concerning the wide-spread operations of missions, to be able to form such an opinion on just grounds. In all he says, it is his prejudices and prepossessions that appear, and foregone conclusions take the place

of the results of enquiry.

The truth of the statement we question in toto. Far from being fruitless, the labours carried on in connection with Christian missions, have produced an immense amount of good to the country generally, in the direct purpose which they have in view. We shall not attempt to prove this now. The pages of this Review have, in years gone by, given frequent evidence of the beneficial results of missionary efforts: and those who wish for



fuller information can easily find it on every hand. At the same time, we ask, why should missions be specially singled out as unsuccessful. Who in India have been completely successful in their schemes, subduing all obstacles, and securing the desired triumph? Has the Government been successful in drawing to itself the affections of its subjects, and securing the willing obedience of even the oldest provinces under its rule? cured the mighty public evils which have prevailed for centuries? Has it been able to establish courts of real justice, to banish perjury, and appoint uncorrupt officials among its lower officers? Has it formed a faithful and vigilant police: a faithful army, a contented, prosperous peasantry? All the Governors and high officials of the land lament the contrary. Has education been successful? Has it reached the masses; has it really enlightened the few that have sought its blessings? Have its results been commensurate with the money, time and talent expended upon it? Have planters been successful in making their cultivation popular with the peasantry, while profitable to themselves? Have our merchants taught honesty in all their dealings with native traders, and been able to secure it? In all these cases, the deficiencies of the people have presented great obstacles to progress: how much more may difficulties be pleaded in the case of missions, which go to the very root of the soul's motives and principles of action. Time and effort have failed perfectly to cure numbers of the surface-evils exhibited by native society in India. Much less have they removed far deeper social maladies. Is it wonderful then that Christian missions, which deal with the deepest maladies and disorders of all, should require more time and more effort still before their full fruits can naturally be looked for? Government, in aiming at its objects, employs thousands of European agents: the Christian church sends but four hundred into the whole of India.

We would draw special attention to one statement of Mr. Taylor's, which merits the most serious consideration at the present time:—

"There is one feature of English society in India, however, which I cannot notice without feeling disgusted and indignant. I allude to the contemptuous manner in which the natives, even those of the best and most intelligent classes, are almost invariably spoken of and treated. Social equality, except in some rare instances, is utterly out of the question. The tone adopted towards the lower classes is one of lordly arrogance; towards the rich and enlightened, one of condescension and patronage. I have heard the term "niggers" applied to the whole race by those high in office; with the lower orders of the English it is the designation in general use. And this,

too, towards those of our own Caucasian blood, where there is no instinct of race to excuse their unjust prejudice. Why is it that the virtue of Exeter Hall and Stafford House can tolerate this fact without a blush, yet condemn, with pharisaic zeal, the social inequality of the negro and the white races in America?"

We fear there is too much ground for this indignant remonstrance. But neither Exeter Hall nor Stafford House approve of the treatment which the American stranger so justly censures. The friends of Exeter Hall are those with whom native servants find kind friends and sweet words. They do blush at the haughty and proud demeanour of their countrymen, and have frequently protested against it; not like Mr. Taylor on ethnological grounds, but because it is as unchristian as it is unkind.

On quitting India, Mr. Taylor turned his face towards China, and spent a considerable time at the various ports open for English and American trade. In his journal appear many items of information concerning the manners of the Chinese, which we have not seen noticed elsewhere. He is everywhere, when such prejudices as those to which we have just alluded do not interpose, the same careful observer, photographing the various scenes of interest which passed before his view: but to this work he confines himself. We shall only quote an extract or two descriptive of Shanghai and its neighbourhood. In the following passage, he gives us a picture of the banks of the Woosung, the river on which Shanghai is situated:—

"The country on both sides of the river is a dead level of rich alluvial soil, devoted principally to the culture of rice and wheat. The cultivation was as thorough and patient as any I had seen, every square foot being turned to some useful account. Even the sides of the dykes erected to check inundations were covered with vegetables. These boundless levels are thickly studded with villages and detached houses, all of which are surrounded with fruit-trees. I noticed also occasionally groves of willow and bamboo. The country, far and wide, is dotted with little mounds of earth—the graves of former generations. They are scattered over the fields and gardens in a most remarkable manner, to the great detriment of the cultivators. In some places the coffins of the poor, who cannot afford to purchase a resting-place, are simply deposited upon the ground, and covered with canvass. The dwellings, but for their peaked roofs, bore some resemblance to the cottages of the Irish peasantry. They were mostly of wood, plastered and whitewashed, and had an appearance of tolerable comfort. The people, who came out to stare in wonder at the great steamer as she passed, were dressed uniformly in black or dark blue. Numerous creeks and canals extended from the river into the plains, but I did not notice a single highway.

The landscape was rich, picturesque and animated, and fully corresponded with what I had heard of the dense population and careful agriculture of China. I was struck with the general resemblance between the Woosung and the lower Mississippi, and the same thing was noticed by others on board."

After residing for a month at Shanghai, during the numerous panies which prevailed there, after the victorious insurgents had taken Nankin, our author gives the following account of the appearance and arrangement of the city:—

"We now enter an outer street, leading to the northern gate of the city. It is narrow, paved with rough stones, and carpeted with a deposit of soft mud. The houses on either hand are of wood, two stories high, and have a dark, decaying air. The lower stories are shops, open to the street, within which the pig-tailed merchants sit behind their counter, and look at us out of the corners of their crooked eyes, as we go by. The streets are filled with a crowd of porters, water-carriers, and other classes of the labouring population, and also during the past week or two, with the families and property of thousands of the inhabitants, who are flying into the country, in antici-At the corners of the streets are stands for the sale pation of war. of fruit and vegetables, the cheaper varieties of which can be had in portions valued at a single cash—the fifteenth part of a cent. A bridge of granite slabs crosses the little stream of which I have already spoken, and after one or two turnings we find ourselves at the city gate. It is simply a low stone arch, through a wall ten feet thick, leading into a sort of bastion for defence, with an inner gate. Within the space is a guard-house, where we see some antiquated instruments, resembling pikes and halberds, leaning against the wall, but no soldiers. A manifesto issued by the Taou-tai-probably some lying report of a victory over the rebels—is pasted against the inner gate, and there is a crowd before it, spelling out its black and vermilion hieroglyphics.

"Turning to the left, we advance for a short distance along the inside of the wall, which is of brick, about twenty feet thick, with a notched parapet. Carefully avoiding the heaps of filth, and the still more repulsive beggars that line the path, we reach a large, blank building, about two hundred feet square. This is a pawnbroker's shop—for the Chinese are civilized enough for that—and well worth a visit. The front entrance admits us into the office, where the manager and his attendants are busily employed behind a high counter, and a crowd of applicants fills the space in front. We apply for permission to inspect the establishment, which is cheerfully granted; a side-door is opened, and we enter a long range of store-houses, filled to the ceiling with every article of a Chinese household or costume, each piece being folded up separately, numbered and labelled. One room is appropriated wholly to the records, or books registering the articles deposited. There are chambers containing thousands of pewter candlesticks; court-yards piled with braziers; spacious lofts, stuffed to

the ceiling with the cotton gowns and petticoat-pantaloons of the poorer classes, and chests, trunks, boxes and other cabinet-ware in bewildering quantities. At a rough estimate, I should say that there are at least 30,000 costumes; when we asked the attendant the number, he shrugged his shoulders and said: "Who could count them?" There are three or four other establishments, of nearly similar magnitude, in the city. They are regulated by the Government, and are said to be conducted in a fair and liberal spirit. \* \* \* \*

"We now take a street which strikes into the heart of the city, and set out for the famous "Tea Gardens." The pavement is of rough stones, slippery with mud, and on one side of the street is a ditch filled with black, stagnant slime, from which arises the foulest smell. Porters, carrying buckets of offal, brush past us; public cloacæ stand open at the corners, and the clothes and persons of the unwashed laborers and beggars distil a reeking compound of still more disagreeable exhalations. Coleridge says of Cologne:

" I counted two and seventy stenches, All well defined—and several stinks;"

but Shanghai, in its horrid foulness, would be flattered by such a description. I never go within its walls but with a shudder, and the taint of its contaminating atmosphere seems to hang about me like a garment long after I have left them. Even in the country, which now rejoices in the opening spring, all the freshness of the season is destroyed by the rank ammoniated odors arising from pits of noisome manure, sunk in the fields. Having mentioned these things, I shall not refer to them again; but if the reader would have a correct description of Shanghai, they cannot be wholly

ignored.

"It requires some care to avoid contact with the beggars who throng the streets, and we would almost as willingly touch a man smitten with leprosy, or one dying of the plague. They take their stations in front of the shops, and supplicate with a loud, whining voice, until the occupant purchases their departure by some trifling alms; for they are protected by the law in their avocation, and no man dare drive them forcibly from his door. As we approach the central part of the city, the streets become more showy and a trifle cleaner. The shops are large and well arranged, and bright red signs, covered with golden inscriptions, swing vertically from the eaves. All the richest shops, however, are closed at present, and not a piece of the celebrated silks of Soo-Chow, the richest in China, is to be found in the city. The manufactures, in jade-stone, carved bamboo, and the furniture of Ningpo, inlaid with ivory and boxwood, are still to be had in profusion, but they are more curious than elegant. Indeed, I have seen no article of Chinese workmanship which could positively be called beautiful, unless it was fashioned after a European model. Industry, perseverance, and a wonderful faculty of imitation belong to these people; but they are utterly destitute of original taste."

With our author the Chinese find no favour, either as to their taste or their morality. He gives a severe sketch of both:—

"They are broad-shouldered and deep-chested, but the hips and loins are clumsily moulded, and the legs have a coarse, clubby character. We should never expect to see such figures assume the fine, free attitudes of ancient sculpture. But here, as every where, the body is the expression of the spiritual nature. There is no sense of what we understand by Art—Grace, Harmony, Proportion—in the Chinese nature, and therefore we look in vain for any physical expression of it. De Quincey, who probably never saw a Chinaman, saw this fact with the clairvoyant eye of genius, when he said: 'If I were condemned to live among the Chinese, I should go mad.' This is a strong expression, but I do not hesitate to adopt it. \* \* \* \*

"The great aim of the Chinese florist is to produce something as much unlike nature as possible, and thus this blossom, which, for aught I know, may be pure white, or yellow, in its native state, is changed into a sickly, mongrel color, as if it were afflicted with a vegetable jaundice, or leprosy. There was a crowd of enthusiastic admirers around each of the ugliest specimens, and I was told that one plant, which was absolutely loathsome and repulsive in its appearance, was valued at three hundred dollars. The only taste which the Chinese exhibit to any degree, is a love of the monstrous. That sentiment of harmony, which throbbed like a musical rhythm through the life of the Greeks, never looked out of their oblique eyes. Their music is a dreadful discord; their language is composed of nasals and consonants; they admire whatever is distorted or unnatural, and the wider its divergence from its original beauty or

symmetry, the greater is their delight.

"This mental idiosyncrasy includes a moral one, of similar cha-It is my deliberate opinion that the Chinese are, morally, the most debased people on the face of the earth. Forms of vice which in other countries are barely named, are in China so common, that they excite no comment among the natives. They constitute the surface-level, and below them there are deeps on deeps of depravity so shocking and horrible, that their character cannot even There are some dark shadows in human nature, which we naturally shrink from penetrating, and I made no attempt to collect information of this kind; but there was enough in the things which I could not avoid seeing and hearing-which are brought almost daily to the notice of every foreign resident—to inspire me with a powerful aversion to the Chinese race. Their touch is pollution, and, harsh as the opinion may seem, justice to our own race demands that they should not be allowed to settle on our Science may have lost something, but mankind has gained, by the exclusive policy which has governed China during the past centuries."

The chief object of Mr. Taylor's visit to China was that he might, if practicable, procure an appointment in connection

with the American expedition to Japan: and thus share in all the novelties expected from the proposed visit. Through the kindness of Commodore Perry, he was appointed a "master's mate" in his flag-ship, the Susquehanna: the office, though nominally a naval one, being reserved for the more scientific or literary members of the mission. The three other "master's mates" in the expedition were an artist, a photographer, and a telegraphist. No other supernumeraries were allowed. expedition consisted of the large steam frigates the Susquehanna and Mississippi, with the Saratoga and Plymouth sloops; the whole being under the orders of Commodore Perry as envoy extraordinary to the Government of Japan. The official account of the expedition has just been published, and all its proceedings are fully detailed. Mr. Taylor speaks but little of the political matters in which he was mixed up, and confines himself rather to pleasant sketches of the localities he visited. Here is a picture of the island of Great Loo-Choo:-

"The island is one of the most beautiful in the world, and contains a greater variety of scenery than I have ever seen within the same extent of territory. The valleys and hill-sides are cultivated with a care and assiduity, which puts even Chinese agriculture to shame; the hills are crowned with picturesque groves of the Loo-Choo pine, a tree which the artist would prize much more highly than the lumberman; the villages are embowered with arching lanes of bamboo, the tops of which interlace and form avenues of perfect shade; while, from the deep indentations of both shores, the road along the spinal ridge of the island commands the most delightful prospects of bays and green headlands, on either side. In the sheltered valleys, the clusters of sago-palm and banana trees give the landscape the character of the Tropics: on the hills, the forests of pine recall the scenery of the Temperate Zone. The northern part of the island abounds with marshy thickets and hills overgrown with dense woodland, infested with wild boars, but the southern portion is one vast garden.

"The villages all charmed us by the great taste and neatness displayed in their construction. In the largest of them there were buildings called cung-quas, erected for the accommodation of the agents of the Government, on their official journeys through the island. They were neat wooden dwellings, with tiled roofs, the floors covered with soft matting, and the walls fitted with sliding screens, so that the whole house could be thrown open, or divided into rooms, at pleasure. They were surrounded with gardens, enclosed by trim hedges, and were always placed in situations where they commanded the view of a pleasant landscape. These buildings were appropriated to our use, and when, after a hard day's tramp, we had hoisted our flag on the roof, and stretched ourselves out to rest on the soft matting, we would not have exchanged places with the old

Viceroy himself."

Mr. Taylor thus describes the singular feast with which the Regent of Loo-Choo honoured the American Commodore and his party:—

"Four tables were set in the central apartment, and three in each of the wings, and already covered with a profuse collation. Immediately on entering we were requested to seat ourselves. The Commodore, with Commanders Buchanan and Adams, took the highest table on the right hand, and the Regent and his associates the one opposite on the left. At each corner of the tables lay a pair of chop-sticks. In the centre stood an earthen pot filled with sackee, surrounded with four acorn-cups, four large cups of coarse china, with clumsy spoons of the same material, and four tea-cups. From this centre radiated a collection of dishes of very different shapes and sizes, and still more different contents. There were nineteen on the table at which I sat, but I can only enumerate a few of them: eggs, dyed crimson and sliced; fish made into rolls and boiled in fat; cold pieces of baked fish; slices of hog's liver; sugar candy; cucumbers; mustard; salted radish tops; curds made of bean flour; fragments of fried lean pork, and several nondescripts, the composi-

tion of which it was impossible to tell.

"The repast began with cups of tea, which were handed around, followed by tiny cups of sackee, which was of much superior quality to any we had yet tasted on the island. It was old and mellow, with a sharp, sweet, unctuous flavor, somewhat like French liqueur. Small bamboo sticks, sharpened at one end, were then presented to We at first imagined them to be tooth-picks, but soon found that they were designed to stick in the balls of meat and dough, which floated in the cups of soup, constituting the first course. Six or eight cups of different kinds of soup followed, and the attendants, meanwhile, assiduously filled up the little cups of sackee. We had a handsome, bright-eyed youth as our Ganymede, and the smile with which he pressed us to eat and drink, was irresistible. The abundance of soup reminded me of a Chinese repast. Of the twelve courses —the number appropriated to a royal dinner—which were served to us, eight were soups, and many of them so similar in composition as not to be distinguished by a palate unpractised in Loo-Choo delicacies. The other four were—gingerbread; a salad made of beansprouts and tender onion-tops; a basket of what appeared to be a dark-red fruit, about the size of a peach, but proved to be balls, composed of a thin rind of unbaked dough, covering a sugary pulp; and a delicious mixture of beaten eggs, and the aromatic, fibrous roots of the ginger-plant. The gingerbread had a true home flavor, and was not to be despised. The officers did their best to do honor to the repast, but owing to the number of dishes, could do little more than taste the courses as they were served up. Although we left at the end of the twelfth course, we were told that twelve more were in readiness to follow."

From Loo-Choo, Commodore Perry paid a brief visit to the

Bonin Islands, which were taken possession of by Captain Beechey in the name of Great Britain. Though a fine group of islands, they have scarcely any inhabitants, except a few run-a way sailors. The following extract shews that a good stroke of business could be executed even on such a lonely spot:—

" Commodore Perry saw at once the advantages of Port Lloyd as a station for steamers, whenever a line shall be established between China and California. It is not only the most eligible, but perhaps the only spot in the Pacific, west of the Sandwich Islands, which promises to be of real advantage for such a purpose. It is about 3,300 miles from the latter place, and 1,100 from Shanghai, and almost on the direct line between the two points. If the Sandwich Islands are to be included in the proposed route (as is most probable,) Peel Island is even preferable to a port in Japan, which, on the other hand, would be most convenient for a direct northern The Commodore, on the day after our arrival, line from Oregon. obtained from Mr. Savory the title to a tract of land, on the northern side of the bay, near its head. It has a front of 1,000 yards on the water, and extends across the island to a small bight on the northern side, which he named Pleasant Bay. The location is admirably adapted for a coaling station for steamers, since a pier fifty feet long would strike water deep enough to float the largest vessel. soil of Peel Island is the richest vegetable mould, and might be made to produce abundant supplies, while its mountain streams furnish a never-failing source of excellent water."

The expedition saw nothing of Japan, but the shores of the vast Bay of Yedo, which they boldly entered, and subsequently surveyed, almost as far in as the suburbs of the city itself. By an admirable display of courtesy and firmness, Commodore Perry succeeded in maintaining his position, so boldly taken up in the neighbourhood of the Japanese court, and in securing the proper delivery of his official letters. We shall quote only the following account of the singular silent interview in which this duty was accomplished:—

"Yezaimon and the interpreters preceded us, in order to show the way. The distance from the jetty to the door of the building was so short, that little opportunity was given me for noticing minutely the appearance of the Japanese, or the order of their array. The building into which the Commodore and suite were ushered was small, and appeared to have been erected in haste. The timbers were of pine wood, and numbered, as if they had been brought from some other place. The first apartment, which was about forty feet square, was of canvas, with an awning of the same, of a white ground, with the imperial arms emblazoned on it in places. The floor was covered with white cotton cloth, with a pathway of red felt, or some similar substance, leading across the room to a raised inner apartment, which

was wholly carpeted with it. This apartment, the front of which was entirely open, so that it corresponded precisely to the diwan in Turkish houses, was hung with fine cloth, containing the Imperial arms, in white, on a ground of violet. On the right hand was a row of arm-chairs, sufficient in number for the Commodore and his staff, while on the opposite side sat the prince who had been appointed to receive the President's letter, with another official of similar rank. Their names were given by the interpreter as "Toda Idzu-No-Kami," Toda, prince of Idzu, and "IDO IWAMI-NO-KAMI," Ido, prince of Iwami. The prince of Idzu was a man of about fifty, with mild, regular features, an ample brow, and an intelligent, reflective expression. He was dressed with great richness, in heavy robes of silken tissue, wrought into elaborate ornaments with gold and silver thread. The Prince of Iwami was at least fifteen years older, and dressed with nearly equal splendor. His face was wrinkled with age, and exhibited neither the intelli-gence nor the benignity of his associate. They both rose and bowed gravely as the Commodore entered, but immediately resumed their seats, and remained as silent and passive as statues during the interview.

"At the head of the room was a large scarlet-lacquered box, with brazen feet, beside which Yezaimon and the interpreter, Tatsonoske, knelt. The latter then asked whether the letters were ready to be delivered, stating that the prince was ready to receive them. The boxes were brought in, opened, so that the writing and the heavy golden seals were displayed, and placed upon the scarlet The prince of Iwami then handed to the interpreter, who gave it to the Commodore, an official receipt, in Japanese, and at the same time the interpreter added a Dutch translation. The Commodore remarked that he would sail in a few days for Loo-Choo and Canton, and if the Japanese Government wished to send any dispatches to those places he would be happy to take them. Without making any direct reply, the interpreter asked: "When will you come again?" The Commodore answered, "As I suppose it will take some time to deliberate upon the letter of the President, I shall not wait now, but will return in a few months to receive the answer." He also spoke of the revolution in China, and the interpreter asked the cause of it, without translating the communication to the prince. He then inquired when the ships would return again, to which the Commodore replied that they would probably be there in April or "All four of them?" he asked. "All of them," answered the Commodore, " and probably more. This is but a portion of the No further conversation took place. squadron." The letters having been formally delivered and received, the Commodore took his leave, while the two princes, who had fulfilled to the letter their instructions not to speak, rose and remained standing until he had retired from their presence."

The result of the expedition is matter of history. A treaty of commerce was finally concluded between the American and Sept., 1857.

Japanese, in which two ports in Japan, and one in Loo-Choo, were opened for American vessels. The Russians, however, following the example set by the American expedition, have since secured, in name at least, far more extensive privileges. After the first visit of the squadron to Japan, our author returned to China, and thence sailed for New York, there to add to his contributions to literature, one of the most pleasant and readable books of travels, descriptive of these distant portions of the eastern world.

ART. IV.—Relation de l'Inquisition de Goa. A Amsterdam. 1719.

THILE the main duty of the Reviewer is to observe passing events, and to subject to impartial criticism the doings and the writings of his cotemporaries, we know no good reason why he should abstain from an occasional retrospective glance; why he should not, without usurping the province of the historian, attempt to derive from the history of the past some of the lessons that it is fitted to afford for the guidance of the present, and, more important still, the hopes that it may hold out as regards the future. In accordance with this view of the nature of our functions, we purpose now to indulge in a little antiquarian research, and to lay before our readers a picture of the Inquisition of Goa, as it was at the end of the seventeenth century. The subject is one of great interest in itself, when viewed merely with the eyes of enlightened curiosity, as presenting a very peculiar aspect of that many-sided object, the human heart and mind; but doubly interesting to us in India, as exhibiting a particular phase of that problem, on whose evolution we are all looking with so intense anxiety, as to the influence of European example and European institutions on the native races of this land. We have no intention to record the history of the Inquisition, but merely to present a sketch of its action; and with this view we take as our guide the little volume whose title we have placed at the head of our

It is a small volume of 202 pages, 18mo. Its author was a M. Dellon, a Frenchman, who came to India about 1670, and settled at Daman, as a Medical practitioner. Having rendered himself obnoxious to one or two men of influence, he was accused before the Sacred Office of holding and expressing heretical sentiments. After two years' confinement at Goa, and repeated appearances before the august tribunal of the Inquisition, he at last regained his liberty; and although he had been required to take a solemn oath, that he should not disclose the secrets of his prison-house, he published the volume before us some years after his return to France. It is satisfactory to find that his sufferings had not so far broken his spirit as to render him incapable of that language of compliment and persiflage, which is so characteristic of a Frenchman. He commences his dedication to a Mademoiselle Du Cambout de Coislin, in the following strain: "It would be unreasonable in me to complain of the rigours of the Inquisition, and of the ill-treatment that 'I have experienced at the hands of its ministers, since by sup' plying the materials for this work, they have procured for me the

' advantage of dedicating it to you!!"

We are not going to examine the casuistry by which our author justifies his breach of the enforced oath; nor yet to revise his estimate of the profit and loss in his account current with the Inquisitors, in which, as we have just seen, he acknowledges himself their debtor to a large balance, inasmuch as the evils he bore at their hands were more than counterbalanced by the pleasure of dedicating his book to the young lady aforenamed. What alone we have to do with, is the fidelity of our author's narrative; and on this point we have very strong corroborative testimony furnished us by Dr. Claudius Buchanan in his Christian Researches.

When Dr. Buchanan visited Goa, he became the guest of one Josephus à Doloribus, "one of the Inquisitors of the Holy Office, the second member of that august tribunal in rank, but the first and most active agent in the business of the department." To him Dr. Buchanan shewed Dellon's book, and received his admission of the general accuracy of its statements. As this is a matter of the last importance, it will be well to

extract the passage at length:-

"I had thought for some days, of putting Dellon's book into the Inquisitor's hands; for if I could get him to advert to the facts stated in that book, I should be able to learn, by comparison, the exact state of the Inquisition at the present time. In the evening he came in, as usual, to pass an hour in my apartment. After some conversation I took the pen in my hand to write a few notes in my Journal: and, as if to amuse him, while I was writing, I took up Dellon's book, which was lying with some others on the table, and handing it across to him, asked him whether he had ever seen it. It was in the French Language, which he understood well. 'Relation de l'Inquisition de Goa,' pronounced he, with a slow articulate voice. He had never seen it before, and began to read with eagerness. He had not proceeded far, before he betrayed evident symptoms of uneasiness. He turned hastily to the middle of the book, and then to the end, and then ran over the table of contents at the beginning, as if to ascertain the full extent of the evil. He then composed himself to read, while I continued to write. He turned over the pages with rapidity, and when he came to a certain place, he exclaimed, in the broad Italian accent, 'Mendacium, Mendacium.' I requested he would mark those passages which were untrue, and we should discuss them afterwards, for that I had other books on the subject. 'Other books,' said he, and he looked with an enquiring eye on those on the table. He continued reading till it was time to retire to rest, and then begged to take the book with him.'

"After breakfast we resumed the subject of the Inquisition. The Inquisitor admitted that Dellon's descriptions of the dungeons, of the torture, of the mode of trial, and of the Auto da Fè were, in

general, just; but he said the writer judged untruly of the motives of the Inquisitors, and very uncharitably of the character of the Holy Church; and I admitted that, under the pressure of his peculiar suffering, this might possibly be the case. The Inquisitor was now anxious to know to what extent Dellon's book had been circulated in Europe. I told him that Picart had published to the world extracts from it, in his celebrated work called 'Religious Ceremonies,' together with plates of the system of torture and burnings at the Auto da Fè. I added that it was now generally believed in Europe, that these enormities no longer existed, and that the Inquisition itself had been totally suppressed; but that I was concerned to find that this was not the case. He now began a grave narration to shew that the Inquisition had undergone a change in some respects, and that its terrors were mitigated."

The Inquisitor thus admitted the truthfulness of Dellon's statements as regards facts; and this is all that is of any concern to us. It is only as a relater of facts that we are going to make any use of him. As Reviewers, it is our part to form our judgment independently as to the motives by which the parties may have been actuated. We now proceed to give a brief abstract of M. Dellon's narrative.

He left France as an adventurer, and landed at Daman. Here he seems to have established himself as a physician, and, according to his own account, to have been the means of effecting several extraordinary cures. Having formed a friendship, which he declares was of the most innocent kind, with a lady, of whom the Governor of Daman and a priest, the Secretary of the Holy Office, were both enamoured, these men out of jealousy resolved on his destruction; and although he assures us that he was conscientiously a strict Romanist, yet his French ideas were so much laxer than those prevalent in that locality, that they found no difficulty in making up an accusation against him. He mentions five instances in which he had thus laid himself open to attack.

The first was in a conversation with a priest, in which he seems to have expressed some doubts as to the efficacy of a particular form of baptism. The second was in refusing to kiss the pictures on the lids of alms-boxes, when presented to him by the begging-friars and others; the third instance was in stating that while the images of saints ought to be honored, only that of Jesus Christ ought to be worshipped, and that even in this latter case, the adoration should not be referred to the image, but to the Saviour represented by the image—and the fourth was in denouncing the folly of one who spoke of the necessity of covering over a crucifix before the perpetration of sin. "What, (said I) do you think that we can

thus hide ourselves from the sight of God? Do you think with those debauched women among you, who believe that, having once locked up their rosaries and their reliquaries, they may give themselves up, without fear of blame, to all sorts of excess? Come, Sir, entertain loftier sentiments of the Divinity, and do not think that a bit of cloth can conceal our sins from the eyes of God, who sees clearly the most secret thoughts of our hearts. Besides, what is this crucifix, but a piece of ivory?" But the fifth and most flagrant of his crimes, he states thus:—

"Being in an assembly, where they were talking of human justice, I said that it ought far rather to be called injustice; that men, judging only according to appearances, which are often deceitful, are liable to err greatly in their judgments, and that, as God alone knows things as they are, he alone can be, or ought to be called, truly just. One of those who heard me interposed, and said that, generally speaking, what I had said was true; but still that this distinction ought to be made, that though in France there were no real justice to be found, they had this advantage over us, that among them there was a tribunal whose decisions were neither less just, nor less infallible, than those of Jesus Christ. Then, knowing well that he alluded to the Inquisition, "think you, (said I) that the Inquisitors are not men, and subject to human passions, as well as other judges?" "Speak not thus," answered this zealous defender of the Holy Office; "if the Inquisitors are infallible while on the tribunal, it is because the Holy Spirit always directs their decisions." I could not any longer endure a discourse which seemed to me so unreasonable, and to prove to him by an example that the Inquisitors were very different from what he said, I related the story of Father Ephraim de Nevers,\* Capuchin and Missionary Apostolic in the Indies, who, as is related by M. de la Boulaye le Goux, in his travels, was brought before the Inquisition purely through envy, about seventeen years ago, and kept in confinement, and maltreated for a long time. I concluded by saying, that I had no doubt, but that this good father was more virtuous and more enlightened than those who shut him up in a narrow cell, without permitting him even to see his breviary. I added that I considered it a blessed thing for France never to have admitted this severe tribunal, and a blessed thing for myself not to be subject to its jurisdiction."

Not so fast, good Monsieur Dellon. The gentlemen of the Holy Office did not recognize "the inalienable birth-right" of a Frenchman. You were now within their territory, and they had a "Black Act" ready to grasp you within the arms of their

<sup>\*</sup> Of this Father Ephraim, we find a pretty full account in Tavernier, p. 85, of the English translation, folio edition, 1678.—Ed. C. R.

paternal jurisdiction. We return to the narrative. Having learned in some way that charges had been brought against him, our author went to his friend the Commissary, told him the whole story, and asked his advice as to the line of conduct that he should pursue in future. The Commissary gave him good advice, which may be all summed up in the worldly-wise maxim, to do, while at Rome, as Rome does. This advice might perhaps, be given sincerely; but the Governor and the priest, of whom we spoke, rivals though they were, having made common cause against M. Dellon, urged the Commissary to proceed to violent measures. He therefore reported to Goa what had been confided to him by our author, and received orders to arrest him. The account of his apprehension is touching, and it is simply told:—

"It was on the 24th of August, 1673, when I was returning from the house of a lady of great merit, the Senora Donna Francisca Pereira, the wife of one of the first gentlemen of the town, Manoel Peixote de Gama. This lady was about sixty years of age. She considered herself indebted to me for saving the lives of her eldest daughter and her grand-daughter; and in fact, I had had the happiness to be of service to them. The daughter had fallen sick while her mother was from home; and the imprudence of a Pandit or Indian Doctor had reduced her to the last extremity, when I was I undertook the treatment of the case, and she reco-The mother on her return was in raptures at the recovery of her dear daughter. Her grand-daughter, who was even more dear to her, fell sick also, and more dangerously than her aunt had been. Yet I was not sent for at first, to see this young patient; and they had recourse to me only when they saw that she was in a desperate state. I found her in a very violent fever, and though she was on the point of falling into frenzy, the Indian Doctor, far from thinking of bleeding her, had covered her head with pepper. This I had removed, and having taken charge of the case, I succeeded; and the patient, in a few days, was restored to perfect health. From that time this lady, penetrated with gratitude, loaded me with presents, and desiring that I should lodge near her, she had given me a house opposite to her own. It was on the very day of which I speak, that she had given me this house; and I was coming out from the house of this generous lady, to return at night to my lodging, when the criminal judge of the town, called in Portuguese the Owidor do crime, came in front of me, and ordered me to follow him to the prison, whither I was conducted; nor was I told by whose order I was apprehended, until after I was actually made fast."

When arrested by the criminal judge, M. Dellon thought that he had no more to do than to apply to his friend, the Governor, in order to be set at liberty. When told that his arrest was at the instance of the Holy Office, and that the Governor had no right to interfere, he bethought him of his friend, the Commissary; but he had gone that day to Goa. Then he had recourse to the reflexion that the Holy Office was not only just, but that it inclined ever to the side of mercy, especially towards those who voluntarily confessed their faults, as he had done of his own accord to the Commissary.

The bitterest stanza, in one of the keenest satires ever written, represents the arch-enemy of mankind as joyfully taking a hint from an unreformed English prison for the improvement of his

places of torment.

He passed by Cold-bath-fields, Says the devil, this pleases me well; And he took out his note book, and wrote a hint, For improving his prisons in hell.\*

How he would have delighted in the sight of the prison of Daman! Without sarcasm and in bitter earnest, it must be said that such scenes, in which man treats his fellow-men—made in the image and after the likeness of the great God—as base carrion, that it is such scenes as these that make devils laugh with joy, and call down at last the indignation of a long-suffering God on a guilty land. As nothing but the hope of curing evils justifies the exhibition of that which is filthy, we gladly draw a veil over the disgusting details.

Here however his friends came to see him, and kept up his spirits. His *friend*, the Governor, came and assured him of his readiness to do all in his power to help him; and his *friend*, the black priest, came to the grating and shed crocodiles' tears. His friend Donna Francisca did not content herself with false words and hypocritical tears. It would not have been suitable

for her to come to him, but here is what she did:

"The charitable care that the generous Donna Francisca took of me during all the time that I continued a prisoner at Daman, rendered my captivity a little more tolerable. This illustrious lady did not content herself with sending me what was necessary for me: but I received from her every day enough of food for four persons. She prepared my food herself, and always sent one of her grandsons along with the slave who brought it to me, for fear that any one might bribe her servants, or the jailer, to poison me; and as she could not come herself to comfort me in my prison, she took care that her husband, her children, or her son-in-law should come every day."

<sup>\*</sup> This quotation was made from memory, and, as we see by subsequent reference to the original, made incorrectly; but we let it stand as it is, not because we think that our unintentional alteration is an improvement, but because it makes it more appropriate to the matter in hand.

A good, motherly, likeable old lady was Donna Francisca; and well was it for our author to have such a friend. How much he was indebted to her, will appear from the following extract, in continuation of the preceding:—

"It was not so with the other prisoners. There being no subsistence allowed them at Daman, the Magistrates provided for them from the charity of any one who might please to help them; and as there were but two persons in the town who regularly gave them food twice a week, the most part of the prisoners, getting nothing on the other days, were reduced to so pitiable a condition, that the sight of them contributed not a little to lessen my sense of my own sufferings. I gave all that I could spare from my own allowance; but there were wretches in the other apartment, separated from me only by a wall, who were pressed with hunger, to the point of subsisting on their own excrements. I learned on this occasion that some years before, about fifty Malabar Corsairs being taken and shut up in this prison, the horrible hunger that they suffered drove more than forty of them to strangle themselves with their turbans.

"The extremity to which my poor fellow-prisoners were reduced, so excited my compassion, that I wrote to the Governor, and the principal persons of the town, who afterwards had the goodness to

send relief to those miserable victims of the Sacred Office."

Of course, we do not regard hunger as the only evil that can fall to the lot of man; but we have little sympathy with those who represent it as a trifling evil. It is all very well for young poets and young lovers to talk lightly of such matters; and perhaps, after all, for a man who has had a good breakfast in the morning, and a mutton chop and a glass (or two) of sherry for tiffin, it is not so mighty an evil to have but a scanty dinner. But we know from experience that it is not a small matter to have half rations for days and weeks together; and we can tell all such as may doubt this assertion, that their doubts will probably be removed, if ever it be their fortune to be constrained to make the experiment.

It will be remembered that our author's arrest took place on the 24th of August, 1673. If he had been sent at once to Goa, he might have been tried, and got out of prison, three months after, at the Auto da Fè in December; but this would not have suited the plans of his friends, the Governor and the black priest; and their friend, the Commissary, kept him at Daman until this was over. It was therefore not until the first day of the following year, that he was sent to Goa, heavily ironed. He landed there on the 14th, and on the 16th was brought into the august presence of the Grand Inquisitor, his irons having been first taken off. Here his bearing, we must confess, was not particularly dignified. He threw himself on his knees before his judge, wept

bitterly, and declared his willingness to make a full confession. The judge quietly told him to compose himself, that there was no occasion for any such haste, and that he had at that moment more pressing business than his to attend to. He then rang a silver bell, which brought in the Alcaide, to whose care he was committed. This functionary, after searching him, conducted him into a cell ten feet square, and there left him. His treatment here was not intolerable, except as regarded the strictness and the solitude of his confinement. His diet was meagre indeed, but not insufficient. But no books, or means of employment or relaxation, were allowed to him, or to any of the prisoners of the Inquisition. Even priests were not allowed the use of a breviary, or any other book.

The mode of examination in the Courts of the Inquisition has become proverbial; but probably many use the phrase "Inquisitorial proceedings," who have but a vague idea of the course of procedure which gave rise to it. M. Dellon enables us to throw

some light on the subject.

Any person accused before the Holy Office, could not be convicted, unless his guilt were established by the testimony of no fewer than seven witnesses. Now this promised fairly. But how was the promise kept? These witnesses were never brought face to face with the accused. He never learned their names, or the substance of the testimony that they gave against him. They might be, for aught he knew, existent or non-existent; and we confess that we are not charitable enough to suppose that the latter might not frequently be the case. When the accused was brought before the Court, no indictment was laid against him. He was asked if he knew of any offence that he had committed. If he could remember any instance in which he had offended against the laws, and if he made a full confession of his offence, then his confession was compared with the depositions that had been made regarding him, and the process ended; but if his confession related to another matter altogether, or if it did not cover the full ground occupied by the depositions, he was sent back to his solitary cell, to bethink himself in preparation for another This might go on for an indefinite period at examination. the discretion of the Inquisitors; and when they despaired of being able to make the accusation and the confession coincide, they had recourse to torture of the intensest kind. prisoner acknowledged the crime of which he had been accused, he was required to name the persons that he supposed might be the witnesses against him. He probably named many before the actual seven occurred to him; and thus valuable hints were given to the Inquisitors. The persons named must have had more or less complicity with the crime of the person accused, and the knowledge of this fact might be turned to good account, if it should betide that those persons themselves should fall into "difficulties." Thus could a net be gradually stretched round any member of the community, a net whose cords were less visible than the threads of the gossamer, but stronger than the cable, or say stronger than even the strength of pure innocence could break through. Such, in brief, were "inquisitorial pro-

ceedings."

And such were the proceedings to which our author was subjected. We have already said that the Inquisitor, having a constitutional or professional aversion to what is in common language called "a scene," cut short the first audience, and sent away our author, in charge of the Alcaide. Having great confidence in the goodness of his cause, he was anxious for a hearing, and, after repeated solicitations, his request was granted. and he was again brought before the Inquisitor on the 31st of January, 1674. He again threw himself on his knees, but was peremptorily ordered to be seated. He was required to take an oath that he would speak the truth, and that he would reveal nothing of what should occur. He was then asked, if he knew the cause of his arrest, and if he was willing to "make a clean breast of it." He related what we have already stated as to the remarks he had made, on the subject of baptism, and of images, but said nothing of what he had advanced as to the fallibility of the Inquisition, because, he assures us, he forgot all about it. He was then asked if he had no more to confess, and having replied in the negative, he was exhorted, in the name of Jesus Christ, to complete his self-accusation, "that he " might experience the goodness and mercy which are shewn by this tribunal towards those who evince true repentance ' of their crimes by a sincere and voluntary confession." His deposition, and the exhortation of the judge, having been taken down by the secretary, were then read over to him. He signed them, and was led off to his cell.

At his second appearance, which took place on the 15th February, he added nothing to his former confession; but apparently to test the sincerity of his catholicity, he was ordered to kneel down, and repeat the *Pater*, the *Ave Maria*, the *Credo*, the commandments of God and of the Church, and the *Salve Regina*. He was then exhorted as before, and remanded to his cell.

We have seen that, from the first, our author did not shew more than an average amount of "pluck," in breasting the tide of calamity; but from this time his spirit broke down completely:—

<sup>&</sup>quot;On my return from this second audience, I abandoned myself

wholly to grief, seeing that there were required of me things which seemed to me impossible, since my memory suggested nothing of what I was required to confess. I attempted then to starve myself to death. I took indeed the provisions that were brought to me, because I could not refuse them without subjecting myself to be caned by the guards, who are very careful to observe, when they get back the plates, whether the prisoners have eaten enough to maintain them. But my despair found means to deceive them. I passed whole days without eating any thing, and in order that they might not notice it, I threw into the basin a part of what had been brought me."

This fasting and mortification, however, though suicidally intended, produced, in our author's estimation, a blessed result. It led him to reflexion on his past conduct, and to prayers addressed to the blessed virgin. In answer to these prayers, as he seems to represent it, the conversation in which he had maligned the holy office, by denying their infallibility, and even asserting that they had erred in a particular instance, was brought to his recollection. And now the morning of hope once more chased the night of despair from his mind. This then was what the reverend Inquisitor meant, when he urged him to make further and fuller confessions. He had but to add this to his confessions, and be free! But alas, hope told a flattering tale. It was not until the 16th of March, that he was able to obtain another hearing. He told his tale, and was informed that this was not what he had been accused of. His deposition this time was not even written down; and he was once more sent to his cell. His condition now was clearly a bad one. His heart sickened, and his reason reeled under the influence of hope deferred. He did not again dare directly violate "the canon of the Almighty 'gainst self-slaughter," yet he could not support the life which he was doomed to lead; and so he hit upon a rather ingenious compromise. We must detail it at length:-

"I feigned to be sick and to have fever. Immediately a Pandit, or native doctor, was brought, who from the throbbing of my pulse through excitement, did not doubt that it was a real fever. He ordered bleeding, which was repeated five times in as many days, and as my intention in submitting to this remedy was very different from that of the doctor, who was laboring to restore my health, while I only desired to end my sad and miserable life, as soon as the people were withdrawn, and my door was shut, I untied the bandage, and let the blood run long enough to fill a cup containing at least eighteen ounces. I repeated this process as often as I was bled; and as I took almost no nourishment, it is not difficult to judge that I was reduced to extreme weakness."

When the work of depletion was nearly accomplished, the jailor reported the matter to the Inquisitor, who directed that a Confessor should be brought to him. He did not dare die without confession; and therefore he consented. But he did not dare confess without revealing the course that he had been pursuing. The revelation made, the confessor gave him good counsel; and he promised, and sincerely, not any more to attempt suicide, but to take all means in his power for the recovery of his health. At the intercession too of the confessor, a little indulgence was granted him, in the shape of a fellow prisoner, whom he calls a black, (by which term he probably means not a negro, but only a native or a black Portuguese) shut up in the same cell with him! That cell was but ten feet square; but still it is not good for man to be alone, and he enjoyed the company of his cell-mate for four months. This society restored his spirits and improved his health. He was then deprived of it, and fell back into the same state as before.

He knew that it would not avail him to feign sickness now. But he remembered that, when his effects were taken from him, he had managed to retain a few pieces of money, which he had previously sewed into a riband and tied round his leg like a garter under his stocking. Taking one of these coins, and breaking it in two, he ground one of the halves on an earthen pot, until he made it fit to do duty as a lancet. With this he tried to open the arteries of his arm. In this he could not succeed, but he opened the veins in both arms. The blood flowed copiously, and he was found weltering in a bath of it, fainted but alive.

He was taken before the Inquisitor, and laid at length on the floor, being unable to stand or sit. He was ordered to be hand-cuffed; and this was done at once. Strange as it may seem, and contrary to all rules for the treatment of the insane and the excited, this did not tend materially to soothe his chafed spirit. He dashed his head against the pavement, and would soon have succeeded in finding that death which he sought, had not the attendants seen the necessity of adopting gentler measures. He was removed into another cell, and again had a black companion given him to share it with him. This was the last attempt that he made on his life. But it was long ere he recovered sufficient strength to appear again before the court.

At length, about eighteen months after his first arrest, and therefore about July, 1675, he was brought to a fourth audience. Having declared that he could accuse himself of nothing in addition to what he had already confessed, the Promoter (or public prosecutor) of the holy office now presented himself, and at last he was regularly and formally accused. He was allow-

ed to defend himself, which he did apparently with a good deal Having occasion, in the course of his defence, to quote a passage of scripture,—" Unless a man be born of water. &c."-he was surprised to find that the Inquisitor seemed quite unaware of the existence of such a passage. He asked where it was to be found, sent for a New Testament, and like a docile disciple of the redoubted Captain Cuttle, overhauled it, and when found, made a note of it mentally, but made no remark. He acted in the same way when our author referred to a decree of the Council of Trent. It will be remembered that we stated. as if incidentally, that no record had been taken of the proceedings of the third audience. The confession then made, therefore, did not confer any advantage on him who made it. The Promoter then moved that, inasmuch as M. Dellon, in addition to what he had confessed, had been further accused. and sufficiently convicted, of having spoken with contempt of the Inquisition and its ministers, and of having even used language of disrespect to the sovereign pontiff and against his authority, and inasmuch as the obstinacy which he had evinced, in despising so many delays and so many kind warnings that had been given him, was a clear proof that he had had very pernicious designs, and that his intention had been to teach and to foment heresy—he had thereby incurred the penalty of the greater excommunication; that his goods should be confiscated, and himself delivered to the secular arm, to be punished for his crimes according to the rigour of the laws—that is, to be burnt. To this demand of the prosecutor, our author replied as he best could. The strong point of his defence lay in the fact that he had actually confessed his ascription of fallibility to the Inquisition. This confession had not been recorded, and he could get no benefit from it.

After this he was brought up three or four times in the course of a month, and urged to make confession of what he had said respecting the Pope; but this he could not do. He was also urged to admit the major of the Promoter's syllogism, that his intention, in the facts that he had confessed, was to defend heresy; but this he strenuously denied; and certainly the sentiments that he expresses everywhere in the book before us, are far from being heretical, i. e. protestant. We find him, for example, continually lamenting that in his captivity, he was deprived of the privilege of attending mass; we find him ascribing every blink of sunshine that found its way unto his cell to the good offices of the blessed virgin; we find him lamenting that the Portuguese custom of administering baptism to infants only on the eighth day after their birth, must lead to many children dying, "without being regenerated by the holy sacrament of baptism,"

and so "being deprived of the felicity of heaven for ever." Whatever these sentiments may be, they are not protestant sentiments. And M. Dellon was not aught else than a devoted Romanist.

And now our prisoner noticed an unusual activity and bustle in the Santa casa. Every morning he heard the shrieks of one and another, who were being put to the torture. The season of advent was at hand, and he remembered to have heard that that was the season when the Autos-da-fé were generally celebrated. He knew that they took place at intervals of two or three years. and he had now been in confinement nearly two years, and he did not know whether one had been celebrated the advent before his imprisonment. He knew, moreover, that the prisoners were very numerous, for he heard the opening and shutting of many cell-doors, when the rations were distributed. All these circumstances combined to raise in him a confident expectation that his trials were approaching their end, and that death or liberty would soon deliver him from the solitude of his cell. A man is not in an enviable "frame of mind," when these two, death and liberty, are put into the same scale, and when either the one or the other is regarded as so much preferable to some third thing, that the difference between the two is regarded as insignificant, in comparison with the difference between either of them and that third. Not enviable truly.

But the first Sunday in advent came. It passed. Another week. The second Sunday came; it passed; and hope passed with it. The *Auto-da-fé* must be put off for another year. Three hundred and sixty-five days must pass—ay, three hundred and sixty-six, for next year is leap-year! It is too much.

But the darkest hour is that before the dawn. The Auto-dafé was generally celebrated on the first or second Sunday in advent; but not necessarily or uniformly; and on the 11th of January, 1676, there were indications that something important was to be transacted on the morrow. On that night, M. Dellon was distracted by many thoughts, but at last, about 11 o'clock, he fell asleep. His slumbers were of short duration. They were broken by the entrance of the Alcaide and guards:—

"The Alcaide handed me a dress which he ordered me to put on, and to be ready to come out when he should call me. He then went away, leaving a lighted lamp in my cell. I had not strength either to rise or to give him any answer, and as soon as the men left me, I was seized with so violent a fit of trembling that for more than an hour, I could not look at the dress that had been brought to me. At last I rose, and prostrating myself before a cross which I had painted on the wall, I committed myself to God, and left my fate in his hands. Then I put on the dress, which consisted of a

vest with sleeves down to the elbows, and trowsers, which came down to the ancles, the whole being made of black cloth striped with white."

There was a meaning in these same white stripes. They meant life, and liberty, and country, and authorship, and the dedication of the book before us to Mademoiselle des Cambout de Coislin, and some good measure of posthumous fame. But M. Dellon could not read all this; he knew not the character.

and could not read the hieroglyphics.

About two in the morning, the guards returned, and M. Dellon was led into a long gallery, where he found a good number of his fellow-prisoners ranged along the wall. Others were gradually brought forward until the number amounted to about 200. As these were all dressed like himself, and as he could see no distinction in the manner of treating any of them, he thought it likely that the fate of all was to be the same. But he could not imagine it possible that the common fate of such a multitude should be death; and thus did a ray of hope once more shine into his soul.

And the hope was not delusive. He had to pass two hours of dire suspense, while the criminals were dressed with scapulars (san benitos) and caps (carrochas) indicating the various grades of their crimes. His agitation during this ceremony is simply and forcibly described, but we shall not dwell upon it. At last, however, the preparations were finished. Just before daylight on that sabbath morning, the great bell of the cathedral clanged out its booming notes, while from all the country round, immense crowds of men and women, and of little boys and girls, are flocking in to Goa, to hold high festival. Inside the Santa Casa, the officials of the Inquisition have arranged the procession, and have decked out those who are to take part in it in the various uniforms of life or death. The Confessors have received the last shrift of those who are doomed to die: the Inquisitor has taken his place in the great hall, and around him are assembled a large number of the inhabitants of Goa, summoned for a purpose that will presently appear. Each criminal, carrying a wax taper, marches singly into this hall. As he enters, the secretary reads out from a list the name of one of the gentlemen present, who rises and places himself by the side of the eriminal: he is to be his sponsor in the Auto-da-Fè. Our author had for his sponsor the Portuguese admiral, which proved afterwards to be a fortunate occurrence for him. The procession is now formed. It is headed by the Dominicans, before whom is borne the gorgeous banner of the holy office. Then come the prisoners and their sponsors, arranged according to the crimes of the former, the least criminal having the precedence, and those doomed to die bringing up the rear, accompanied by effigies of such as have died during their trial, and such as have been tried after death. The bones of such are also borne in boxes in the procession. We cannot detail all the marching and countermarching, the oaths, and sermons, and sentences. Any one who will enquire into the matter, will be struck with the great skill displayed in arranging the whole ceremonial, with the object of magnifying the holy office, and striking terror into the hearts of the spectators.

Our author's sentence was that he should be excommunicated, his effects confiscated, and himself banished from India, and condemned to serve in the galleys of Portugal for five years, and further to undergo such penances as the Inquisition should

prescribe.

We need not dwell upon the subsequent history of M. Dellon. After about a fortnight he was ironed and taken on board ship. and made over to the charge of the Captain, who was ordered to deliver him over to the Inquisition at Lisbon. As soon as the anchors were up, his irons were taken off, and he seems to have received kind treatment, for which we suspect he was more or less indebted to the accident of his having the admiral for his sponsor. When the ship arrived at Brazil, he was put into prison there, but was kindly treated. After a short stay here, he re-embarked and reached Lisbon on the 16th December. about eleven months from Goa. Here he was set to his penal servitude of five years as a galley-slave in the dock-yards. But through the intercession of some of his countrymen, the grand Inquisition were prevailed on to remit the unexpired portion of his sentence, and after a servitude of about eighteen months, he was liberated on the 1st of June, 1677. After some difficulties and obstructions, he found means to procure a passage in a vessel bound for France; and after a lapse of four years, he set about the composition of his narrative, which he kept four years longer before he could make up his mind to publish it.

Such is a brief summary of a single case, and that not an aggravated one, of oppression and injustice inflicted by this spiritual court in the name of Jesus Christ. We see no reason to doubt the perfect accuracy of the narrative. Not only does an air of truthfulness pervade it, not only was its substantial vraisemblance admitted by the Inquisitor to Dr. Buchanan, but there is almost a perfect coincidence between the course of procedure represented to have been followed, with the rules laid down for the guidance of the courts of the Inquisition in Spain. These rules had been kept secret until they were published in

Llorente's History of the Inquisition in that country. They could not therefore have been known to our author, who wrote more than 100 years earlier. Yet the treatment which he represents himself as having experienced, is, even to the most minute particulars, that which is prescribed in these rules for the

treatment of persons accused as he was.

Such then being the quality of the Inquisition, it becomes a matter of interest to enquire into the number of its victims. Now we have seen that in the Auto-da-Fè, in which our author bore a part, there were about 200 men, besides women, of whom we do not know the number. But supposing them to have been but half as numerous as the men, we have a total of 300. the accumulation of twenty-five months that had elapsed since the last Auto-da-Fe. We see then that the evil was not a theoretical one merely. We should say it was rather of the most practical. We learn from Llorente that the number of victims in Spain from A.D. 1481 to A.D. 1808, a period of 328 years, was 341,021, giving an average of as nearly as possible 1,040 a year. Of these, 31,912, or ninety-seven a year, were burnt. These are simple facts. If we set out with what we may now reckon an axiom, that persecution for religion is altogether wrong. and consider that the Inquisition could not take cognizance of crimes, but only of sins, we come to the conclusion that all these were murdered. But even if we give the Inquisition the credit of the darkness of the age in which it was instituted, and of the countries in which it was established, it would require a man of singular charity, or singular absence of the power of judging from cause to effect, to believe that with a tribunal so constituted, and proceedings so conducted, a very larger number were not made to experience wrongfully the severity of the laws, even if those laws had not been themselves wrongful.

And what has been the result? Read it in the history of Portugal; read it in the present as compared with the past state of Goa. Our author furnishes us with a description of the

city as it was in his days :-

<sup>&</sup>quot;We come now to the celebrated city of Goa, the most beautiful, the largest, and the most magnificent in all India. It is situated under the fifteenth degree (of latitude.) The Portuguese have built it on a small island formed by the river. On the two points of land, between which the river falls into the sea, there are two very fine forts, that on the southern point, called Mourmougon, and that on the northern Agoada. As the island extends down to the junction of the river with the sea, the most westerly point of the island is almost abreast of the two points on which those forts stand, and here they have constructed a harbour.

"From the month of May, till the month of August, the bar or entrance of the river on the Agoada side is closed by the sands which the south-west winds throw up; and vessels arriving at that season enter by the Mourmougon branch: during the rest of the year all

enter by the Agoada branch, and go quite up to the town.

"In passing up the river, we find a prodigious number of villas (maisons de plaisance) which may well be styled palaces. These the influential men among the Portuguese, while their state was in its glory, vied with each other in building, to shew forth their magnificence. It may well be believed that a town whose exteriors are so superb, contains within it what may excite the admiration of all beholders. And in point of fact, although the nation which occupies it is now in its decay, although it has had losses which can scarcely be comprehended, and its trade is barely the shadow of what it was; yet its houses are very beautiful, and nowhere can the riches and magnificence of its churches and its convents be surpassed. Amongst them, one is never weary of admiring the grandeur and the beauty of the houses and churches of the Jesuit Fathers, in one of which are preserved with peculiar veneration the precious relics of the great apostle of India and Japan, St. Francis Xavier, for whom all the orientals have a very great respect. Do as they might to honor his memory, they could but imperfectly express the great obligations under which they lie to him, for having a million times risked his health and his life, in order to instruct them and to lead them to Jesus Christ. After the houses of the Jesuit fathers, nothing is grander or richer than the convents of the Jacobins and the Augus-The church of the Theatines is undoubtedly one of the neatest in Goa, though it is not one of the most magnificent. bare-footed Carmelites have also a fine convent. The cathedral, dedicated to St. Catherine, and the church of Mercy, are of wonderful richness and beauty, and I should never have done, if I were to describe in detail the magnificence of these churches, and of others which I do not mention, the least of which attracts the admiration of strangers.

"Although there are in Goa a very great number of private gentlemen who have houses that might serve for the accommodation of princes, yet none of them can be compared, for beauty, size and richness, with the vice-regal palace. Each successive viceroy has added to it and embellished it. It looks, on one side, upon the river, and on the other upon a grand square, which is before the principal

gate."

And so forth. It is like the description of old Tyre in the days when "her merchants were princes, and her traffickers the honorable of the earth." Look now upon the other picture, that of the same city as it is now, or as it was half a dozen years ago, when visited by Lieut. R. F. Burton:—

"When the moon began to sail slowly over the eastern hills, we started on our tour of inspection, and, as a preliminary measure.

walked down the wharf, a long and broad road, lined with double rows of trees, and faced with stone, opposite the sea. A more suggestive scene could not be conceived than the utter desolation which lay before us. Everything that met the eye or ear seemed teeming with melancholy associations; the very rustling of the trees and the murmur of the waves sounded like a dirge for the departed grandeur of the city.

"A few minutes' walk led us to a conspicuous object on the right hand side of the wharf. It was a solitary gateway, towering above the huge mass of ruins which flanks the entrance to the Strada Diretta.\* On approaching it, we observed the statue of Saint Catherine,† shrined in an upper niche, and a grotesque figure of Vasco de Gama in one beneath. Under this arch the newly-appointed viceroys of Goa used to pass in triumphal procession towards

the palace.

"Beyond the gateway a level road, once a populous thoroughfare, leads to the Terra di Sabaio, a large square, fronting the Se Primaçial or Cathedral of Saint Catherine, and flanked by the Casa Santa. Before visiting the latter spot, we turned to the left, and ascending a heap of ruins, looked down upon the excavation, which now marks the place where the Viceregal Palace rose. The building, which occupied more than two acres of ground, has long been razed from the very foundations, and the ground on which it stood is now covered with the luxuriant growth of poisonous plants and thorny trees. As we wandered amidst them, a solitary jackal, slinking away from the intruder, was the only living being that met our view, and the deep bell of the cathedral, marking the lapse of time for dozens, where hundreds of thousands had once hearkened to it, the only sound telling of man's presence that reached our ear.

"In the streets beyond, nothing but the foundations of the houses could be traced, the tall cocoa and the lank grass waving rankly over many a forgotten building. In the only edifices which superstition has hitherto saved, the churches, convents, and monasteries, a window or two, dimly lighted up, showed that here and there dwells some solitary priest. The whole scene reminded us of the Arab's eloquent description of the 'city with impenetrable gates, still, without a voice or a cheery inhabitant: the owl hooting in its quarters, and birds skimming in circles in its areas, and the raven croaking in its great thoroughfare streets, as if bewailing those that had been in it.' What a contrast between the moonlit scenery of the distant bay, smiling in all eternal Nature's loveliness, and the dull grey piles of ruined or desolate habitations, the short-lived labours of man!

"We turned towards the Casa Santa, and with little difficulty climbed to the top of the heaps which mark the front where its

<sup>\*</sup> The Straight Street, so called because almost all the streets of Goa were laid out in curvilinear form.

<sup>+</sup> St. Catherine was appointed patron saint of Goa, because the city was taken by the Portuguese on her day.

three gates stood. In these remains the eye, perhaps influenced by imagination, detects something more than usually dreary. A curse seems to have fallen upon it; not a shrub springs between the fragments of stone, which, broken and blackened with decay, are left to encumber the soil, as unworthy of being removed.

"Whilst we were sitting there, an old priest, who was preparing to perform mass in the cathedral, came up and asked what we

were doing.

"Looking at the Casa Santa," we answered. He inquired if we were Christian, meaning, of course, Roman Catholic. We replied in the affirmative, intending, however, to use the designation in its ampler sense.

"Ah, very well,' replied our interrogator. 'I put the question, because the heretics from Bombay and other places always go to see

the Casa Santa first in order to insult its present state.'

"And the Señor asked us whether we would attend mass at the cathedral; we declined, however, with a promise to admire its beau-

ties the next day, and departed once more on our wanderings.

"For an hour or two we walked about without meeting a single human being. Occasionally we could detect a distant form disappearing from the road, and rapidly threading its way through the thick trees as we drew near. Such precaution is still deemed necessary at Goa, though the inducements to robbery or violence, judging from the appearance of the miserable inhabitants, must be very small."

We say not that there were no other causes for the decadence of Portuguese power and influence in India; but we must assert our conviction that God has visited the people nationally for this national iniquity. We are not superstitious, but neither are we atheistic. Individual men may set their faces against high heaven, and the thunder-bolt may not be launched forth to strike, nor the load of affliction press more heavily upon them than upon those of opposite character. This is a phenomenon of no rare occurrence, and one that has always been a stumbling-block to thoughtful men. "envious at the foolish," said one of old, "when I saw the pros-perity of the wicked. For there are no bands in their death; but their strength is firm. They are not in trouble like ' other men; neither are they plagued like other men. There-' fore pride compasseth them about as a chain; violence covereth ' them as a garment. \* \* \* When I thought to know this, ' it was too painful for me, until I went into the sanctuary of ' God; then understood I their end." In the sanctuary of God he doubtless learned that this world is but the first act of the great life-drama. Man's life here bears so small a proportion to the whole duration of his being, that the pros-

perity of the bad, and the adversity of the good, are of no estimable amount in judging of God's principles of dealing with his creatures. Each individual man is taken away from our cognizance, while yet the account between him and his creator is but newly opened. There is an unadjusted balance which we are too apt to think has been "written off;" and it is perhaps not till faith comes to the aid of observation that we are able fully "to justify (in this respect) the ways of God to man." But with nations it is otherwise. They have a substantive existence, apart from that of the individual men who compose them; they perform responsible acts, and are capable of being dealt with providentially in their national capacity. Then the duration of a nation upon earth is necessarily longer, and may be much longer, than that of a single generation of men; and thus there is more time allowed for the reaping on earth of the harvest that they sow, for the evolution of that Providence which is the acting of Him, of whom it is sublimely said, that "a thousand years are as one day." And then we have no reason to believe otherwise than that the earthly duration of a nation is the whole of its national duration. nation be capable of responsibility, it seems that the account must be settled upon earth, that national sins must, sooner or later, induce national judgments. It is not to be expected that we should be able to trace very minutely the connexion between them, yet we can see enough to give foundation to the belief that the connexion may be very close, and the sequence very much of the nature of cause and effect. It may be, for example, that there was more than a merely poetic combination in those solemn lines in which the poet brings the destruction of the Roman Empire into immediate contact with the brutalities of the Roman Circus;

His eyes

Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother;—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday!
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise! Ye Goths, and glut your ire.

It may be that, as we have said, the poet in this grand passage was not the *maker* of a connexion that did not exist, but rather the *seer* of a sequence, the links of which were not apparent to men gifted with less insight.

And it may be too, that there is a closer connexion than might at first sight appear, between the Inquisition of Goa, and the

setting of the star of Portugal in the east. It was said of the Portuguese, in the days of their Indian glory, that they were "a little body with a mighty soul." But how could the might of their soul be upheld, when so base a system as we have sketched. of espionage, and mutual distrust, and suspicion, was established in the midst of them? Is it not of necessity that this must have cowed the soldier's heart and weakened his arm? Is it not of necessity that it must have chilled all generous enthusiasm in the breast of the merchant? Must it not in hundreds of ways have introduced, and fostered, and perpetuated, that self-abasement which is so often the prelude of national degradation? That other causes conspired to effect the decay of Portuguese interests in the east, we by no means intend to deny. But we think that any one enquiring into the causes of this effect, would very materially err, if he omitted, or did not give a prominent place to, the Inquisition, the injury it must have done to man, and the vengeance that it must have called down from God.

In such lights viewed, the history of "Portugal in India" is fraught with lessons of grave import to us; and doubly so now, when some even think that the commotions, that but a little while ago were regarded as trifling outbreaks of partial mutiny, are to be converted into an actual struggle for the empire of India. It is not for us to extenuate our misdoings or our shortcomings in this land. They have all along been stated and set forth, fearlessly and without disguise, in the pages of this Review. Yet our confidence is mainly this; that with all its faults and all its failings, the British rule is so immeasurably superior to any that could be substituted for it here, that we cannot believe that it is destined to pass away. In reference to those faults and those short-comings, we may surely hope that, in all the bloodshed and the brutality of these three months,\* in the loss of a Scully and a MacMahon, of a Willoughby, a Lawrence, and a Wheeler, and so many more, high in rank, or high in that which is immeasurably above rank, of whom we had so good cause to be proud, in the massacre of our children and the foul dishonor done to our women by base ruffians, we have received double for all our sins. We think not therefore that Britain's rule is destined yet to pass away; but rather that she has a new career to enter on, in which, correcting the errors, and reversing the faults, and increasing the virtues of the past, she shall yet stand forth as a signal example to all the nations and to all governors, that righteousness is the safeguard and the exaltation of a people.

<sup>\*</sup> This is written early in August.

But this we think we may without boasting say, that Britain's crimes in India have been of a different complexion from those of Portugal. She may have failed to introduce a good system of law and police, because she was so fettered by routine that she would practically maintain that her own home institutions must necessarily be best for a people so differently situated; but she has never attempted or desired to introduce a system like that of the Inquisition. And therefore if now,-which we cannot bring ourselves to believe,-or at any time in the distant future, it should be England's doom to be supplanted in India by a native or a foreign power, we think that we can predict for her that she shall receive at least this grace, that she shall not stand forth, like Portugal, an object for the finger of scorn to point at, that she shall be saved from the extreme humiliation of gradual but sure decay, but that, like one of her own sea-castles, she shall sink grandly into the abyss, or be shivered into irrecoverable fragments by an instantaneous explosion. This is the death that, if die he must,-the old lion should die. But may God deliver him from that life-in-death, that soulless existence, that incapacity for good or harm, which has befallen the first European power that effected a settlement in this land?

ART. V.—The Friend of India; The Hurkaru; The Englishman; The Phanix. May to September, 1857.

THE extensive and deeply laid scheme of revolt, at present being developed throughout the length and breadth of the land, naturally engages universal attention. It is pre-eminently the subject of the day, and must give rise to the most marked and extensive changes. Above all, the army must be thoroughly re-organized on a new and different system. It is to the discussion of such a system that we propose to devote the following pages. It matters little how the mutinies arose, whether they were the offspring of mistrustful dislike to recent innovations, improved by the Mussulman princes, as the feeling presented itself; or whether it was a carefully prepared scheme hatched by these princes long ago. For our own part, we are inclined to the former hypothesis; but it is of small consequence. The glaring fact is before our eyes. It has written its foul existence in the best of British blood, and the means by which a recurrence is to be prevented, is a problem of first rate impor-It of course strikes every one that the first thing necdful is a great increase of British troops. The national element of the governing race has been neglected. We have trusted to a broken reed. We did not even try to pit race against race, or religion against religion, but drew our soldiers almost entirely from one locality. We have digested a bitter lesson, and one that will never be forgotten, as long as the British nation has a What are now the massacres of Vellore, Amboyna, Patna, or the black hole of Calcutta? Did the far-famed cruelty with which Tippoo treated his prisoners, produce aught like this? It is reserved for the nineteenth century, for the times when men prate of peace-congresses, and fancy that a few honest philanthropists can control all the bad passions in this world, to develope a revolt which, in horrible cruelty and coldblooded treachery, displays features in the Asiatic character, which should never be forgotten in Europe. Black and white are not equal. They are not to be governed by the same laws. immutable decrees of providence have ordained it otherwise, and the conduct of the Asiatics themselves forms the clearest proof of it. It is not however with the civil government of the people of these lands that we have now to do, but with the military defence of the country, with the protection of the highest British rights and interests here, and with the constitution of an army, which shall be at once formidable to the enemy, and obedient to the state. A large European force is a sine

SEPT., 1857.

qua non, but the native element must also enter largely into any Indian army. We would propose to have, as it were, two military bodies in this country. One, the regular army, European and native, liable to serve by sea and land, in any part of the world, cantoned in large bodies at well chosen stations, commanded by selected officers, smaller in number than that existing before the mutinies, but infinitely greater in force; and so constituted that its fidelity might surely be depended on. other should be a subordinate, local, police army, native entirely, having no cannon whatever, raised entirely in bodies in certain districts, for service in others, and their own Zemindars to be held responsible for their good behaviour. We propose to develope a scheme for both of these, and affirm that the expense would not be greater than that now incurred, while the efficiency would be ten-fold. We propose first to consider the regular army, in its constitution, discipline, and expense, comparing it with what existed before the mutinies. Secondly, to do the same for the subordinate force, though we confess that the comparison in expense with what now exists as a substitute for it, will be impossible, as we have no account before us of the present rate. Should, however, these views attract attention, this desideratum may be easily supplied for the consideration of the Authorities: and while we affirm our confidence that the expense will be found scarcely, if at all, to exceed what it now is, we shall, by directing enquiry to the matter, have fully attained our object in the composition of this paper. On a reference to the Bengal army list before the mutinies, it will be found that the regular Bengal army consisted of-

## ARTILLERY.

Three brigades horse artillery, containing thirteen troops, of which five were native.

Six battalions European foot artillery, of twenty-four companies, with twelve field-batteries attached, of which three were bullock batteries.

Three battalions native foot artillery, of eighteen companies, with eight field-batteries attached, of which two were bullock.

### CAVALRY.

- 2 Regiments H. M.'s dragoons.
- 10 Ditto native light cavalry.
- 18 Ditto irregular cavalry.

## INFANTRY.

- 15 Regiments H. M.'s foot.
- 3 Ditto Company's European infantry.
- 74 Ditto native infantry.

The regiments of Kelat-i-Ghilzie, Ferozepore, and Loodhiana, and the Ghoorka battalions, are also corps of the line, but we do not mean to include them, as they are officered from the other regiments. Nor yet do we include the sappers, nor further allude to them than by pointing out the advisability of separating them a little more.

For this we propose to substitute an army as follows:-

# ARTILLERY, ALL EUROPEAN.

3 Brigades, of twelve troops, horse artillery.

6 Battalions, of forty-eight companies, foot artillery.

24 Horse field-batteries attached.

#### CAVALRY

8 Regiments Company's European dragoons.

20 Ditto native light horse.

## INFANTRY.

17 Regiments H. M.'s foot.

15 Ditto Company's European infantry.

25 Ditto native light infantry on a new organization.

Such an army we affirm to be cheaper than the one above, and immensely more powerful, while we think it, in conjunction with the subordinate police military force, numerous enough for the requirements of the Bengal presidency. It consists of, in round numbers, thirty-six batteries of 216 guns, eighty-four squadrons, and fifty-seven battalions, in all 75,000 men; an army, which, on an emergency, could spare 40,000 men for foreign service, of whom 25,000 should be Europeans. Along with the new system one measure would be advisable, and that is the complete disarming of all the natives who are not soldiers of the state. We now proceed to the constitution of our new army, commencing with the artillery.

ARTILLERY.—In the Bengal army before the mutinies, no one can fail to be struck with the number of guns left by the dominant race in the hands of the subject one.—Of the regular field artillery, two-fifths of the whole were in the hands of natives, besides that of the Punjaub and Oude irregular forces, the Gwalior contingent, and the guns attached to the smaller contingents, as well as those scattered over the country, and called post guns. Of the horse artillery, five out of thirteen troops were native. Now it appears to us that there is no necessity for this. Artillery is an arm that can only be required with considerable bodies of other troops, and where the services of Europeans are necessary. It is not required unless real force takes the field, and it performs no duties which in quarters require the exposure of the men.

There is nothing that the natives have such respect for, and terror of-nothing which, being deprived of, would so completely convince them of their weakness and of their inability to cope with us. For these reasons we would recommend that the artillery should be European only, and that no guns at all should be left in the hands of natives, or if there be an exception, it should be the Punjab irregular force only. Posted judiciously through the country, we think the force we have mentioned enough. There is however margin for its increase, should it be deemed necessary. We would have the drivers as well as the gunners European, so that we may be sure of the whole of this arm, even in the most desperate emergencies. A small detail of gun lascars would be attached to each battery, as at present to the horse artillery. This simple change would leave nothing to be desired in this arm. We would propose an increase of eight captains and eight lieutenants to the regiment. question will occur. What is to become of such golundauzes as have remained faithful? As to their fidelity, we do not believe in it. The horse artillery at Jullunder is reported to have acted against the mutineers; but we will not believe in any native loyalty, which does not make a clean breast of it, and disclose the origin of this conspiracy. Government is justified in summarily dismissing from its service such of its Poorbeah soldiers as it pleases, without pension of any sort. Is it to be supposed, that because at certain stations, fear has kept down revolt, that the Government, in re-organizing the army, for the welfare of the empire, is to be stopped in its career by the personal claims of a set of men, who, at the very least, are, one and all, guilty of misprision of treason? God forbid that such weakness should be shown. Nay, rather let it be proclaimed in the market place that the native army has violated its faith to the Government, which has treated it so well, that it has forfeited its rights, collectively and individually, that it has no claim to either future service or pension, and that any cases of good service subsequently performed will be made the subject of special consideration, and owe their recognition to the mercy of the Government, and the consideration it has for its subjects. Each man when enlisted swore on his colors or on his gun, that he would at once report to his commanding officer whatever he heard that was seditious or prejudicial to the state. Have the native officers done this? That they might keep that oath the Government gave them honors, and titles, and very high pay. Except only in the irregular cavalry, they were recognized as having no other value than this. How have they discharged their trust? one has kept his faith. They swore at the hazard of their lives

to discharge the duty, and in all the Bengal army, not one has proved true. Away with them! we say-let their treachery and uselessness no longer cumber the ground, and the army. Let the native officers of the regular army be all dismissed, and only very special reasons exempt any one to the extent of giving him a pension. Expediency may forgive a traitor, and compassion may forgive a fool; but traitor and fool united is out of the category of forgiveness; and this, we say, is the predicament in which the native officers stand. Aye! even those belonging to the so-called staunch regiments. What applies to the native officer equally applies to the common man. As a matter of good faith, they have now, as a body, no claim on the Government. Their retention is a mere matter of expediency, and, as it is not expedient in the case of the native artillery, we would not retain Special cases might be made the subject of special consideration, but a lasting divorce should be instituted between the native and the gun. The re-organization of the artillery, involving, as it does, an increase of guns, officers, and men, in the aggregate, the substitution of a large number of Europeans for natives, and of horses for bullocks, would of course cost more than at present. We will save more than the amount in the other arms of the service.

CAVALRY.—This branch of the service before the war consisted of two regiments H. M.'s dragoons, ten native light cavalry, and eighteen regiments irregular cavalry. Both of the native branches of the cavalry have mutinied, and their rights are exactly what are above stated to be those of the artillery, and no more. We however, though condemning the bad faith of both alike, propose to treat them very differently, and that simply because it is expedient to do so. In a word, we propose to abolish the light cavalry entirely, and in their room form eight regiments of dragoons. We propose to increase the number of regiments of irregular cavalry to twenty, denominate them light horse, and raise a duffadar's pay to thirty, and a sowar's to twenty-five rupees a month. The eight regiments of dragoons might be officered as follows: one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, one major, eight captains, eleven lieutenants, and five cornets. This would leave two colonels, two lieutenant-colonels, two majors, six captains and two lieutenants supernumerary in the whole cavalry. We would propose that the supernumerary field officers be retained to keep up the promotion, but that the six captains and two lieutenants be absorbed; a measure which could not be very hard on the junior cavalry officers, considering the very great luck that they have had. We propose that each regiment of cavalry shall consist of three squadrons, and six troops, and number twenty-four

sergeants, twenty-four corporals, six trumpeters, six farriers. 480 troopers, one surgeon, two assistant-surgeons, and one veterinary surgeon, with a staff and establishment on the scale proportionally of one of Her Majesty's regiments of light dragoons. Eight such regiments would, we think, be a sufficient heavy cavalry for the Bengal army; they would cost rather less than the ten light cavalry regiments did before the mutinies. would be at least equal to thirty of the other sort, and would enable Government to dispense with the two regiments of Her Majesty's dragoons, and save the very great cost they entail. As a percontra, there would be a large expenditure for buildings and barracks; but that is a Public-Works charge, and inevitable; as more Europeans, many more, must be stationed here. Our endeayour is to develope a scheme which shall make this increase at once as efficient as possible, without trenching beyond the limits of necessity, drawn by the exigencies of Indian finance. As to the merits of the native light cavalry, we have no inclination to discuss them, they have been argued ad nauseam. Suffice it to say, that they have been condemned by public opinion, and stand confessedly the most inefficient branch of the native army, with reference to the reasonable expectations that were formed of them. Even their own officers admit that they are not worth the money they cost. Under such circumstances their abolition cannot but be attended with advantage; and we have every reason to believe, that this measure has been more than once in contemplation, but that always some difficulty or other was found in the way, which this mutiny will go far to remove. The value of a reliable body of European cavalry in this country can scarcely be overrated. The arm is sadly neglected in England. The officers of the British cavalry regiments are extravagant, and have given their service a bad name in consequence with reference to work. True, Balaklava made a reaction; but it is an undeniable fact, that cavalry is neglected and underrated among English soldiers. Yet except under very peculiar circumstances, no decisive battle was ever gained without the free use of cavalry. Broken troops can easily escape from infantry and artillery, for the latter dare not leave the former, unless it had cavalry with it. In the Peninsula, we only gained two decisive battles, Salamanca and Vittoria. In the former battle, cavalry played a leading part. It was the decisive charge of the heavy dragoons under General Le Marchant that won the day. Vittoria again was one of those peculiar cases to which we alluded as exceptional. The town lies in a basin surrounded by hills, and almost encircled by a small river. Two roads lead from it towards France, and two only. The high road to Bayonne was seized by our left,

under Sir Thomas Graham, and after their defeat, the French were driven to retreat, encumbered with the spoil of a nation, by the bad and mountainous road to Pampeluna. It was this sole line of retreat, choked, crowded, and insufficient, which made the battle so decisive without the aid of cavalry. But look at Napoleon's battles. How was Austerlitz, Jena, or Wagram won? It was his invariable practice to mass his heavy cavalry under Murat, and after shaking the enemy with his other arms, overwhelm them with this one. Any one who has read the history of the campaign in the Netherlands in 1815, will see and acknowledge its use. The charge of the union brigade at Waterloo destroyed, as a military body, 8,000 men, and rendered forty guns useless. Frederick the Great had a magnificent cavalry, and used it most freely. Cæsar won Pharsalia with his cavalry, and Alexander won all his battles with his "companions." Ancient and modern history alike points out the use and indispensable necessity of this arm in war; but it is a fact beyond dispute that no British army has ever a proper proportion of cavalry, and that in a nation which can produce more good riders than any country in Europe. No country in the world is more suitable to the action of cavalry than the plains of Hindoostan, and nowhere is it easier for a beaten army to escape in every direction; the country is level and open, and the only way to make success decisive is to be found in that arm, which can follow with rapidity, without fatigue or disorder. It is unnecessary for us to point out the advantages of decisive success in all our wars in Asia. Anything short of it with these people is no success at all. Promptness and vigour are every thing, and that is scarcely to be accomplished here in war, without the aid of an European cavalry force. The native light horse is as We propose that they should be the necessary as the other. same in every respect as the present irregular cavalry, but we reject the name, "irregular," as unsuited to a force which is part and parcel of a regular army. There is much duty for light horse in India, which is suited to natives only. Experience has proved this description of force both cheap and efficient. therefore propose to retain it, extending the number of regiments to twenty, and increasing the pay of a duffadar from rupees twenty-eight to thirty, and that of a sowar, from rupees twenty to twenty-five. This measure is in our opinion advisable, as all officers now attached to this force agree in declaring twenty rupees a month to be too little for a sowar. Justice cannot be done to the regiment without trenching on the means of the men till debt ensues, and then, though appearances may be kept up for a time, in the end the regiment cannot be a good one.

This force would not be used, as a rule, in charging bodies of men, but purely as light horse, in keeping open communications. clearing roads, intercepting the enemy's orderlies and despatches, feeling the way of the army, and whirling down on a mass of fugitives broken and disorganized by the European cavalry. In dours against robbers, or on the frontier, they would be invaluable. In short, it is nonsense to write what every body knows: we forget we are addressing an Indian public. One word about the command of these corps. There is no branch of the service in which the personal character of an officer is of more importance, and only those adapted to it should be there. A man may be a clever man, nay, even a good soldier, yet unsuited to the light horse. All the officers ought to be good, or at least bold riders; if they are not, they should be turned out; and a man with dash about him should be always preferred. Should an officer be himself a man of prowess, who can beat his own men at their own exercises, and who is ready to head any scheme of whatever hazard, his influence will be so much the greater for this sort of command. Men of the school of Mayne, Holmes. and Chamberlain, are the men for this force, and an effort should be made to select them. In any case those wanting should be made to leave. Can anything be more lamentable than to see a dashing horseman who cannot ride, bestriding a horse that cannot go, and hugging himself with the prospect of a command some day? For such men the sowars can but have an utter contempt, and are in consequence not very likely to be of much use when the tussle comes.

INFANTRY.—This branch of the service before the mutinies consisted of fifteen regiments H. M.'s foot, three of Company's European infantry, and seventy-four native infantry regiments. The Ghoorka corps, the Kelat-i-Ghilzie regiments, and the regiments of Loodhianah and Ferozepore, are reckoned regiments of the line, but as they are not officered by their own officers, we do not mean to include them, premising that Government might absorb them into the new army, or keep them as they are, as may be most convenient, without in any way hurting this scheme. In place of this, we would propose to have seventeen regiments H. M.'s foot, fifteen regiments H. C.'s European infantry, and twenty-five regiments of native regular light infantry, officered as European corps. In this scheme, it is observed, first,—that an increase of two of H. M.'s regiments of foot, is required. This we think the Court of Directors could have no difficulty in arranging. condly,-that an increase of twelve regiments of Company's European infantry is proposed. To officer these would be required the officers of twenty-four native regiments now existing.

The twenty-five regiments of native infantry, officered as Europeans, would require the officers of the fifty remaining regiments. Hence no difficulty would arise, as far as the European officers are Of the new European regiments, we have nothing to Their model exists in the service, and we are not aware at present of any means of materially improving it. There is one thing that we may mention, and that is the utter unsuitability of their head dress in this country. It is European and French, and quite unfit for India. In the course of this paper, we had no intention of touching upon dress; but when, as in the late operations, we see men struck down right and left by the sun, a fate from which we believe a proper head dress would have saved them, we feel bound to protest. A helmet of cork or felt, which would protect the head from the sun, down as far as the junction of the neck and shoulders, is, we think, the best thing for Europeans. For natives we think the more the dress is assimilated to their own the better. Here we might learn from France, and dress them à la Zouave, a costume that would suit them admirably, and give them for a head dress their own useful and elegant turbans. Officers and men should be dressed alike of course.

We now come to consider the proposed new native regiments, and as it is here we introduce as it were a new element into the service, we must enter into the subject a little at large. We propose that each regiment of native light infantry shall consist of two colonels, two lieut.-colonels, two majors. fourteen captains, twenty-two lieutenants, and ten ensigns, one surgeon or assistant-surgeon, two native doctors, one sergeant major, one quarter-master sergeant, twenty European sergeants. twenty drummers or buglers, fifty havildars, fifty naiks, and 800 sepoys; that these regiments should be drilled and disciplined precisely as an European corps; that the barrack system be introduced, and the daily orderly room. A small bungalow should be erected at the quarter guard for the European officer of the day, where he would remain during his tour. As the regiments would be light infantry, of course, greater attention would be paid to their particular drill. It will be observed there are no native Our remarks on the subject of their claims upon Government are found under the head of artillery. Their claims are nothing. They have thrown aside pensions, pay, rank, consideration, and honesty—for treachery, robbery, and murder. They must abide by their bargain. It is not expedient to reinstate them, and therefore they should not be reinstated. Except on this principle, there is no reason resting on the slightest foundation why they should be taken back into the service, and as this

reason or principle is wanting, let us have none of them at all. The substitution of the twenty sergeants for these native officers would be of excellent effect. One end of the sepoy's barracks. or a small house in rear, could be built for them, and they would be charged with the constant superintendence of the men in quarters. When the regiment was out, they would be most valuable assistants to the officers in the supernumerary ranks. The twenty-five new regiments, we would propose, should be drawn complete and entire from different provinces. Goorkhas, Poorbeahs, Bundelahs, Jats, and men from Behar. should all be taken. If ten battalions of the first named were among them, it would be well. They should all be generalservice corps across sea. Of the disarmed regiments men might be taken on their agreement to take the new oath—otherwise give them their congè. The Sikhs of these regiments, it would be well to collect and form new Sikh regiments of, and the Poorbeas might come into our terms, or leave it alone. The regiments however ought not to be mixed. A corps of Sikhs should consist of Sikhs only. Of Ghoorkas the same. Perhaps a treaty might be made with Nepaul, permitting us to recruit a certain number of men annually in her territory. The money they would bring in, would be certainly beneficial to that state.

The great drawback to the efficiency of the late native army was the small influence possessed by the officers. This was in most cases absolutely nothing. Complaining as they have done of the way they were treated in this respect, the European officers had but a faint idea how very little influence they had. The massacres however opened their eyes and those of every body else. The fact is proclaimed in blood that the Government of this country cannot govern the army by means of regulations, and head quarters only. The power of the officers brought into actual contact with the men, must be greatly The native soldier must feel that the European officer is the master of his fate, and that he has no appeal against him. The farce of a native court martial is now, we trust, buried for ever. Let the commanding officer have the power of summarily dismissing a man from the service. It will not do to say, this may be abused. If the brigadier and general do their duty, and really look into the affairs of the regiments under their command, no officer commanding a regiment can be capricious or unjust with impunity. If he is, let him lose his command; and with selected officers, and a report of all such transactions made, not for revision of the sentence, but for judgment on the competency of the commanding officer, there is little fear but that the soldier will meet with justice in

the long run. What applies to the commander of a regiment applies to the commander of a company. It is the proud boast, but the true one, of an Englishman, that the more you trust him, the better does his character show. That is true of the large majority, and it is only for the majority that humanity can devise a rule. It is the mistrust the Government has shown of its officers, which has first rendered them careless of their duties, and subsequently, by relieving them in their youth of all responsibility, rendered many of them afterwards unfit for such an emergency as has just occurred. Why have the Punjab men shown so well? Simply because as young men the burden of responsibility was thrown upon them, they were brought up in official life to rely upon themselves, they were estimated by what they were worth, and the day of trial was to them but what they were accustomed to, certainly intensified; but to others it

was as novel as a journey to the moon.

We have before stated that we trust never to hear more of a native court martial, except under peculiar circumstances in a regiment of light horse or irregular cavalry, whichever may be the designation. The native court martial was trial by the superintending officer in the majority of cases; and when the native officers did interfere, it was generally to award some very inadequate punishment to an offence. With the disappearance of the native officer his functions go also, and the European officer should in all cases try a man. In the lines of every native regiment, there should be a congee-house with solitary cells. This mode of punishment, we speak from experience, has the very best effect. Although we would abolish the native court martial, we are strongly of opinion that a native tribunal should exist for the settlement of claims for debt against sepoys. We know that many officers in this matter differ from us, and recommend the total abolition of all means of recovering debt, as the best way of preventing it. We have however very closely observed this matter, have had large experience in dealing with it, and we are convinced such a tribunal is desirable, and further, that it should be a native one. have seen the native court of requests, composed of European officers out of the Company's territories, and of native officers in them, and we have no hesitation, after considerable experience of both, to pronounce the native court the better tribunal of the two, for the purpose for which it is intended.

In connection with this we would discuss the question of bazars, and think we can give cogent reasons for the course we propose. The first thing we would urge is the abolition of sudder bazars. The sudder bazar goes nowhere. It is stationary, and in conse-

quence the richer banniahs settle there. Out of the station it is of no use to the troops, while being slightly cheaper than the regimental bazar, it is frequented by those sepoys who have ready money, and thus the regimental banniah is deprived of those profits in cantonments, which enable him to be well supplied in the field. The tendency of the sudder bazar system is to make the regimental banniahs poor, and when the corps takes the field, if they are poor, the bazar is useless. If accident should delay the pay, the men cannot pay the banniahs, and if they have no capital to go on with, the whole machine comes to a stand still; and the commanding officer and quarter-master are obliged to lend their own money, or pledge their personal credit to some neighbouring mahajan, to enable the regiment to get on. Now this is in our own country. Think what it would be in Persia or Affghanistan. Is it to be supposed that dahoukars are as plentiful as blackberries, and that the bill will do everywhere? The sudder bazar system owed its origin, we believe, to a desire to lessen the following of regiments; but that may be carried to far too great an extent. A large following is necessary, from the nature of the land, and the habits of the people; and we have, in the late Duke of Wellington, an advocate for what we are advancing, whose authority is not likely to be disputed. The whole of his despatches in the Decean teem with luminous views on this subject. The late Sir Charles Napier had very strong views on these subjects. He wished very much to reduce the following of the army, and projected his famous Scinde baggage corps. This, as is well known, turned out a complete failure, and the old system had to be reverted to. It is the best, the most suited to the country, the climate and the habits of the people, and therefore it will prevail. Now the regiment is the only entire body that never separates. The bazar ought therefore to belong to it, and no others be suffered in cantonments on any account. Most strict orders should be enforced with regard to residence. None but the followers of the regiment should be allowed to live in it, and if on a relief, the new corps has a less following than the old one, every house not occupied should be levelled with the ground.

With regard to the baggage of the officers and men, orders cannot be too strict. Nothing but what is necessary ought to be allowed, but the bazar should be encouraged. On it, the efficiency of the regiment depends, and with good management, it would never, in our opinion, be necessary in a native regiment to apply to the commissariat. It is evident that if this system should obtain, some tribunal is necessary for the recovery of debt from the men. We would however restrict it so far, that

none but registered bazar people could sue. Against the native soldier all claims from outside should be as nought. Outsiders should however have the power of suing the registered bazar people, as it would be manifestly injurious to the regiment to have suits pending against them in the civil court. Of the constitution of the court, we have no doubt. It should be mixed, European and native, and presided over by the quarter master, be called a punchayet, and assembled only under the authority of the commanding officer, announced in the regimental order book, in which all its awards might be published. We are aware that many differ from us in these views, and advocate the total abolition of all tribunals for the settlement of debt. Those who hold these views are of two sorts: one, officers who grudge the smallest amount of time to the performance of the duty for which they are paid, and to whom we deign no reply. other body believe that the abolition of the means of recovery would abolish debt. We differ respectfully from these gentle-The Bengal sepoy leaves his wife and family at his village home, and departs from the regiment, at stated intervals, to see them for a long time. He is expected to bring money with him, and as his pay is not given him until his return, the banniah steps in and lends the money, to the advantage and accommodation of all parties. Few disputes arise from this, which is almost universal. Bad men of course deny their debt, and from them it should be recovered. We would regulate the interest, but recognize the transaction, and compel the sepoy to pay. The Bengal sepoy is always a cultivator also, and if there is an unusual expenditure in the family, such as a marriage, or an inundation, and the rent to pay up, the credit of the soldier member of the family is often used to stave away the temporary These are the ways in which occasionally the sums difficulty. owed by sepoys appear large. There is much behind the scenes, and a long and careful experience of this matter has convinced us, that the system works well, is suited to the genius and habits of the people; and that the first sufferer by its suppression, would be the sepoy himself. His only resource then would be to borrow from such of his comrades as had money, and would lend it, a course which, it is quite unnecessary to point out, is ruin to the discipline of any corps.

Proposing as we have done to abolish the grade of native officer in the infantry, the question arises, could we get the men. We think so. The commission, though doubtless a thing of great consequence, is very distant from the vision of the recruit. But few can live to attain it by seniority; equally few would be selected, should it be determined to

give the promotion by merit. We, however, propose to deal with the pay of the men, and make the service still attractive to the very best classes, while we would introduce a sounder principle, as far as the Government is concerned. First and foremost we would abolish "marching batta." With reference to this allowance, it strikes us, that the only conclusion to which even a sepoy can come, is that the idleness of cantonments is what he is paid for, and that the march on relief or service is an extra piece of work altogether, for which he is to have extra pay, and on the propriety of which step, he has a right to judge. It also encourages the men to carry more baggage. The principle is unmilitary, as an army in cantonments is supposed to be an army in the field. We would, however, rather increase their pay in the aggregate. Thus, we propose that at first a sepoy should have five rupees until he is turned into the ranks. Then he should have eight rupees, after ten years' service nine rupees, after fifteen years' service ten rupees, after twenty years' service eleven rupees, and so on. Naicks might have fourteen rupees, and havildars eighteen rupees a month. We would also introduce the system of pension for length of service, fixing a minimum, say twenty years, increasing according to service with reference to the rank of the pensioner. No large pensions are needed; enough for an honorable subsistence in the native village is quite sufficient, and this we think might be easily established, and yet with the very much smaller army we propose, a great annual saving be the result. Besides, every pensioner able to bear arms should be obliged to do so, if the state called for his services. He should be obliged to register himself at the civil station of the district in which he lived, a certificate of his having done so should be necessary for him to draw his pension, and if after due notice, when called on by the state, he failed to appear at the appointed place of rendezvous, his name should be struck off the pension list. Time might be allowed after his being struck off by the pension paymaster, and before the final report to Government, for him to show cause why he did not Should he do so, Government would consider the case, and pass such orders as it thought proper. Should he show no cause, his name should be struck off in orders, and this should be irrevocable. Perhaps it might be as well to give an old havildar of very good character, on his retirement, a sort of title or commission, which would give him consequence in his village, and be in strict accordance with that rule of the army, which gives to retired officers a step of rank. A provision would of course be made for short-service men, invalided in consequence of injuries sustained on duty. This also we think should be contingent on

length of service. It is manifestly unjust to give a man the same pension for a wound after two years' service, as after seventeen. Promotion should go by selection, with due regard to seniority, merit being equal or nearly so. We would make a little allowance for the senior, and give him the promotion, if fit,

even if the junior had the more shining abilities.

We would propose that all the Company's European regiments of foot be called grenadiers or fusiliers, and all the native Light Infantry. We have several reasons for this. First, it is the nomenclature most consonant to the uses we would put each description of force to, as a rule. Secondly, it is a distinction, and as far as the natives are concerned, would at once mark them as a different force from the locals. Thirdly, it does away with companies of elite, an institution to which, as it obtains in the British army, we have the very strongest objections. Were the men of those companies selected for having served so many campaigns, for distinguished courage, or for uniform good conduct, there would be reason for collecting them together. In this case though, we think, it would be better to gather them into battalions, and let them form the reserve of the army, like the French imperial guard. But to select men, simply because they are so many inches high, or measure so much round the chest, though justifiable in the embodying of troops whose principal duties are connected with the pageantry of a court, is quite unsuited to the working army of India. It is unfair, and the men do not like it. These companies are considered "crack," and we have known regiments of native infantry in which an orderly was never to be seen, who did not belong to one of these companies. All duties ought to go by honest roster, and the commanding officer, instead of selecting the best set of men to go on general officer's guards, &c.—by which he fancies, he gets a reputation for his corps,—should make it his business to see that all his men are smart, well set up, and fit to be seen any where. The system is bad, it discourages the men who are not selected, it is favoritism, and surely the taking away from one company officer his best men to please another who happens to command a flank company, is not likely to make the former very zealous in his business.

We would not dwell on the necessity of making the senior officers do their duty; unless they do, the juniors never will. Brigades and divisions should not be the right of the senior. Should a man not be fit for these posts, the £1,000 a year which a colonel may draw in Europe, must be reckoned a liberal provision. We think that commanding officers of regiments should not be held, as they now are, directly

responsible to the commander-in-chief; we would make the brigadier responsible for any impropriety occurring in any regiment in his brigade, for its discipline and conduct. He ought to inspect each of his corps at least once a month, without previous notice. He should have the brigade constantly out to exercise, so that they might know what to do, and himself also. The general also might make much more frequent inspections than he does, and at no certain fixed time of the year. Prepared manœuvres should be as nought. The general should rather say to the brigadier or the commanding officer of a regiment: "Your right flank is threatened by the enemy's horse," or, "there is a masked battery to your left flank in the front about 700 yards, which you must take," or "you have to pass through a gorge occupied by the enemy who are in possession of the hills on either sides," and ask these gentlemen to dispose their troops so as to meet these several cases. Each division might have its camp of exercise in the cold weather, where all sorts of military operations could be carried on. If this was done, with four field officers to each regiment, one of whom might be reckoned on as fit to command it, the Bengal Army would be a very different body from the mutinous rabble it now is.

To give an idea of how we would dispose of this army in the

country, suppose the following to be the distribution:

## PRESIDENCY DIVISION.

(9	Reserve companies outillary		
( )	Reserve companies artillery. Companies sappers. Regiment European infantry. Detail native infantry.		
Fort William 32	Companies sappers.		
1010 William	Regiment European infantry.		
	Detail native infantry.		
Č1	Troop horse artillery.		
1	Horse field battery.		
Barrackpore	Troop horse artillery. Horse field battery. Native light horse regiment. European infantry regiments. Native infantry ditto.		
2	European infantry regiments.		
2	Native infantry ditto.		
Č1	Horse field battery.		
Eastern Bengal 1	Regiment European infantry.		
(1	Horse field battery. Regiment European infantry. Ditto native infantry.		
DINAPORE DIVISION.			
Dinapore $\begin{cases} 1\\2\\1\\1\\2\\2 \end{cases}$	Troop horse artillery		
2	Horse field battories		
11	Ramment descents.		
Dinapore	Different dragoons.		
11	Ditto native light horse.		
2	Ditto European infantry.		
$\lfloor 2$	Ditto native infantry.		
Segowlie 1	Ditto native light horse.		

## LUCKNOW DIVISION.

	W DIVISION.
$\begin{array}{c} 1\\2\\1\\1\\1\\1\end{array}$	Horse field battery. Companies European artillery reserve. Company sappers. Regiment European infantry. Ditto native infantry.
$\begin{array}{c c} \mathbf{Lucknow} & & & \\ 2 \\ 2 \\ 1 \\ 1 \\ 2 \\ 2 \end{array}$	Horse field batteries. Companies European artillery reserve. Company sappers. Regiment dragoons. Regiments native light horse. Regiments European infantry.
	Regiments native infantry.
Saugor $\begin{cases} 1 \\ 1 \\ 1 \\ 2 \\ 2 \\ 2 \\ 2 \end{cases}$ Neemuch $\begin{cases} 1 \\ 1 \\ 1 \\ 1 \\ 1 \\ 1 \end{cases}$	Troop horse artillery. Horse field battery. Reserve company artillery. Regiment dragoons. Native light horse. Regiments European infantry. Ditto native infantry. Horse field battery. Regiment native light horse. European infantry regiment. Native infantry ditto. Horse field batteries. Companies reserve artillery. Company sappers. Regiment native light horse. Regiments European infantry. Ditto native infantry.
DEITH	DIVISION.
Delhi $\begin{cases} 1 \\ 1 \\ 2 \\ 1 \\ 1 \\ 1 \\ 2 \\ 2 \end{cases}$ Sept., 1857.	Troop horse artillery. Horse field battery. Companies reserve artillery. Company sappers. Regiment dragoons. Regiment native light horse. Regiments European infantry. Ditto native infantry.
DELL, 1001.	•

Bareilly
Umballah and Hills Siege train complete  2 Troops horse artillery. 2 Horse field batteries. 3 Reserve companies artillery. 2 Companies sappers. 2 Regiments dragoons. 3 Ditto native light horse. 4 Regiments European infantry. 3 Ditto native infantry.
LAHORE DIVISION.
Lahore  1 Troop horse artillery. 2 Horse field batteries. 2 Companies reserve artillery. 1 Company sappers. 1 Regiment dragoons. 2 Ditto native light horse. 2 Ditto European infantry. 1 Ditto native infantry. 2 Horse field batteries. 2 Companies reserve artillery. 1 Company sappers. 1 Regiment native light horse. 2 Ditto European infantry. 1 Ditto native infantry. 1 Ditto native infantry. 1 Ditto native infantry.
(1 Horse field battery
Sealkote  Jhelum  Ditto native infantry.  1 Horse field battery.  2 Companies reserve artillery.  1 Regiment native light horse.  1 Ditto European infantry.  1 Ditto native infantry.  1 Regiment European infantry.  1 Regiment European infantry.  1 Ditto native infantry.  PESHAWUR DIVISION.
1 Ditto native infantry.
- Live marie manny.
PESHAWUR DIVISION.
Peshawur

In this distribution which we propose, it will be observed that we have left out several large stations at present occupied, such as Campore, Meerut, and Ferozepore. Campore and Ferozepore we think no longer necessary. Cawnpore is an unhealthy place, and its importance was gone with the annexation of Oude. It appears to us that Lucknow is the more fitting place for a large station, from which Cawnpore is only fifty miles. The same remark applies to Ferozepore, whose importance ceased on the annexation of the Punjab. Its magazine, united to that of Phillour, should be established at Lahore, and the fort at Phillour and that at Ferozepore blown up. If it is acknowledged to be necessary to concentrate the army, a great number of stations must be given up, and we prefer to put a large number of troops together, as it keeps up better discipline, and having fewer posts to guard, makes a larger portion of the army available for field or foreign service without any risk. The magazines we think should be at Fort William, Allahabad, Delhi, Lahore, Mooltan, and Peshawur, each and all in a regular fortification, with an European regiment, and reserve artillery inside always. If deemed necessary, an expense magazine might be established at Saugor, but we think Allahabad near enough to supply the means for any extended operations. The Fort of Chunarghur might be retained and garrisoned by the invalids, whose number would of course increase with so large an augmentation to the European army, but all others should be blown up. Forts only hamper us in India, even although they may have proved places of shelter during these mutinies to Europeans; but an army constituted as we recommend, would be free from suspicion of mutiny. And then the forts could not be abandoned, lest others should occupy them. We have recommended Gwalior rather than Agra as the military station for that part of the country. Should political reasons however prevent our occupying it, the station would be at Agra. Meerut was a mistake from the beginning. The station ought to be Delhi, and there is fine high ground near Humayoon's tomb, suitable for a cantonment. The cantonments of Delhi were in the worst spot that could have been chosen, and we believe that to be the cause of the unhealthiness. With a magazine at Delhi, we think there is no occasion for one at Agra, which might with advantage be broken up.

Having thus explained our views on the constitution proposed for the new army, and shown how it might be distributed to meet, in our opinion, the military requirements of the country, we proceed to demonstrate its feasibility on the score of expense.

## ARTILLERY.

It is proposed to increase the regiment as fo	ollows:—		
By three troops European horse artillery, com-	0.25.050	3.0	
plete cost	3,25,373	13	3
" Twenty-four companies European foot artillery, ditto ditto	11 42 169	19	0
" Four extra horse batteries, ditto ditto			0
", Horsing five bullock batteries, now exist-			
ing, ditto ditto	1,15,184	0	7
" An increase of eight captains, ditto ditto	41,628		0
" eight lieutenants, ditto ditto		0	0
" Substituting European drivers for natives			
in all the horse batteries, twenty-four in number, ditto ditto		0	0
manuscry are to dive the transfer of the trans			
	21,15,222	9	10
It is proposed to reduce the regiment, as follows:—			
By four troops native horse			
artillery, complete 3,08,022 0 0			
By three battalions native			
foot artillery, ditto 4,22,167 8 3	7,30,189	8	3
Total increase of cost for artillery	13,85,033	1	7
CAVALRY.			
Before the mutinies the cavalry cost:—			
2 Regiments H. M.'s European dragoons	14,49,953	10	0
10 Ditto native light cavalry	38,55,376	4	0
18 Ditto irregular cavalry	34,98,926	1	0
As now proposed in this article:	88,04,255	15	0
8 Regiments Company's European dragoons 38,53,677 8 0			
20 Ditto native light horse			
(sowars, Rupees 25). 45,10,735 15 0	83,64,413	7	0
Total, decrease of cost for cavalry	4,39,842	8	0

## INFANTRY.

Before the mutinies the infantry cost :-			
15 Regiments H. M.'s foot	86,00,159	1	0
3 Ditto Company's European infantry	16,41,334		9
74 Ditto native infantry			0
	3,05,37,177	12	9
As now proposed in this article:—			
17 Regiments H.M.'s foot 97,46,846 15 0	)		
15 Ditto Co.'s Euro-			
pean infantry 82,06,673 10 9			
25 Ditto native ditto. 1,01,74,300 0 0			
	2,81,27,820	9	9
Total, decrease of cost for infantry	24,09,357	3	0
RECAPITULATION.			
Decrease of cost for infantry	24,09,357	3	0
Ditto for eavalry	4,39,842	8	0
	28,49,199	11	0
Increase of cost for artillery	13,85,033	1	7
Total saving on the yearly expense of the army	14,64,166	9	5
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The above figures show the annual cost of the various arms of the service, including officers and men, pay, rations, allowances, establishments, feeding horses, and wear and tear of equipments. They have been taken from actual returns; and such as are of a novel nature, to wit, the dragoons and the new native infantry, have been calculated from data existing in the service, with reference to the number of officers and men. The only charge approximated is that for substituting European for native drivers The service has none such, and it is impossible in the artillery. to say what they would be allowed; the calculation however has been made for them on the same footing as gunners; and it is believed that it is not under-estimated. The first cost of horses is not included, but it must be remembered that this is not an absolute, but a comparative statement of cost; and in the matter of horses, which are neither charged in the new nor the old system as here exhibited, we have the advantage; for while we require some 1,500 more horses for the artillery, against the cost of

which we place the value of some 800 bullocks, no longer required : we surrender 2,200 more horses required for the cavalry, under the old system, than under the one which we propose. We have also made no allowance for the cost of barracks. That is however unavoidable. It is evident to all men that the permanent number of European troops must be greatly increased, and arrange it as we may, accommodation must be found. Besides, our surplus, upwards of fourteen and a half lacks per annum, represents a considerable capital, nearly three crores at five per cent; and the cost of the Oude irregular force, and the Gwalior contingent, neither of which will, we trust, be resuscitated, can be brought in to swell the credit balance, and erect such buildings as are necessary to make all right within the bounds of the empire. It is impossible, in the limits of an article such as this, to give the items, by means of which we arrived at the above expressed financial conclusions; but we believe our figures are correct. and are not afraid of scrutiny. Objection may be made that we propose a native force of infantry almost as expensive as an European. We admit the charge, and allow that more men with fewer officers might be got for the same money, but we think there is enough. We must have a considerable portion of the army native, and it perhaps may be worth while to consider the propriety of making that portion as effective as possible.

A prominent feature in this scheme is the general disarming of the people, so that a small portion of the force might suffice in the country in the event of foreign war. The regular army would do no escort duty, nor take any civil guards, and the military ones should be made as few as possible. Every cold weather, the head quarters of each division might be a camp of instruction, and we venture to anticipate the creation of an army which would render rebellion and revolt words that might be expunged

from the dictionary.

For the general police duties of the country, we would recommend military police battalions in every district, commanded by European officers, under the orders of the magistrate, and subject to martial law. The police is notoriously inefficient, and to the want of a proper control over them, we ascribe much of their uselessness. Cowardice on their part ought to be severely punished and put down; and by raising the character of the police, a more respectable class would be found in it. The infantry portion might have the pay of local infantry, five rupees, and the sowars eighteen rupees a month. They would of course have native officers and non-commissioned officers, who, we think, should do the duties of thanadars, &c. The numbers for different

districts would vary with their requirements, some of course would have more and some less; but 300 infantry, and 100 sowars would we think be about an average. Suppose then that a commandant was appointed, a military officer with a staff pay of Rs. 200, and two others under him at 100 each; and the cavalry to consist of one russuldar, three nails, eight duffadars, two trumpeters, and eighty-six sowars; and the infantry of three subadars, nine jemadars, twenty-four havildars, two buglers, and 262 sepoys; and the rates of pay to be for the first three grades of cavalry respectively rupees eighty, forty, and twenty-five per mensem; and for the trumpeters and sowars rupees eighteen, and for the three first grades of infantry respectively rupees forty, twenty, and ten; and for the two last, five each, then the total monthly cost of such a force in a district would be Rs. 5,244, or annually Rs. 62,928. There are thirty-five districts under the Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, and the total cost of such a force, if established in every district under his government, would be For the north-west, where there are thirty-Rs. 22,02,480. three districts, it would be rather less; and for Oude, where there are twelve districts, about one-third of the sum. The whole of the expense of the Oude force would however be saved, as it no longer exists, and a large saving would be the result in that The European officers should, we are of opinion, reside in different parts of the district, and be police officers under the magistrate. The duties would be those of police generally, to furnish guards to the treasury and jail, to escort through the districts treasure and government stores, both civil and military. The system of escorts, we would recommend, should be this: the carriage in every district should be registered, and on notice being given to a magistrate that public property had to pass through his district, he should send a sufficient portion of his police force with the requisite carriage, to the first halting place within his district, and take charge of the stores, which would be loaded on the carriage which he had provided, the old carriage being discharged. He would cause the stores to be escorted through his own district to the first stage in the adjoining one, where a portion of the next magistrate's police and carriage would meet them, and so on. By these means, the requisite carriage for troops and stores would be supplied, without hardship to the country people, who could not object to an arrangement which would divide the burden equally among the several districts, see them paid, and above all, not detain them, which is what they so much object to. We have long been of opinion that a similar system might be adopted on the march of troops. The hardship on the people is great.

The futile orders, which have been issued on this subject, are The civil authorities seem to be striving after an amusing. impossibility, namely, the voluntary hiring of their earts to the troops by the people. It is much better to admit the evil and necessity at once, instead of issuing orders which are only to be broken whenever they ought to be obeyed. The troops must march, carriage is necessary, and that cannot be procured without more or less "begaree." Let us write the word at once, and acknowledge what we cannot help, but at the same time mitigate the evil as much as we can. To us it seems that the above system would answer. Service, compulsory certainly, but only in their own district, and with regular pay. If one of the European officers attached to the police battalion, was sent with troops marching through a district, he could see that the garrywans were satisfied. The railway will modify all this, but it will be years before it can come into play, and in some parts probably never.

We are unable to give a comparative estimate of the expense of this system with that which, at present, obtains; as we have no data of the numbers and cost of the present police But it must be very considerable; and in taking this scheme into consideration, it must not be lost sight of, that there is a large effective European agency put at the service of the civil government. We would give the officers horse allowance, and keep them pretty constantly in the saddle, visiting the posts and stations; and we think that doing duty for a time in such a force, would be the best possible training for young civilians. They would learn the language and know the people infinitely better than they do under the system which now obtains. this police force, we confess to giving but a meagre sketch. It is more with a view to suggesting what may give rise to discussion on its merits, than to the advocacy of any prepared plan, that we have made this mention of it. We put forth these views will all deference, as being aware of the extent of the subject we have approached, and the necessity of any new scheme for the re-organization of the military force of the empire being fixed and arranged by all the intellect that Government can summon to its aid. But we have thought long and carefully on the subject, and the result is here given. It is certainly not impracticable; and if, in directing attention to the subject, we may be so fortunate as to indicate the nature of a change which shall meet the necessities of the country at this crisis, we shall have attained our object, and shall deem our labor not thrown away.

- ART. VI.—1. Papers connected with the Petition of Missionaries residing in and near Calcutta.
  - 2. The Government Gazette.
  - 3. Revenue Hand-book. By J. H. Young, Esq.
  - 4. The Land Revenue of India. By the late F. H. Robinson, Esq. London. Thacker and Co., 87, Newgate Street.

THE present moment is one not very auspicious for a great social reform. The Government and the public have, for the last few months, had something to occupy them more urgent than the claims of the Ryot, or the interests of the Zemindar. These fearful mutinies, their origin, progress, and termination, will, we hope, in due time, be fully described in this Review and elsewhere; for there is, indeed, in society, an uncontrollable desire to possess the minutest facts, the amplest details, of the successive outbreaks, by which so many fair marts and rich treasuries have been sacked, so many valuable lives lost to their country, so many homes rendered desolate, a partial revolt has been converted into a general rebellion, and a disciplined and fertile kingdom, held up as an example to the other Presidencies of India, been turned into a battle field or an Alsatia, overrun by marauders, a scene of present desolation and misery, and, in all probability, of future famine and disease. We all more or less know what nameless atrocities have been perpetrated on women and children: by what acts of consummate treachery the remembrance of the massacre at Patna in the last century has, as it were, been effaced; to what new tales of havor the story of the Black Hole must for ever give way: what old ideas have been ruthlessly discarded; what cherished traditions have been scattered to the winds. There is an end for ever, we hope, of the tyranny of caste in the army, and of the fulsome praise, and the excessive indulgence, by which the sepoy has been spoiled. On this and on other questions, by which society in India has been long divided, there will be, henceforth, some little unanimity of opinion. While we have, on the one hand, never thought lightly of the huge amount of individual suffering, and of the loss to the state, we have, on the other, never for one moment thought the empire in danger, and we are already beginning to look forward, out of a long account of deaths and disasters, to the Government of India on sounder and stronger principles than some statesmen have ventured to act on, and others have hardly thought fit to avow. We shall hear little more in the way of comparison between the virtues of the Anglo-Saxon and those of the Asiatic. There is an end of men of the old school

who have an enthusiastic admiration for Rajpoots, and who hymn the chivalry, the fidelity, and the bravery of the sepoy. The oriental, emancipated from discipline, flushed with the hope of plunder, or mad with excitement, has sunk himself far lower than he would have been placed by his most avowed enemy. The many instances of kindness and protection to beleaguered and hunted Englishmen, which are constantly coming to light, are scarce a set-off to the unparalleled villanies, by which our countrymen and country-women have been butchered. While then we shall take a just estimate of native character in future, we shall hope for a change in regard to our foreign and exterior policy likewise. The invasion of Persia, the occupation of Affghanistan, the exact position of Herat, the rise and fall of the Euphrates, should cease to form stock subjects for discussion. We should begin to feel now that our proper and only sphere of action lies between the Himalayas and the sea. Pensions to dethroned royalty will be adjusted on a fairer scale, and debauched and worthless specimens of Kings and Nawaubs will no longer command a morbid sympathy in London drawingrooms, or distract the attention of the senate from more impor-The king of Delhi and his ridiculous grievances, tant affairs. the sovereign of Oude and his preposterous claims, supported by hireling adventurers, will, if they escape the trial awaiting them, at once be consigned to oblivion. We shall reserve our rewards and our honours for those faithful sovereigns and petty chiefs, who have east in their lot with ours, and to whom we are bound by every consideration of gratitude, of policy, and of honour, to assure a permanent independence. We shall not be sorry to hear of summary retributions, of signal vengeance, of the cord and the scourge effectively plied: and also, on the other hand, of liberal grants in land and in money to the deserving, of renewed assurances of protection and of friendship to the faithful, and of strong and telling measures in behalf of the masses of our subjects. The aroused feelings of British statesmen and of real philanthropists should find vent in prompt action, not only by dealing out terrible punishment to the rebellious, but by greater vigour and determination in every social or internal question that may be discussed in any department of the state. We do not, for a moment, advocate the slightest interference with religion, with caste, or with prejudices common to many classes of our subjects; and indeed, it can hardly have escaped the most careless observer, that the cry of danger to the Hindu religion, and of destruction to caste, was taken up from convenient motives, and was soon drowned or extinguished in the roar of selfish and violent passions suddenly let loose. There has been no direct interference with Krishna or with

Mohammad on the part of our governors, and there will be none. But when we advocate additional energy and vigour everywhere, when there shall be no more mutinies to quell, we mean that no symptom of weakness should ever again be shown in the extermination of robbers, or in the extinction of crime: that no dilatoriness should be suffered to interfere with the prosecution of great public works: that larger powers should be conceded at once to local functionaries: and that no respect for fancied rights or vested interests should be suffered to come between the practical benevolence of government, and the happiness of the largest number of its subjects. Thus with the roar of cannon in the distance, with a disorganized presidency, requiring all the care and attention of government, with great projects of reform held in abeyance, and with the blood of our countrymen calling on us for vengeance, we still even now turn to a more peaceful subject, and shall make our modest contribution to the stock of knowledge which is requisite to deal successfully with so vast a question as that of the well-being and

progress of the rural population of lower Bengal.

The petition of the missionaries, familiar to nearly all our readers, and discussed in parliament lately, was presented in the autumn of last year, to the lieutenant governor of Bengal. Among those who thereto appended their signature are the names of many earnest, eloquent, and disinterested men who, labouring for the spiritual conversion of the natives, are yet keenly alive to their secular comforts and their various physical trials. Some of the reverend gentlemen are men whose long residence in Calcutta will perhaps have made them more familiar with the feelings of the higher and middle, than with those of the lower classes. Some, however, are men who have enlarged their experience by periodical visits to the mofussil; some are mofussilites; and all, so far from having private objects in view, could gain nothing, if the prayer of the memorial were granted, beyond the gratification, or the hope, of contributing to the welfare of persons, not their dependents. This advocacy of the wants of others, apart from all self-interest, is indeed a striking fact in the controversy. Other bodies can take care of themselves, and can bring wealth, experience, energy, and untiring zeal, to the removal of special grievances, or the attainment of particular ends. The Indigo-planters' association numbers amongst its members many determined and enterprising individuals, commands the sympathies of a large portion of the press, and has the powerful support of the mercantile interest. The British-India association is more wealthy, more numerous than the former body, and at least as loud and earnest in proclaiming its wants. With regard to the planters, there is, at least,

no humbug. They want the permanence of their rights as Britons: the facilities for the collection of their rents as farmers of estates: their summary processes against faithless cultivators who receive advances for indigo and refuse to sow: their speedy justice, their improved communication, the bridges that will bear hackeries and elephants, and the roads that shall not "melt" away. They stand up boldly and avowedly for the interests of their order; and, however impartial men may differ from their remedies, there can be little difference of opinion as to the straightforwardness and absence of sham with which those remedies are propounded. We wish we could say the same of the association of zemindars, the protectionists of Bengal, the landed aristocracy; for they are indeed nothing else. Why do not these gentlemen, who write pamphlets against the sale law, and who opposed the revenue survey, find for themselves some less ambitious and more appropriate title? Or why do they not, some of them, figure in the Revenue Board Report, like Priti Ram Choudari, the Mechparah zemindar, a large landholder in the permanently settled district of Goalpara, who has really fulfilled the visions in which Lord Cornwallis too liberally indulged? When they can deserve an honourable mention, like that accorded to the above gentleman in the Board's report for 1855-56, or when they can show estates on which the rents have been reduced, or drafts of laws specially made at their suggestion, to protect or to restore the rights of the agriculturists, it will be time enough for them to wonder that their objects are mis-represented, and that their claim to stand forth as the exponents of all classes, is not generally recognised. Till they do, the most solemn averment of the 'catholic' objects of their close league and alliance, will only call forth a smile.

The planters and zemindars then have their organs and mouthpieces, by which their antagonistic interests, as Natives and Europeans, and their similar rights and privileges as holders of large estates, are fully vindicated and discussed. The native merchants and shop-keepers are in that comfortable position which leaves them little to complain of, or have only those occasional grievances, such as want of communication or partial insecurity to property, which are sure to be remedied at the motion of others, in the general progress of the empire. But the ryots, who cover the ground with the food of thirty millions of people, who sow the indigo which enriches the European, and who pay the rent which maintains in comfort, not to say in opulence, all who live by the perpetual settlement, from the great land-owner to the lowest middleman, have literally no one advocate to set forth their case. This want has been supplied by the prayer of the missionaries, and however men

may differ as to the statements contained in the petition, or refuse assent to the picture given of the condition and feelings of the population, or to the fitness of the remedy proposed, no one can refuse to admire the earnest, unselfish, spirit, by which so much moral excellence is made to serve the thousands who are sunk in vice and in ignorance, and so much thoughtfulness and eloquence is brought to the aid of those, who are unable to think out the real remedies for their social evils, or if they had,

have not the tongue to make their wants heard.

Yet we are glad that the enquiry proposed by the petitioners was deliberately refused, and was not acceded to by Parliament; for the simple reason, if for no other, that the very nature of the enquiry would have resulted in the deferment of remedial measures, and thus in perpetuating the state of things which the memorialists justly deplore. But whoever wants to become possessed of the reasons for the refusal, has only to study the minutes of the lieutenant-governor, of the governor-general, and of the members of council. Mr. Halliday wrote well on the subject, with the confidence engendered by familiar intercourse with men of all classes, and by long study of the revenue system and general government of Bengal. Lord Canning took the view of an English statesman, not long resident in the country, and unacquainted with the language, but who based his conclusions on "information and testimony within his ' reach," and who applied principles gradually matured in England, to practical Indian questions of the last importance, in a manner which augurs well for the difficult tasks of remodelling or reforming large bodies that assuredly await him now; and Mr. J. P. Grant dealt with the petition in his usual clear and concise style, and with his accustomed soundness both The result of a perusal of the in principles and details. minutes shows clearly that, on one point, the sale of ardent spirits, the memorialists had been to some extent mis-informed: that several of the most crying evils which they represented to government, were fully known, needed no further enquiry, and were being gradually removed: that some were such as neither councils, nor governors, nor positive enactments could mend or cure: that the accuracy of the picture of discontent and sullenness said to be the state of feeling of the peasantry, was not admitted: and that a commission of enquiry would, if possible, which was not probable, be a serious mistake. We should, with this avowal of our concurrence in the views enunciated by the members of Government, be somewhat inconsistent, if we took up the several questions in such a manner as to set privilege against labour, and each class of society in opposition to the one directly above it: the more so as we think some of the evils under which agriculturists suffer, proceed from their own carelessness, apathy, and extravagance, whenever they have anything to spend. But we consider that, on one point extracted by the Lieut.-Governor from the petition, every additional information thrown, may be of some value. That point is No. 4, in Mr. Halliday's enumeration of the eight subjects. "The resources and earnings of the labouring classes, and the proportion which these bear to the rent that they are compelled to pay." And to this, and to a few other material and incidental points, we earnestly invite

the attention of our readers in the following pages.

The portion of Lower Bengal, to part of which the memorial certainly refers, and from which our materials are drawn, is not unfitted for generalisation. We shall take the population of a part of a large tract, fertile, cultivated, and populous: with fair communication by water, and moderate but improvable communication by land: a tract containing powerful zemindars and energetic planters: one productive of rice, of sugar, of indigo, and of various agricultural products: and finally a tract of country not so close to the civilization of Calcutta on the one hand, as to be an unfair specimen of the remainder of the mofussil, nor one so far removed amongst the backwoods and jungles, as to be below the standard in general enterprise and intelligence. the majority of the ryots are poor, in the sense of living from hand to mouth, without ability to lay by anything after provision for daily maintenance, and that they are mainly occupied in the cultivation of rice, are facts about which there is no dispute. On the cultivation of the staple food of the lower provinces, and on the various crops sown after the early rice has been gathered in, as well as on the general appearance and condition of the successive umbrageous villages, wide plains, and deep or rapid rivers which make up lower Bengal, a good deal has been already written in this Review; and for a general description of the alluvial soil of lower Bengal, we venture to refer our readers to Art. I. Vol. IX. We shall therefore be brief in our remarks on the staple cultivation, and somewhat more prolix as to those who cultivate. The early, or aous rice is sown generally on high, light, and sandy soils from March to May, as showers may be favorable. It is cut variously from the end of July to the middle or end of September, and in six weeks' time, it is succeeded by what is known as 'cold weather' crop, which may be mustard, vetches, pulse, millet, sola, or gram, barley, oats, and the like. The aumon rice is sown in rich, deep, and loamy soils from April to June, and is reaped any time between the beginning of December and the end of January. It is a richer, stronger, and every way a better crop than the aous, but it is more exposed to inundation, and is not followed by any second

erop within the year. Occasionally the early and the late crops are sown on the same land, and cut without injury to each other at different periods. A large part of the late rice is planted with the hand in rows, on land carefully ploughed, cleaned, and smoothed for the purpose. It is everywhere known as the roa, and yields an abundant harvest. A third kind of rice, unknown in high and dry tracts of country, but very common in extensive marshy districts, is called the born, and, from its proximity to water, is sown and grown from the month of January to the end of May. It is cultivated in places where there is too great a depth of water during the heavy rains, and consequently abundance to keep the plant moist during the fierce heat of summer. early rice, in the most favourable season, from both grain and straw, cannot give more than five rupees per beegah. In bad seasons it may not yield more than one rupee. As much as ten or even fifteen rupees may be got from the aumon crop in good seasons; but when heavy rains, or unexpected inundations from large rivers, drown the young plants, as was the case during 1855 and 1856, and may be the case again at any time, the return is positively nothing. The boru rice may be expected to yield seven or eight rupees per beegah. And on these three crops, over some hundreds of miles, the hopes and anxieties of some millions

hang for a large part of the year.

About the crops, there can be little dispute. The condition of those who live by such crops, we have found to be as follows:— Take a large plain, a crowded bazaar on market day, or a high road between two towns or villages of any importance, and it will generally be found that the men at work on the one, or buying and selling in the other, or sturdily strutting along the third, have some title, or right, or interest, or occupancy in the Nearly every man has his jumma, which, in plain language, is his tenant-right of occupancy, or of proprietorship. The extent of this jumma is, in conversation, and for all practical purposes, indicated not by the acre-age, for few can tell the area of their possession, but by the rent demanded, for every man well knows how much he is expected to pay. A jumma or jote may then vary from five to one hundred rupees. It will usually be found to be from about twelve to thirty. Obviously, the possibility of a man's paying such rent, and yet finding enough to support him, will depend, apart from all fluctuations of climate, on the rent, compared to the productiveness and extent of the tenure, on the number of mouths which he has to support in his own homestead, and on the number of sharers who have a joint hold on the land. The shareholders in a large jumma of eighty or one hundred rupees we have known to reach to ten, and there are often as many as four or five on a small holding of twenty

rupees. This is an inevitable consequence of the law of subdivision; but it is remarkable, how constantly this terminates, after two or three generations, in a separation of cousins, and a division of the inheritance into two or more shares, no longer to be held in common: and it is still more remarkable how this universal custom is rudely set to rights by the progress of disease, by fever, cholera, small-pox, and other seourges, which clear off whole families, and cause the inheritance to revert to the hands of a single member. If on the one hand, numerous instances may be found of families branching out, till they seem to weigh down the minute holding,—on the other, cases as frequent will occur, where father, and uncles, with their offspring, have all been swept away, and the patrimonial inheritance has reverted to a single individual, with it may be the surviving female rela-

tions all dependent upon his exertions for bread.

The jumma or holding will naturally be divided between a homestead, or beeta, with, it may be, some garden land attached to it, and the outfield in the plain, with its early or late rice, or both. The possession of a garden seems to confer no small pleasure on the possessor, the term including land on which mangoe, date, jack, cocoanut, betelnut, or other fruit trees grow, as well as bamboos, and land on which brinjals, hemp, and common vegetables may be planted, and cows may be tethered to pasture in the rains. On a garden like this, very little care is expended, except it be a date garden. The blossoms come forth, and the fruit is formed and ripens, with none of the digging, manuring, and watering, which in any climate are essential to rich produce, and cannot be dispensed with even under the powerful sun and fertilizing rains of Bengal. The over-crowding of fruit trees, their injury from insects and birds, their want of pruning, the entire absence of the commonest rules of scientific gardening, must be familiar to any one who has ever studied a Bengali village. Half the fruits are in consequence stunted in growth, damaged by insects, and injured in the gathering. But it is something for the ryot to have a garden which is growing while he is sleeping, or working elsewhere, and which gives him the useful bamboo, applied to so many common purposes, and which yields fruit, without previous expenditure, to relieve the monotony of his regular fare, or to increase his "resources and earnings," when sold at the weekly haut. The main question relative to outfield and infield will, of course, be the average amount of rent. We have said that few ryots know the extent of their holdings in actual beegahs. This is the case, in many instances, where the land has never been measured, when it will be loosely stated at twenty or thirty beegahs; but where it has been measured, the ryot unluckily knows its extent but too well. There is

in every pergunnah a variable rate of assessment, but one well understood. In pergunnah Insafnuggur it is one thing; in pergunnah Zalimpore it is another. There is, we say, a general understanding, expectation, or regular consent, given or implied, that it shall not be enhanced without some very special reason. And the question to which we now come, and which is one of the last importance, is, what is the usual average, and is it a fair one? On this point, custom and opinions vary so much, in different places, and according to the different views of payers and receivers, that it is with some difficulty, and after a great deal of research, that we have arrived at a definite conclusion.

The large rent paid by shopkeepers, or mere householders in marts, bazars, and the principal stations of districts, should no more be taken as a criterion of the average, than the return of a crop of sugar-cane, or of indigo sown for seed only, should be taken as the average of the produce of the land. wealth accumulates, and the commodities of the country are collected together, ground naturally rises in value, just as it does in the Chitpore bazar, or within two or three streets of St. Paul's. We have known as much as eleven rupees ground-rent paid for a beegah of land, by a shopkeeper in a thriving bazar, and three and four rupees for a shop with a single house attached to it: the two latter not covering more than eight cottahs in extent. A regular assessment of one rupee and four annas for each shop in a long line of shops, built nearly on the same model, and taking up about the same space, is not immoderate. The mudi, the dealer in brass pans, and the cloth-seller, harassed by no processes, exposed to no vicissitudes of climate, can well afford to pay such a rate as this. Even in villages, a higher rate on the homestead and the garden, is universal. It may be as low as Rs. 2, or as high as Rs. 3-8 or Rs. 4, but the average may be taken as Rs. 2-8 or Rs. 2-12. Such a rate, in itself, is nothing Those who follow a profitable occupation, such intolerable. as sugar-baking, oil-pressing, weaving, the carpenter, the blacksmith, the potter, and others, whose existence and trades are essential to the rice-growing community generally, can save this amount from their yearly earnings: and the ryot who looks to the land alone, can afford to pay it from the returns of his riceland, if this latter be not too highly assessed. But this, as we have just said, is the very gist of our enquiry. What is a fair rent for the land which yields one splendid crop, or two average crops We find that rent for this land varies from as low as 8 annas a beegah to Rs. 2-12 and even Rs. 3, which is pretty much the same as saying that rent in England ranges from eighteen shillings or one pound an acre to fifty and SEPT., 1857.

fifty-five shillings. In Bengal the extremes are rare. The land may be too sandy, or too low, or too sterile, or impregnated with salt. or culturable only after a rest for a year or ten months, and in these cases, a rate of from ten to fourteen annas is quite as much as it can bear. If rich and loamy, it may well bear from eighteen annas to Rs. 1-4. But repeated investigation has satisfied us, that a ryot holding a jote of twenty beegahs, composed of homestead, high land, and deep land, pays on the whole a higher rate than this. Were the whole of the twenty beegahs assessed at no more than a rupee per beegah, we should have little to say in favour of a reduction. But when the homestead pays Rs. 2-8 or Rs. 3, the deep rice land Rs. 1-8, Rs. 1-12 or Rs. 2, and the lighter soils from twelve annas to Rs. 1-2, as we have found that they do pay repeatedly, it is clear that the ryot has a burden laid on him, which it requires constant exertion, without intermission from sickness, litigation, or any other cause, as well as a succession of favourable seasons, to enable him to support. In round numbers one rupee a beegah, or Rs. 1-2, and perhaps Rs. 1-4 in very favourable localities, would be a fair and equitable assessment. But we find in some pergunnahs, that Rs. 1-4, and in others that Rs. 1-6, and Rs. 1-12, or Rs. 2 are the regular rates. Add to this occasional cesses, with an increasing family, and the families of other shareholders increasing as well, and it is very conceivable that the ryot has no easy task to perform. We have found zemindaries where the best soils were taxed at no more than Rs. 1-2 a beegah, and the worst as low as eight annas. can point to others where the same soils are taxed respectively at Rs. 1-4 and Rs. 2-8. The difference between the condition of the cultivator, in each instance, is almost as easy to compute as the difference of the above sums. If, as Mr. Macaulay said in 1851, the varying abilities of Collectors can be read at a glance in the very faces of the ryots, if all is peace and plenty where the screw has been loosened, and the land returns to jungle where it has been drawn tight, it is not nearly so rhetorical to say that the character of the Zemindar can be discovered in ten minutes' conversation with a small knot of villagers who will speak truth under the village tree. But taking a number of instances together, the hard master and the lenient, the soil that lies too low and that which lies too high, with the general run of the seasons, with the earnings of the ryot from the land, and his extra resources, if any, we do not think it too much to say that a reduction of the assessment on the cultivators of from four to eight annas a beegah, in two-thirds of the zemindaries, would improve the condition of the cultivators generally, without at all impairing the position of the receivers of rent. But we are

well aware that it would be mere folly to expect such a desirable reduction to be voluntarily made by the most "catholic" body in the world. The remedies for the ryot which we propose, will be of a different kind.

To meet the rent as above described, the ryot or tenant proprietor cultivates his land in one of the three following ways:

1. by his own thews and sinews: 2, by the labour of hired ser-

vants: 3, by the system of barga.

By far the greater part of the rice crop is sown and grown by those to whom the holding belongs. The ploughing, crushing, and harrowing, the casting of the seed, the weeding during the rainy season, the cutting and carting, are most frequently all done by the holders of the jote. Hired labour is, obviously, an indication of some advance in civilization, or of some substance and well-being. It is the frequent resource of men who have taken service under Government, or under Zemindars, or who have some other means of livelihood, or who with an under tenure, comprising one or more villages, retain in their own hands a small home-farm. The third method of cultivation is very frequent. The proprietor having neither the skill, nor the time, nor the muscle, to sow and plough himself, calls in a person whom he terms the bargadar. This person brings his own plough, bullocks, and seed, and his own person, and goes through all the agricultural operations, which commence in April and end in December. Having done this without any advances from the proprietor,—who does not always give one-half the seed, as stated by Mr. Wilson in his glossary,—the bargadar, at harvesttime, gets for his pains, just one-half the crop. The arrangement suits the convenience of both parties. The tenant is saved the exertion of cultivating, and can follow any other business. The bargadar, who may work in one village this year, and in another the next, is saved anxieties about leases, exactions, bonuses, and payments of rent, &c. In the very worst of seasons, he has lost nothing beyond his seed and his labour. But of the three methods of cultivation, the most frequent as well as the most successful, is the first. We have heard ryots admit that, if a man wanted careful ploughing, sowing, and planting, the young plant to be well weeded, and the surplus water to be regularly carried off, with a first-rate crop at the end of all, there was nothing for it but to do everything himself. We have heard from Englishmen many philanthropic complaints of indifferent agriculture, coarse implements, perfunctoriness in the manual operations, and bad crops. We are ready to admit that the tools are primitive, that the ryot is often lazy, and that there is little change in the system of cropping from one year to another; but the charge of bad results, for common, and not unusual crops, we

entirely deny; nay, we are fully prepared to go further, and show that, not in any part of England itself, with all the elaborate ploughs of modern invention, are there to be shown such specimens of finished and successful husbandry. We have seen, this year, soil crushed, smoothed, and weeded, till it more resembled a suburban garden on the South-western railway line, than a com-

mon piece of rice land in the plains of Bengal.

There may be a field for improvement or experiment in the various crops, other than rice, which are sown and cut from the commencement to the close of the cold season. A knowledge of the best system of rotation, and of the best and simplest ways of manuring and irrigating such crops, is what the ryot has not got, and what it would be well to give him; fruit trees and vegetables, if properly looked to, would become more valuable. And there is little doubt that as railways are extended through eastern and northern Bengal, there will be many more inducements to the ryot to cultivate those productions, which find a ready sale only in large stations and prosperous cities. But, with all this, a very large surface of ground will ever remain fitted for rice cultivation alone. This must be the case until scientific men shall discover some means of draining off the accumulation of water of the rainy seasons, which the thousand natural outlets of the country have yet failed to do; or some article of general consumption be found, which possesses the peculiar faculty of growing in from six inches to six feet of water, and which, with a fair chance given it, will beat Neptune in a race for life or death. On the other hand, we are ready to admit that there may be several places, where by cutting a canal and letting the water run off into some deep river, having its exit in the Sunderbunds, a good many acres of land might be saved from annual inundation, and bear crops of rice, instead of jungle with a broad blade. But such places are suited to engineering and not to agricultural triumphs; and we must again repeat our conviction that persons intending to teach the ryot some parts of his trade, would be rather surprised to find how very much they had yet to learn. His knowledge of seed-time, and of harvest, and of the general water-shed of his part of the country, is hardly susceptible of improvement; while the pains and labour, though unwilling, with which considerable patches of ground are cleaned and smoothed for the reception of rice plants, dibbled in by rows, with the hand, after being grown in a sort of nursery, as well as the results of these diverse operations, would be worthy of all praise in an agricultural show in England.

We must now say a word or two on the implements, by which these gratifying results are attained. Most readers must have seen a Bengali plough at some time, or have seen its print.

Looking like a rude sort of anchor, it might excite the contempt of a sturdy English yeoman, or the surprise of the classical student who remembered the unmanageable instrument described by Virgil in a well-known passage of the Georgies. But this rude implement is suited to the means and capacity of the ryot, and to the bullocks which are to draw it. The price of this and other necessary tools may not be unacceptable to some of our readers. A very common thing is for the ryot to find his wood, baubul or mangoe, the former being preferred for its hardness, as well as the piece of iron for the share, and then to go to the carpenter of the village, who for a remuneration of four annas, will "fix" him a plough! It is usual too, to give this functionary a general retainer for the year, in the shape of a maund of rice in the husk, in consideration of which he is to make and repair the plough and other agricultural weapons; or the ryot may buy his plough ready made. In any case the whole expense will not exceed Rs. 1-4 or 1-8 for wood, iron, and workmanship; and the article may last one, two, or even three years. The prices of bullocks, which draw the plough or the eart, if the ryot is lucky enough to possess one, vary according to the size and strength of this animal. A young and vigorous bullock will fetch from eight to ten, twelve, and even sixteen rupees. Twenty rupees for a good pair is not an uncommon price. Weak and puny animals, or those whose best days are past, will cost four, five, or six rupees each. Eight rupees is about an average price. the plough comes naturally the harrow. But this implement is a very different affair from the iron-toothed harrow of Europe. It is nothing more or less than two bamboos tied parallel to each other by cross pieces of wood, so as to form a regular ladder about eight feet long. The bullocks being harnessed, a couple of men take their stand on the ladder, so as to increase its weight, when it is dragged repeatedly over the field on which the seed has been east, till every clod is pulverised, and the whole surface is perfectly smooth. We might term this a clod-crusher; the natives call it a bida or a bachara. It costs about two annas, and may be put together by the ryot himself. The instrument which resembles a harrow, in that it shews one single row of wooden teeth, is not employed till the seed has shot up some inches above the ground, when it performs somewhat of the duty which the 'scuffler' performs in England, preventing the soil from caking and hardening, without tearing up the young and tender plant. This instrument may be purchased for about six annas. Add to this a small hand-spud for weeding, which costs about three pyce; a fish basket to catch, rather than to earry fish, which costs about three annas; a triangular fish net, which is worth about five annas; a kodali or mattock, which, however, is not universally needed, worth little more than a rupee; a dao or bill-hook worth about eight or ten annas,—and we have the complete stock in trade of a very considerable portion of the

labouring population of Bengal.

So much for the implements of the ryot. His position and substance may not obscurely be indicated by the number of houses which he and his family occupy. If a ryot has but a single mat house, with a common thatched roof, it may be assumed that he has no cows, that he lives from hand to mouth as a day labourer, and that, unless he has some profitable employment or trade, he is generally in a bad way. A couple of houses, one of which serves as a cow or a cooking-house, is no very great evidence of well-being. Three houses constitute comfort; and it is the ambition of nearly every one to erect his four houses, one at each main point of the compass, the whole forming a snug court-yard in the centre, secure from the intrusion of casual wayfarers, and from the profane eye of neighbours. Where two families live in a joint mess, or where the owner may be a mahajun with stores of grain, let out at high interest, or a grihastha with a comfortable jumma; there is no saying to what extent the family residence may not increase by the addition of barns, cow-houses, store-houses, and separate sleeping apartments. There may be twenty together, forming a hamlet of themselves. A house may cost any sum between three and one hundred rupees. There is scarcely anything more primitive than the humblest style of dwelling, six bamboos for the posts, a dry kind of long jungly grass, which, however, is regularly sown and grown, for the roof, and a coarse mat for the sides, letting in air and water at the crevices,—and the whole thing is complete. Nor on the other hand, are there many things much neater in their way than a well raised commodious ath-chala, or "eight-roofed" house. By the latter term it is not to be imagined that the house has eight coverings. The explanation is that the roof, besides covering the house on its four distinct sides, instead of on two sides, without the two gable ends, further covers the four verandahs, which, enclosed or open, run round the house on all sides. A house of this kind, with a raised mud floor at least four feet high, and neat windows, though perhaps without glass, barring its being somewhat too air-tight in the hot season, is habitable enough. A guardsman in the Crimea, or a pioneering civilian in a newly conquered province, would have highly prized such a gite. ordinary style of house is, however, different from either extreme, and costs from about seven to twelve rupees. With occasional repairs to the thatch, and a new bamboo or two, it may last for some years, if spared such a visitation as the May gale of 1852, or if not in the centre of a large bazar, in which case it stands

a fair chance of being burnt down once in three years, in company with about a hundred others. To complete our picture of this part of a ryot's condition, we may add that in the matter of clothes, a poor working man must buy about three common dhooties in the course of a year, and a couple of decent ones which he keeps for special occasions: and that the expenditure on this head does not pass the limit, for each person, of 2 rupees or 2-8 a year. But when we consider the great partiality, which all natives, even the most respectable, have for a state not far short of nudity, it may be allowed that the 'crying want' of the ryot is not an ability to expend more money on

clothing himself.

The number of men in lower Bengal, who live wholly or partially by the soil, or who derive some benefit from it in some way, directly or indirectly, and who may be classed as ryots generally, is very large. No trade or profession, nor any number of trades, supports the same amount of persons. This is so obvious a truism to many that we feel an apology due for the But many more, we believe, are not fully aware how great a portion of persons of all castes and occupations, of all ranks and grades, possess small portions of land, which they cultivate themselves or by others. The earth is pure to all, even to those who are above digging or delving. Besides those who cultivate their own plots and do nothing else, and those who simply till the ground for others, getting half the produce for their pains, small tenures or under-tenures are held by weavers and oilmen, by potters, and chamars, by palanquin bearers, and carters, by Brahmins, Mohammedans, and pariahs, and by the numerous class of men who have obtained service in various ways under planters, zemindars, or government, and by the class of men not quite so numerous, who are hungry for employment, and will dance attendance for weeks and months on any person possessed of any authority, and capable of advancing their fortunes. Indeed, the mere aspiring to, or possession of, a place, is in itself indicative of other resources. A man who leaves one district, in the hope of employment in another, or who hangs pertinaciously about the office, or estate, or factory, in which his father, uncle, or brother is employed already, enduring vexation and fed by vain hopes and vague promises, must have something on which to fall back. Take almost any one employed in the police, the revenue, the salt, or the excise, or the local agents, naibs, gomashtahs, rent-collectors, peons, &c. of land-owners, and it will be found that almost every individual has his under-tenure in one or two villages, or his thirty beegahs, or his small but independent talook. Two or three of a large family sharing the patrimonial estate, go forth from the homestead in quest of

service, while a couple remain at home to collect the rents, to supervise the cultivation, or to cultivate the land themselves. This was the case with Oude, which fed our army, as it is with Bengal, which supplies not only that province, but a very large part of the Upper-provinces, with writers and accountants. Another peculiarity about employments is the smallness of the salary attached. Government is blamed for the ridiculously inadequate pay, and the low scale of emolument, which it grants to its employés; but in nine cases out of ten the employé has other means of his own, and the scale of remuneration fixed by government is much higher than the average scale, by which the agents of zemindars are paid. A naib in his way is as important as a police darogah, yet the pay of the former is much less in amount. A gomastah in a flourishing bazar gets six rupees a month; a rent-collector, who has to collect between three and four thousand rupees in the year, the same; and a similar functionary, who collects about Rs. 800 or Rs. 1,000 a year, is constantly paid at Rs. 1-8 a month, or less than half the sum which a grass-cutter receives. Of course, these individuals, like men in the service of government, possess other resources; and they have the indefinite perquisites and pickings of office. Nor again are we disposed to maintain that the service of government should not be rendered more honorable and attractive than that of any other potentate, or to say that it already commands the greatest amount of talent and respectability. All we say is, that hitherto the salaries paid by government have been as high as the average of similar unofficial salaries: that in the greater number of instances, such are not the only means of support which the public officer possesses: and that the want of honesty observable has not invariably proceeded from their scantiness of remuneration. The service of government has, in some respects, resembled hitherto service in Her Majesty's army;—an honourable service, affording occupation, conferring or augmenting respectability, and bringing in a certain scale of salary, and an uncertain amount of waifs and strays, with a prospect of a pension in old age, under the only eastern dynasty that ever thought a worn-out servant fit for anything else but to die on a dunghill. The service of Government has, in fact, hitherto been one which an absolutely poor man, living from hand to mouth, has had no chance of entering. And thus it is that we do find advertisements for treasurers, who shall deposit a lakh of rupees as security, and who shall be paid only 150 rupees a month, to be constantly answered, and to be even sought for by competition. We do not say that the salary might not be doubled with advantage. But we do say that

the office being decent and gentlemanly, and conferring a power of providing for friends and dependents in many ways, it is an object of ambition; and that the treasurer has no right to complain that he was tempted to embezzle a few thousands, owing to his low scale of salary, when it is notorious that he is rich in houses, lands, and in Company's securities, and that he could buy ten times over, the present, or the possible future property of any two collectors, who ever held with him the joint keys of office.

We return from this digression to our main subject, the condition of the ryot. A considerable portion of this class, as we have stated, live solely by the land, and have no other resources. Let us take the common case of two or three joint sharers, who have, between them, thirty or forty beegahs of land, paying about fifty rupees of rent. We do not say, with some writers, that such men are "poverty-stricken creatures, constantly toiling from morn till night," because there is a certain portion of the year, when there are no crops on the ground, and consequently nothing to toil for; and because ryots are averse to working all day; but we do say that in the worst of seasons, a cultivator is reduced to borrow, at exorbitant interest, money to buy food to put into his mouth, and that in the best seasons, he can do little more than pay his rent and his debts, and live himself, without any hope of laying anything by: and that it is next to impossible that any combination of circumstances can ever raise him one single step in the social scale. There is a hopelessness in the dull uniform routine of successive generations of such men. The rice crops, early and late, from May to December, with the addition of the cold weather crop from October to February and March, absorb all their thoughts. There may be days when a man needs not work, and brief periods of rejoicing, when a crop has been safely gathered in: or he may have an acre of profitable garden-land to look after: but the prospect of bettering himself is absolutely denied him. A good season in two or three contiguous districts gluts the markets, and consequently lowers the price of what he sells; so that, though he may keep enough rice of his own growing to live on during the year, he will make less in hard cash, wherewith to pay his landlord: and besides, the profits of a good season are constantly devoured by the debt which has been incurred during two or three preceding bad ones. We believe that this will be the case in many places in this very year, when the size of the crops, and the general prospects of the harvest are of as good augury as they have been for a long time. Then, in addition to this mere life of digging and weeding, which is never varied, owing to prejudices of caste or to mere hereditary inexperience, by any

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manual employment or handicraft of any sort, there is the startling fact that the land will remain the same in size, while the family will increase in number, and the rents may be raised in amount. It is true, as we have said, that the rapid increase of the people is sometimes roughly set right in a fashion which would have pleased Dickens's political economist, and that owing to visitations of fever, cholera and other diseases, numbers are swept away. "and decrease the surplus population." We know some very astounding instances of half a dozen shareholders in a small tenure having been cleared off in a few years, the land reverting to a single individual, with two or three widows looking to him for support. But no man would wish the inequalities in the social system to be levelled in this way; and most philanthropists would be desirous that all classes should, at least, have the hope of getting on in the world, and of leaving their sons and nephews in as good a position as they were themselves on starting in But there are men lower in the social scale than these ryots with circumscribed tenures. There are the men who cultivate for others, and men again who live as day labourers, thatching or building houses, weeding and digging, and doing any sort of work within the limit of their easte, for a sum varying from five pyce to two annas a day. The bargadar, or mere tiller, whose position we have already explained, may have some small land of his own, and if this land be not sufficient to absorb all his energies, he will be ready to do work for others: and he generally has his own plough and bullocks, and is less solicitous as to the rates, rents, and the conduct of landlords. Still year after year, his state will remain the same. The most hopeless case, however, is that of a mere labourer for daily hire. He has probably a few cottas of land on which his single house is erected, and for which he has to pay one Rupee in the year. Without plough, cart, or cattle of any sort, he has to work daily, for his daily meal, at the rate of eight pyce or two annas a day. If the man for whom he works be of the same caste, he will share the mid-day meal and the hookah: if not, the employer may give him an extra pyce to purchase cherra and goor, which is what the French would call a gouter. From this scanty remuneration he has to live, and though food may be most abundant, he can hardly do this under three pyce a day; from the remainder he has to save money to pay his ground rent, to purchase such clothes as are absolutely necessary, and to repair his house when it is damaged by weather. It is not impossible that such a one may have a young brother, or a decrepid father, to take care of; and it is to be expected that sickness or even weather may prevent his going forth for two or three days together to his usual occupation. How in such a

case, he manages to get over the interval, whether he lives by the remnants of yesterday's cooked-rice, or by borrowing or begging, it is impossible for us to say; but we own to have met amongst this class of men some startling cases, which, though exceptional, seem to have reached a depth where there was but little more left for hard work and wretchedness to fathom.

As however, there are men who, in circumstances, are below the mere tenant of a jumma, so there are others who are above him, and who have something else to do, besides sowing and eating rice all their lives. These men form a considerable, and we should hope, an increasing, class. When easte or inexperience, or mere helplessness, do not stand in the way, there are many employments which give a fair share of profit, and are not incompatible with tillage. It is, we believe, not an uncommon idea that men whose labour is apportioned to them by their caste, perform their particular work, and do nothing else. But this is There is a very large class of Mohammedans who not the case. both hold land and weave cloth. Numbers of them may be met on any haut day, with a bundle which contains the cotton varn they have just bought, or that which they have turned into light cloth and are going to sell. A nimble-fingered weaver, in the course of a month, will clear from four to five rupees at this sort of work, buying on market days some eight annas' worth of raw material, and turning it in three or four days into a piece that will sell for twelve or fourteen annas. equally large class of Mohammedans, known as the kolhu class, live by making mustard oil, or occasionally cocoanut oil, in one of the common native presses. A similar sum, or even more, may be made every month at this business. These classes have all their small holdings, and it may depend on a variety of circumstances, whether the partnership in the land extends to the trade also, or whether the latter be a private speculation of some one or two enterprising individuals amongst the brotherhood of The same remark applies to the cases of those who take the lowest posts of peons, or burkundazes, under Government, or under planters and Zemindars. Nearly all have their share in a piece of land, and if the patrimonial inheritance be divided amongst two or three brothers, who dwell in amity together, the proceeds of service of one will also be duly accounted for, and will go to the common stock. The race of bearers have also their jummas, and men whose daily business supplies higher wants than the agriculturist, the potter, the village-barber, the carpenter, and the blacksmith, may often be found to possess their few beegahs of land. It is so convenient to have two strings to a bow. But independent of those who live by agriculture and by handicraft united, we place

higher in the social scale, men who, from whatever cause, have something else to cultivate than this eternal rice. Rich plots of sugar-cane, feathery date gardens, and indigo grown for seed. are obviously indicative of a wish and ability to rise in the seale. It is not every soil that will bear, nor every ryot that can cultivate, the first article-for it requires trenching, and irrigation, and some amount of ready money, as well as skill; but it will, on the other hand, yield as much as twenty or thirty rupees a beegah. Date gardens are much more common, and require less attention; but they are great auxiliaries, when the rice fails from inundation. It is a curious fact that the question whether date gardens were or were not included in the gardenlands, which, under the sale law of 1845, are preserved from sudden extinction, whenever an estate may be sold for arrears of public revenue, was the first thing that led to an examination of the condition of all under-tenures, gardens, and land taken on bond fide leases for twenty years under the sale laws, as they now stand. Horticulturally the fact appears to be that, though in some few instances, the boundaries of such gardens are ill defined, and the trees grow straggling at some distance from each other, in general a date garden is sufficiently well defined. And politically, it seems most desirable that every encouragement should be given to the extension of such date cultivation, and every safeguard be afforded to those who have already laid out their money in this way. The date tree requires seven years before it will yield a return in the shape of juice. A man who has a couple of hundred trees may be thought well off. And with that well-known anxiety to make as much as possible out of the soil, it is very common to see the ryot cultivating first rice, and then mustard, between the rows of his date trees. We doubt, however, whether this practice is productive of a profitable result. When the trees are young and tender, much care is required in guiding the plough so as to avoid hurting their roots: when the trees shoot up and become vigorous, they absorb all the moisture and nutriment, and the rice crop in their vicinity is generally very weak and thin. A third resource which we mentioned above, is that of sowing indigo, not under advances from the planter for the dye, but for seed for the operations of the ensuing year. It is purely a matter for the ryot's own private speculation. The operation of sowing takes place about the very time when the ripe and rich indigo plant is ready for cutting. That is to say, the plant which gives the seed is sown in July, and will not be ripe till the end of the year. Three or four seers of seed will cover a beegah. And that extent of ground will yield a maund or even two or three of produce. Now, as a maund of seed has been, this year, selling at from

sixteen to twenty rupees, it may be readily understood how vast are the profits of a moderate venture in this line. Why then, it may be asked, do not all ryots set apart a beegah or two of land for this kind of cultivation, and hasten to grow rich? The answer to this, we take to be, is that not every kind of soil will bear indigo for seed: that some ryots do not like to lose two crops in the year, which they must do, if the land be reserved for indigo seed: that the cultivation requires great care, and constant weeding and attention, of all of which, beyond what is absolutely necessary, the ryot has an abhorrence: that the whole crop may be lost in a bad season, that a ryot fears that he may not find after all a ready market: and divers other reasons. There is, we fear, no doubt, that it is not always debt, nor want of money, nor even inability to wait for the larger return which is yielded by produce of slow growth, that keeps the ryot poor in the very midst of plenty. It is, in many cases, want of skill and energy, and dislike to assiduous labour, or dull adherence to the routine of his forefathers, or a determined forgetfulness of the maxim laid down by the best of agricultural poets that, under the will of Heaven, the "way of cultivation is not made easy." There are some other equally rich and advantageous crops to be cultivated, for the enumeration of which we cannot afford space. there is one other resource which might be within the reach of all but the very poorest, and which many ryots do possess—and that is a bullock cart. The uses of a hackery, for such is the term we English have invented to designate a common country-cart, are many, and it is a real comfort and a cheap luxury. The price of a common cart is from four to six rupees. A ryot may buy it ready made, or he may bring his own material to the carpenter, as he does the material for a plough. cart is drawn by the pair of bullocks which follow him to the yoke, and is of course at hand for him to carry his produce to the nearest market, or in times of scarcity, to go some distance to lay in a stock of rice for consumption. The cart is also ready, if the ryot has a freight to carry to or from Calcutta, Moorshedabad, Kishnaghur, Santipore, or to any of the great sugar marts within 100 miles of the metropolis. From three to five rupees may be made in a trip of from six to eight days. Moreover an enterprising individual, if not hired by any mahajun to carry rice, sugar, treacle, or cotton on a trip of fifty miles, can lawfully undertake a small speculation on his own account to the same mart. We often hear complaints of the reckless borrowing of the ryots, or lamentations of their inability to live without incurring debt; but no one would find fault with a man who takes a loan of twenty-five rupees, though at high interest, buys a eart load of coarse treacle, and in an eight days' trip, clears five

rupees on his speculation, after repayment of the original loan with interest. It fortunately happens that these ventures can be made at the end of the cold season, or commencement of the hot weather, when agricultural operations are at a stand-still for the year; and the man who possesses a strong cart and a pair of stout bullocks, may ply his trade as a carter with solid advantage for two or three months or more. But it is essential that the bullocks should be strong and healthy. The puny animals that get through a day's work at the yoke by furrowing not too deep, are quite unequal to drag a loaded vehicle for five days in succession, often over deep or uneven roads, and down and up the steep banks of rivers yet unbridged. We have met with repeated assertions from ryots who looked on the possessor of a cart with envy, that their inability to buy a cart proceeded not from the want of will, but from the want of money to buy cattle of sufficient strength and endurance. Bullocks of the requisite muscle cost from twenty to twenty-four rupees the pair. Add to this the cart, and the price of the article for the first venture, and there is a sum of between thirty and forty rupees, for which recourse must be had to the mahajun. A man may be already indebted, and cannot incur another debt; or he may be willing to spend such a sum on his marriage, but not on a solid or useful speculation; or he may be careless or indifferent: but those who have carts in addition to reasonable holdings, may fairly be considered independent men. Those who have opportunities for observing the great lines of internal traffic in Kishnaghur, Baraset, Jessore, Moorshedabad, and other districts, will very soon give up the idea, if they ever entertained such a one, that these parts of Bengal have abundant natural water carriage, and that a net work of roads in such parts of the country would be of no use. Not only is the water carriage not sufficiently abundant, or not sufficiently rapid and commodious to draw away all the traffic, but we can quote instances where, in parallel lines of communication, the land traffic is preferredand we will undertake in the cold season, to show mere common tracks, or imperfect roads, with crank ferry-boats over the rivers and nullahs, instead of substantial bridges, on which country earts laden with treacle, sugar, rice, and other products, may be counted, not by threes and fours together, but by tens, scores and What we therefore contend for is that a great portion of the external traffic of lower Bengal is really carted, that carts are a substantial and tolerably cheap and easy addition to the resources of the ryot: that imperfect roads, or roads in partial disrepair, are traversed by many of these carts at particular seasons of the year, under difficulties: and that mere kutcha roads, but better laid down, with bridges supplanting ferry-boats, would be traversed, with an immense saving of time and trouble, by a much

greater number.

To the above particulars regarding the position, assessment, and means of the agriculturist, we add the following: granting that the assessment on lands may, in places, be payable in ordinary seasons, without great difficulty, there still remain other There is a small tax due for the chowkidar, calls on the rvot. paid sometimes in kind and sometimes in money, at about the rate of two or three pyce per house every month. The punctuality with which it is paid depends generally on the character of the individual claiming it. But it can hardly be maintained that such an impost is either unnecessary or grievous, though we might wish that the machinery for the appointment, supervision, and payment of the village-watch were more systematic, and worked more effectively than it does,-if indeed, it works at all. Then there is something to be given to the local agent or rentcollector of the Zemindar, either at the Doorga Pooja or at any This may amount to three or four annas, in a convenient season. jumma of ten or fifteen rupees; and how such payments are to be prevented by authority, as long as agents are determined to ask, and ryots content to give, is more than we can see. Add to this. on some estates, much more unwarrantable exactions in the shape of contributions to the failing exchequer of the landholder, whenever that individual has an extraordinary call on him,—the marriage of a son, the expenses of a law-suit, the payment of a fine. Here, too, it is very difficult to say what additional security There are laws and courts, and officers in charge can be provided. of subdivisions in large districts, which more than double the amount of European superintendence compared with what it was fourteen years ago. There is no help that we can see except in the vague and somewhat unsatisfactory promises of the spread of intelligence, which is to teach Zemindars not to exact, and Ryots not to pay, more than their lawful dues. And all Zemindars are not of the same kidney. By the side of instances of oppression and cruelty, can be set instances of kindness, or of laxity which amounts in the end to the same, or positive inability to contend with a set of determined villagers, half burglars, half lattials, ready to resist any thing in the shape of legitimate authority. Indeed, one of the marked features of Bengalis, and perhaps of Asiatics generally, is their unwillingness to combine except for unlawful purposes. One year, they resist the tax collector, and give no aid to the thief-The next, they submissively pay any amount of extortionate demand. They haggle about the small dues of the watchman, and we fully expect to hear that they are resorting to all sorts of shifts and expedients to clude the toll-bars, which are about to be erected in Bengal, as they have for some time

past been in use in the North-west Provinces. Yet in other instances, they persist in running their heads against extortion. We know a large bazar, replete with every commodity fit for man's common use, which is situated so favourably as to command all the traffic in boats from one side of the country, and all the traffic in carts from the other, and is frequented by buvers and sellers in hundreds. Not one of those resorting to it, but is aware that he will have to pay, on each boat or cart, three pyce to the local superintendent, one to the accountant, one to the functionary who weighs out the grain, and a handful of rice to the individual who sweeps it up. These taxes are levied and paid with as much regularity as the government revenue. Indeed, it may be doubted, whether government, with all its weight, could ever succeed in levying any new tax of the kind, for whatever beneficent purpose, with one-half such success. But the fact appears to be that the bazar is well supplied, the produce is good of its kind, the ryot must have grain—and hence he frequents the mart. The same alternate weakness and stubbornness, exactly at the wrong time and place, meet us everywhere in surveying the condition of the ryot. We have spoken of the rate of assessment as excessive or ill defined, but we see no reason why land-holders should not measure their own estates with exactness, and take care that the ryot pays for every beegah which he holds. Yet nothing is more common than to hear a ryot complain of hard times, because his holding, which was formerly thought to comprise twenty-five beegahs, assessed at Rs. 1-4 a beegah, has been found on measurement, long resisted, and only carried out by the aid of authority, to contain over thirty. It is, however, perhaps as unreasonable to require a lowly agriculturist to recognise the obvious fairness of such a measurement, as it would be to expect that a member of the British India association should recognise the propriety and beauty of the new sale-law, or a planter the justice and equity of the Black Acts.

Taken then altogether, we do not think it unwarrantable to assert that of acute misery, helpless indigence, and downright wretchedness, there is really very little in Bengal. Heat is at least as bearable as extreme cold. We have not had a famine for three quarters of a century, and it is only this year that we had complaints from some quarters that the ryot, owing to the scarcity and dearness of rice, has not had his two meals a day. The poor man has in this country, like the poor man elsewhere, a certain amount of inevitable hardship. Agricultural operations demand considerable, not to say severe, labour. A ryot, we will say, gets up in the morning, when he eats his pan and supari, or betelnut and leaf, if he can afford it, or

takes a few whiffs of his hookah. Going to the field about eight. nine, or ten o'clock, he comes home for his mid-day meal, except at ploughing-time, when if delay be highly objectionable, his food is sent out to him by one of his sons or nephews. After eating, he returns to work again, often till past sunset. An active limbed man will plough one beegah a day, but will drive the clod-crusher or the harrow over eight or ten times that extent. It is a very good day's work, when weeds are plentiful, to clear one quarter of beegah of rice land, if so much. And to plant a whole beegah with rice stalks, sown elsewhere and transplanted at a favourable moment, is enough for three men in a day. This latter operation is especially fatiguing, as the workman is constantly in a stooping position. Weeding is comparatively easy, though the feet and ancles are soaked in mud and water for hours, because the ryot literally squats down with an umbrella of matting fixed tightly over his head, without a handle, and moves on gradually as he clears a little circle around him. A pleasing feature in these operations is the invariable custom of the ryots to help each other. Half the village turn out and weed the plot of Gopal one day, of Tin Kouri the next, and of Panchoo on the third. The rice gets thus a regular clearing on one and the same date, and two or three clearings are enough for an ordinary crop. Something of this same community of thought and action, traceable perhaps to the coparcenary system, if it ever existed in Bengal, or the simple result of men living for two or three generations in the same village, appears in other little instances. When the crops are on the ground, cows must be tethered, or must be watched by boys, who are often taken from school for this purpose: and we all know that quarrels and broken heads are the constant consequences of boys playing, when they should be looking after their straying beasts. But when the crops have been cut, no one objects to cattle grazing over any man's land, where they can find sustenance. No fisherman, with a julkur, or right of fishing by weir and nets, ordinarily objects to his neighbour's angling in his waters with a rod, and there catching a few fish to add to the evening meal. And in some villages the broad green-path, skirting or crossing the plain, which is at once the track of carts and the pasture ground of cattle in the rainy season, is either conceded to the village generally rent-free, by the Zemindar, or is paid for by the ryots in common, through those to whose holdings it adjoins, and who are made ostensibly liable for such portions.

Such is the life of the ryot in the season for active operations, for four, or five, or even six days a week. One day in seven, if not two, he will certainly go to the haut or open market,

either to buy or to sell-and once in two or three months he will as certainly go to visit his relations. The extent to which intercourse is kept up amongst members of families connected by marriage, or between blood relations, in a circle of eight or ten miles radius, is very remarkable. So common is it to meet men who are either going to spend two days with a relation. or who have just returned from their visits, that an excuse of this kind is constantly given in all our law courts by men who are unable to account for their being present at any particular transaction, in any other way, on any credible ground. On such visits, we may be sure, all the little household cares and interests are thoroughly talked over and discussed, the Hindu adds fish, or pulse, or vegetables to the cooking-pot, and the Mohammedan slaughters a fowl or two-and it is pleasant to think that this constant interchange of amenities often remains uninterrupted for two or three generations; although it is well known that there is another side to the picture, and that of all the feuds which are brought to light by our forensic annals, there are none like the feuds of relations, which from whatever cause, or whatever be the resources and position of the litigants, are carried on over a series of years, with an animosity and a perseverance that fiends might emulate.

Before proceeding to consider what remedies can be applied to ameliorate the condition of the labouring classes, it would be unfair not to note a few matters in which that condition is owing, not to a heavy rate of assessment, nor to the extra cesses of the Zemindar, nor to inoperative revenue laws, but to their own carelessness and extravagance. Recklessness in expenses connected with marriage, is no good reason why the ryot should be in debt. A foolish love of display leads him to spend his savings on silver ornaments for his children, while the practice holds out temptation to robbery and murder. An absence of all pluck whatever withholds him from striking one blow against dacoits, who come from the same pergunnah, breathe the same air, live on the same food, and are as great cowards as himself. From a neglect of the most obvious sanatory precautions, or a disregard of the commonest rules, the luxuriance of his garden is not repressed, the tank is not cleaned out, the stagnant pool of water finds no outlet, and disease and squalor are visible in the faces of himself and his family. No one thinks of combining with his neighbour for anything which is not immediately productive. A few shovels-full of earth in the dry season would repair the village road, or the narrow embankment which goes right across the plain, and serves at once for the landmarks of neighbours, and for intercommunication during the rainy season; and three trunks of trees, neatly laid together, with a wattle on

the top and some earth, would make an excellent bridge over a deep ditch at the outskirt of the village: but men and women tramp through the water up to their middle, because these simple repairs are not executed, and because the ryots roar to the Hindu Jupiter, instead of getting out of the mud them-Some of these evil habits may be cured by advice, enlightenment, and education. But kind advice is not volunteered by the landlords and men of substance, from whom it would come with effect: and vernacular education, however commenced with the best intentions, must fill a wider area, and proceed on a more comprehensive basis, before we can hope that ryots, spread over a large tract of several districts, will As to the exils of marriage-expenses. really feel its effects. though they may not recur, like bad seasons, every two or three years, they plunge the agriculturist or day labourer deeply into debt once in his life. They are as disproportionate to the circumstances of the married pair, as the expenses of funerals have till lately been in England. What an absurdity it is that a man, whose earnings are not six rupees a month, should spend sixty or seventy rupees on one evening's entertainment! Of course the habits of centuries are not easily broken. There is the example of their betters, the fear of reproach, and the necessity of living and doing as their neighbours and relations have done. But, is Bengal the only country where false shame, habit, and a desire of keeping up appearances, oblige householders to spend beyond their incomes?

Some of these causes, added to the unhappy failing, already noticed, of combination only for illegal or evil purposes, undoubtedly operate to keep the ryot where he is. And we have not forgotten that it is the precise position of his affairs which in the various opinions of Missionaries, Planters, Zemindars, and officials of Government, is still a matter for long discussion and While in the darkest picture drawn hitherto, the phrases employed to designate this condition, are those of "poverty and "wretchedness," "beggary" and "abject, and pitiable servitude," the brightest terms on the other hand do not get beyond those of being "tolerably or decently well off." Our own opinion is that the ryot, generally, is indigent without becoming bankrupt; that though, from the unexampled fertility of the land, and the climate, and the peculiar organization of society, and the general cheapness of the necessaries of life, he does not often suffer from hunger or cold, he is yet debarred from the hope of rising in the social scale, or from making those accumulations by earnings in trade or in agriculture, which men in less favoured countries are still able to make: that part of his condition is owing to cowardice, ignorance, vice, extravagance and immorality, which can be removed, if at all, only by the general progress of knowledge: and that part again arises as certainly from a deficiency in the laws, or in their administration, or from a weak executive and other defects, which it is in the power of the Government to remedy; and that finally his position as a tenant-holder of land is by no means so secure as it ought to be, as it was the intention of Lord Cornwallis that it should be, or as it can even now be made. After this brief sketch of a very large subject, we proceed to the remedy;—for a few pages descriptive of the social state of the rice-growers, or a few speculations on their moral condition, though all well in their way, should be followed by something of utilitarian theory, or direct and practical reform.

The remark of Mr. Campbell, that different rights in one and the same subject can exist together, and be retained by different persons, without clashing, has always appeared to us very sound, as well as explanatory of the puzzling question, to whom does the land belong in India? To the Government, the Zemindar, or the Ryot? It seems to us no invasion of the rights of the two former parties, to say that the ryot is entitled, by the common law and custom of the country, as well as by the intent of the legislature, whether carried out or not, to retain his holding of twenty or thirty beegahs, without fear of dispossession, so long as he continues to pay the rent, which consent, or custom, or good law has fixed upon it. There can be no question that while he performs his part of the contract, he may grow what crops he pleases, cut his bamboos, cultivate his date trees, and add another and another house to the cluster which forms his family nest. If he wishes to quit, he is bound to give notice to the landholder: and if he alienates any part of his property, his successor must be duly entered on the records of the zemindary. The whole tenor of our revenue laws in Bengal proper has been to increase the value of land, provided that the proprietary right of government, that is the right to revenue, be duly secured; and there is a similar safeguard vouchsafed to the right of the Zemindar, which is the right to rent on a certain area. There is to be no check to the currency of estates in the markets, provided that in alienation, or transfer, or division of inheritance, the lien of the government on the land shall not be imperilled; and there is no legal right of interference in the agricultural business of the ryot on the part of the Zemindar, provided that this latter person has due security for Thus the government look to the land for revenue, the zemindar for rent, and the ryot, we regret to say, for little more than sustenance. But let the land-holders clamour as they may about vested rights and heavy burdens, and corresponding

privileges, it is indisputable that to them there is something remarkably attractive in that virtual possession of the land which the ryot holds, and which our quaint English maxim tells us, is nine points of the law. Those who have watched the proceedings of rich and influential Zemindars, are aware that to obtain possession of the actual ryot's tenure is one of the dearest objects they have at heart. motive may be pardonable or even praiseworthy. The Zemindar may want some lands for a pleasure garden, or a dwelling house, or a factory, to be held by him for the simple security that, in all changes of proprietorship, his possession may be maintained by mere payment of rent. Without such possession, no man could lay down his walls and terraces, or erect his granaries, or build his vats. Again, the motive for taking land may be the far different one of establishing a rival bazar, or getting a pied à terre in a village, so as to annoy an adversary, and gradually, by influence and intimidation, acquire the whole of the hamlet. But in most cases, the tenure is usually taken in the name of some dependent, under the universal but shameful system of secret trusts, which the missionaries so rightly condemn. No one would wish to restrict Zemindars, any more than any other individuals, from acquiring that title to land, which is essential to mercantile enterprise, to the improvement of their estates, or to their mere luxury or convenience. We may go a step further, and say, that no hindrance ought to be placed in the way of men openly acquiring any rights in land, which are to be parted with, even though they should turn their acquisitions to purposes of enmity and avarice. Our argument at present is not with the defective state of the law, under which any man who buys the ryot's tenure in a few acres of land, may set up a new bazar, drive the old established one out of the field, hail unwilling purchasers to his own shops, and finally ruin his Nor is it with the state of society in which a powerful individual, acquiring in the name of some ready unscrupulous dependent, one single holding in a village, manages in the course of a few years, like a Triton among the minnows, to swallow up the surrounding tenures and become lord of all. Our argument is simply this. If the tenure of the Zemindar, or of the middle man, were quite sufficient, why should rich men descend and purchase the tenure of the ryot? A Zemindar, whatever be his rent-roll, his name, or his influence, when he makes such purchases, becomes a ryot in fact and in law. His own name or that of his favourite servant is entered in the records of the zemindary. He is liable to have his holding measured for definition of boundaries, or assessed, by a regular law-suit, at the pergunnah rates. It must be admitted that a man would not

place himself in this position, if he had not some object to gain thereby, which he could not gain otherwise. A Zemindar would not so eagerly seek the liabilities of a ryot, were he not convinced that a ryot's position and title conferred, for some purposes. what even a zemindary could never give. It may be easily conceived that the great man Munshi Dunga Fasad, with his influence, his skill in the management of estates, his extensive and accurate knowledge of the Regulations, his wonderful knack of ever keeping on the windy side of the law, his ample resources. and his fertility in devising shifts and expedients, is in a very different position as holding a ryot's tenure to that of Kinu Mundul, the humble agriculturist, who knows nothing of law except from the summary suit against him, which was decided ex parte, and from the memorable bond case brought by the money lender, which he lost in the Moonsiff's court. The former knows the exact value of the rights which he has purchased, can defend, improve, fortify and assert them in court and out of it. The latter, though fully sensible of their inestimable value to him and his family, may, from mere weakness or want of skill, be unequal to the retention of his lawful position. Why then should not the legislature step in, and assure to the small cultivator by all the authority of law, that position, which all men value, but which only those who command wealth, exercise ingenuity, and understand the Regulations, are now able to keep?

And this question brings us to a very excellent little work by the late Mr. Francis Horsley Robinson of the Bengal civil service, in which we have found a practical solution to the question above put. Mr. Robinson, however men might be found to differ from his views, is admitted to have had a complete knowledge of the working of the revenue in the Agra presidency, as well as a comprehensive view of Indian revenue generally. No one can doubt his earnestness, his independence, and his intimate knowledge of the feelings, habits, and conditions of the peasantry. And applying his knowledge of the principles which are admitted to have worked admirably in the Doab of Hindustan, with some necessary modifications, to the system of Bengal proper, Mr. Robinson, in the work published very shortly before his death, has left behind him some excellent suggestions on

this important subject, as follows:-

"It seems that the amount of assessment cannot, in justice, be touched. The Government, with a view to reclaim the country, by giving full scope to the enterprise of proprietors, limited their assessment in perpetuity, and they are at this moment reaping the full benefit they expected from the sacrifice, in the complete cultivation of the country, the increase of its wealth, and a constant

gradual rise in the customs, and other branches of revenue. But the Government never made it any part of their bargain that the ryots should be rack-rented and ground to the dust. They had not the right, any more than the intention, to make such a bargain, as Lord Hastings, in discussing this question, very justly observed. No Government can part with the obligation to do right and justice

to any part of its subjects.

"Far from doing so, Lord Cornwallis's settlement provided that the ryots should not pay higher rates of rent than the purgunnah rates, which any man, thoroughly versed in Indian revenue, knows to be a technical term, not for a specific table of rates, which has been idly sought for, but the customary, though variable rates of rent on particular soils and products existing in the district or tract where any village is situated, sometimes even in a particular village

or estate, and not in others.

"These amounts of rent, when disputed, and the terms of occupancy, when those were disputed, (for occupancy came also within the scope of the technical term, purgunnah rates,) it was the office and duty of the authorized accounts of Government to settle. Lord Cornwallis also provided, that beyond the rent, the ryots should pay nothing. These laws are still in the Statute book, though, to the great detriment of the country, they have not, from the want of sufficient machinery, and sufficient knowledge in the early administrators of the system, been carried out. It will be remembered, that a minute revenue survey is now going on in Bengal, and the thought forces itself on one, that this affords the necessary basis for settling, as has been done effectually in the North-west Provinces, the amount of fair rent, and the terms of occupancy. If it be urged that the undertaking for Bengal is too gigantic,—allowing, for argument's sake, this to be so, although the same thing was vainly said, and failure as vainly prophesied of a similar undertaking in the North-west Provinces,—yet something may be done to stop a system which involves so much social evil as exists in Bengal. Without aiming at the reconstruction of the village communities, or the rehabitation of sub-proprietors in the soil, however iniquitously or mercilessly they have been swept away, might not a law be enacted, restoring the former limitation of rents to purgunnah rates, defining the term as above, and stating the determination of Government to enforce the spirit of the law; declaring that, while no interference would take place between parties agreeing among themselves, further than to record in the collector's office a rent-roll shewing the occupant, the fields by the numbers in the maps, and the terms of the lease; yet that every resident, or Chupper-bund ryot should have the right to apply to the nearest deputy collector to have his fair rent assessed for a period of say ten or twenty years; and that the deputy collector should replace, with costs or damages, any resident ryot who should appear to have been ejected without having incurred a balance on the rent recorded by the officers of Government, and award heavy damages against any one exacting more than the recorded rent from a cultivator."

We trust that there are few genuine reformers who will not endorse most of the above. We are quite prepared for a long howl on the subject, from those whose power of oppression and exaction, or of indefinite aggrandisement, would be materially curtailed by any such law. There may come a cry of want of faith on one side, and of great expense and trouble on the other. But the charge of violated faith, which cannot be supported, will come with a bad grace from those who form but a fraction of the population, and who have not kept faith with the terms of the contract by which so much was conceded to them, on the understanding that they should concede something to others in their turn. And the expense and trouble to government and its officers, will be little or nothing, as the work of collectors themselves has been gradually decreasing, and as officers, with the powers of a deputy collector, are already scattered over a

district by twos and by threes.

Moreover, the principles of the solid reform which Mr. Robinson sketched, and which we put forward as the main reform of which Bengal stands in need, have in several other ways been recognised by the government. This principle is simply that the cultivating proprietor, or the hereditary occupant and resident for one, two, or three generations, should have the right to have his land assessed for a period of years on a summary enquiry. The propriety and legality of this maxim have been avowed and acted on by government in the law for the security of the opium monopoly. The benefits of the cultivation of the poppy are reserved by law for the ryot of Behar or Ghazipore, who receives the advances, cultivates the plant, and takes the raw juice to the government factory. The Zemindar is, by law, specially prohibited from enhancing the rent of such portions of his tenant's land as are devoted to this species of produce. Hence the display of spurious liberality which we have seen occasionally in petitions to government or Parliament on the subject of the monopoly, as one pressing heavily on the ryot. Not a farthing of the profit ever comes to the pocket of the Zemindar, who has the mortification of seeing his ryots clamorous for advances on a larger extent of soil, and partners to an account with government, annually adjusted with a balance in favour of the cultivator, from which no third party can derive Why should government hesitate the smallest advantage. one moment to carry out a system for the benefit of a large and oppressed class, which it has already carried out for the preservation of its own particular interests? If we be told that any such attempt would be an infringement of the perpetual settlement, or a defiance of the laws of political economy, we should reply on the first head that the measure, so far from

infringing that settlement, would, on the contrary, complete and consolidate it: and on the second, we should say that the law of landlord and tenant, of social inequality, and of revenue and rent in the east, must often be guided by principles at which even Adam Smith and Malthus might have been somewhat startled. The principle we contend for, again, is acted on in the province of Benares. The revenue there is fixed perpetually, as it is in Bengal. Yet we hear of no rack-renting, or violent oppression, or defect in the system. Why is this? Because on the one hand the population are bolder, and will not patiently endure tyranny; and on the other, because the authorities have done their part, and have taken care that the tenant proprietors and cultivators shall have their rights and liabilities well and thoroughly defined. Again, our principle forms the basis of the proposed alterations in the sale law. As the draft now stands, the reform contended for will do, for intermediate tenures, what we would have done for the humblest and lowest of all. middleman, who has just concluded an arrangement with his Zemindar, of immediate loss, but eventual profit, or who has a snug property in half a dozen villages, which from its size he can conveniently manage, will, if the reform be carried, be saved from the abrupt termination of his tenure in a general sale owing to the fraud or the negligence of his superior. should not the same righteous interference be manifested for a set of men twenty times more numerous, but far less able to proteet themselves; for those who labour while others sit at home in comfort, who sow in heat and anxiety, while others quietly reap the main profits of their toil?

The law for which we contend has either been an element in other reforms, or has anticipated them. In dealing with the land revenue of Benares it has been silently acted on. In the opium monopoly the Government has not hesitated to proclaim that rent should be fixed for once, without regard to the value of produce. And of the new sale law the main points are, that if the Government can count on its revenue, and the Zemindar on his rent, there is no reason why third parties, who have a limited interest in landed properties, should not have these interests secured from Add to these considerations, those of philanthropy, and sound policy, and it will follow that Government would not only be justified in such legal interference, but that it is pledged and bound so to interfere, on every principle of equity, on every consideration of mercy, on every pretentious vaunt that has been ever made of its governing for the poor man, on every maxim successively laid down by its numerous wise statesmen, whose aim it has been to bind up, as far as they can be bound, the privileges of the upper classes, the rights and interests of

the lower, and the lawful dues of the state, in one equitable,

harmonious, and consistent code.

To some such measure as we have proposed, all other measures, whether of the legal or the executive power, will be auxiliary; but they will be nothing more. The change we advocate will. in its way, secure to the ryot that reasonable independence, without which all other attempts to raise him in the social scale will end in failure. And this same measure will, on the other hand, be far from rendering nugatory all the other remedies which are more or less under the consideration of the govern-Thus the new bill for distraint may well be a little less summary than the present law, and may save the ryot's crops and cattle from hasty attachment and sale. A law making the principals in affrays,—that is, those for whose obvious benefit affrays occur accidentally, -responsible for the bloodshed and the distress they cause, will confer peace and security in many places in seed time and in harvest. By a survey of villages and estates, such as is now in progress in some districts, or actually completed in others, many an angry course of litigation will be perempterily checked. By a more numerous police, with higher pay and under closer supervision, violent offences and agrarian outrage will become more rare. A simple hand-book of husbandry may teach the ryot some of the commonest rules of gardening, and a village vernacular school, while it teaches him to read the same hand-book, may also put him in the position to know when a receipt for rent is duly signed, when a bond is correctly executed, and when an account is accurately summed up. Add to these measures for his protection, for the registration of his boundaries, and for the dispersion of his ignorance, a network of roads, terminating not in abrupt holes, nor in nullahs and rivers without bridges, or without any suited to the physical character of the country, an improved communication by cuts and channels from one river to another, or in the same river; and in ten years' time, we shall have little need of another petition to the Commons. The ryot, with some fixity of rent, and some security of tenure, may then, if he chooses to exert himself, and to refrain from extravagance, unlawful combination, and determined refusal to pay his dues, hope to share in the almost unrivalled affluence and fertility which the union of sun and shower, on the most fertile of soils, scatters around him in such marvellous prodigality.

We do not expect that the views which we have put forth, will not be freely canvassed, and fiercely opposed in some quarters. And we are quite sensible that some differences of opinion must exist on such large questions as the rent of land, the return of produce of different kinds, the general condition and feelings



of the ryot, and the necessity for prompt and direct legal interference on his behalf. All we can say is that we have neglected no means in our power, in order to attain correct information; and that the deductions we have arrived at, have been carefully made from a very considerable mass of facts gathered by enquiries, pursued, without ostentation, amongst the mass of the population, in their houses, bazars, and rice fields, and backed by some previous experience of the mofussil, and by official or authoritative records in corroboration of the same. A fair discussion is all that we ask. But we must protest beforehand against general charges of inaccuracy, because any position taken up, or any fact announced, may not happen to be borne out by some casual enquiry made of a ryot living within ten miles of Calcutta, or of a bearer from Orissa, who happens to be pulling Those who have pursued similar enquiries, know the punkah. the rottenness of a structure raised on isolated facts. who have mixed with the people, are well aware of the necessity of correcting or balancing the statements of one set of agriculturists by those of another set, and both by reasonable probabilities and indisputable facts. We have made a comparentia instantiarum, and an exclusio singularum, on the Baconian maxim: and what we can say with confidence is that we have to the best of our ability, brought our modest contribution to the "eagle's nest."

We do not regret the discussion in the House of Commons, nor its termination; but it must be apparent to every one that had there existed in the heart of Bengal that slumbering discontent and disaffection which the Missionaries in all sincerity imputed to the ryots, the present opportunity would hardly have been suffered to escape. How easily, with the North-west provinces in a blaze, and Behar in danger, or revolted, might some popular leader have fanned the embers into flame, and have excited masses of ignorant and unreflecting peasants to a social revolution, by which the "rich would have become poor, and the 'poor, poorer.' Had all the statements of the petition been correct, we could scarce have escaped a Jacquerie. truth is that the Bengalis, up to the time we write, have remained as dull and as stagnant as the water of one of their own huge tanks in a sultry September, and that it must take much more of wretchedness than at present really exists, added to disturbing agencies and unparalleled mismanagement, before either planters will be expelled from their factories, or land-holders from their estates, or civilians from their cutcherries.

Sheer helplessness on the part of the Bengali, which has been put forth as an excuse for government, or as a reason for doing nothing, is to us a powerful reason why we should act. The highest and holiest authority has told us that we have the poor "always" with us. The concurrent testimony of administrators, of residents amongst the people, and of the people themselves, proclaims the dwellers by the lower Ganges to be void of manliness and spirit. We cannot discover the Icaria in which all men shall be rich: or find out the mesmeric influence by which a statesman shall throw a weak and feeble race into a slumber, whence they may wake up as giants refreshed, strong of hand, and stout of heart. But this is no reason why we should neglect to avail ourselves of every means in our power—

How best to help the slender store How mend the dwellings of the poor;

Nor why, again, we should hesitate about speedily giving the sanction of law and authority to such rights, as in the wreck of institutions, or under encroachment and invasion, are yet found to survive. We can give the material guarantees of every powerful and benevolent government, a numerous police, accessible justice, good means of communication. We may develope and stimulate the natural acuteness of the cultivators, which we take to be considerably above that of yokels and clod-compellers in England, and may turn their unexampled pertinacity and aptness for litigation to the assertion and maintenance of their recognised position and their defined rights. We feel certain that it is in the power of our administrators to effect this, without lavish expenditure, in spite of active opposition, and in spite of the inertness and helplessness of those we desire to benefit. We may at once move on without being deluded by the mirage of imaginary perfection in the distance, as Mr. Grant truly wrote in his minute, and as Lord John Russell, endorsing the Indian statesman, did not hesitate to avow in the House. To the solid and avowed benefits of the Perpetual Settlement, to the spread of agriculture, to the decrease of jungle, to the extension of commerce, to the spectacle of those rich land-holders who accumulate wealth and enlarge their boundaries, and to the many inferior individuals who, secure of sustenance, not to say independence, from the land, have leisure to devote their talents to profitable speculation, or to the service of the state, we may yet, by tact, decision, and firmness, add the still more gratifying spectacle of a peasantry, who, if they cannot recruit our evanescent army, may yet fulfil the end of their existence, as loyal, prosperous, and contented subjects of the state.

ART. VII.—Life and Correspondence of Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G. C. B., late Envoy to Persia, and Governor of Bombay. From unpublished letters and journals. By John William Kaye, &c. &c. 2 vols. London, 1856.

T is with a feeling of great sadness that we enter upon the task of reviewing these volumes. The task had been assigned to, and had been undertaken by, one who could have done infinitely more justice to the subject than we can expect to do. If there were in all India, perhaps we might say in all the world, a man who could have entered with fullest sympathy into the character and achievements of the chivalrous soldier, the wise diplomatist, the enlightened governor, the light-hearted playmate of children, the judicious counsellor and animating leader of youth, the affectionate brother, the loving husband, the fond father, the constant friend, the large-hearted philanthropist, the honest man, the earnest Christian-that man was one whom India and the world have lately lost, Sir Henry Lawrence. It was he that ought to have reviewed this book; and we have reason to believe that he was actually engaged upon it until the time when public duty, and care for the safety of the beleaguered band, for whom he watched so earnestly, and fought so bravely, and died so nobly, occupied and engrossed all his thoughts. As well in the peculiarities of their characters as in the circumstances of their careers, there was a remarkable similarity between Sir John Malcolm and Sir Henry Lawrence. The one a Scotchman, and the other an Irishman, each exhibited a combination, as rare as it is graceful, of those qualities that are generally regarded as characteristic of these two nationalities; though perhaps in each, the characteristic of the other's nation predominated over that of his own. The Scottish Malcolm seems to have had even more than Lawrence of the almost reckless buoyancy of spirits and love of adventure and fun, which are generally considered as distinctive of an Irishman: the Irish Lawrence had decidedly more than Malcolm of the calm reflexion, and practical sagacity, and determined perseverance, that are regarded as the birth-right of a Scotchman.

With respect to the circumstances of the careers of these two men, it may not be without interest to notice that each had an elder brother in the civil service, and was himself in the military service, of the East India Company;—that each was one of several brothers that achieved high distinction; that each was employed in high political and diplomatic service; and that each, in the course of that service, had an opportunity of distinguish-

ing himself also in his proper military capacity; that each was employed in administering and civilizing a vast country, and impressing his own stamp on its institutions. Thus alike in many of the prominent circumstances of their lives, it were vain, and perhaps wrong, to regret that they were not alike in the circumstances of their deaths. Malcolm died in a fresh old age, attended by the wife of his youth, and the children who regarded him not only as a father, but also as a companion and a friend. Lawrence, after several years of widowhood, and with no child near him, in the prime of his manhood, died a soldier's death.

Mr. Kave has been very felicitous in the choice of subjects for the exercise of his admirable talents as a biographer.\* Tucker might not indeed be a great man in the ordinary sense of that term; but he was a man on whom very great responsibilities devolved in the administration of Indian affairs, in this country and in England; and he was always equal to the task of sustaining these responsibilities. Lord Metcalfe was a great man; and he too bore an important part in the acquisition and administration of our Indian empire. Sir John Malcolm also was a great man; though his greatness was of a different order from that of Lord Metcalfe, and perhaps not of so high an order. Their biographer has done full justice to their various characters, and has contrived to render them almost as well known to his readers, as if they had been their personal associates. But he has done more than this. As people generally learn most of what they know of the history of England from Shakespeare, Scott and Bulwer—or did so before the publication of Mr. Macaulay's history—so we believe that any student will get a much more inward, hearty knowledge of the history of India under the British rule from these three works of Mr. Kaye, than from any formal history that has yet been written, or is likely to be written for a long time to come. The three men's lives run like a connecting thread through a whole rosary of most important transactions, extending over a very long period. Tucker began his Indian career in 1787, only thirty years after the battle of Plassey; and three-score years after, as chairman of the Court of Directors, he sent out Lord Dalhousie as Governor General; nor did his connexion with India cease until 1851. Metcalfe was born in Calcutta in 1785, nine days before Warren Hastings left India; but his proper Indian career began in 1801; and he was mixed up, in a more or less important way, with most important transactions, almost from his first arrival, down to the day of his departure, in 1838. In 1783, two years

<sup>\*</sup> For reviews of Mr. Kaye's lives of Tucker and Metcalfe, see Calcutta Review Vols, XXII. and XXIV.

before Metcalfe was born, Malcolm arrived in India; and he too. like Metcalfe, was very early employed in important affairs. left India in 1830; but like Tucker, he took an earnest interest in its affairs down to the day of his death in 1833. Thus these three lives cover the whole period from the close of Warren Hastings's administration down to the annexation of the Punjab. And then their departments were so different, that the treatment of their lives separately does not lead to repetition, but only to greater fulness, and a more distinct exhibition of the various events of the time. And what country can exhibit so stirring a history? India has not had the happiness—whatever other happiness she may have had—which is said to appertain to the land whose annals are blank. No, truly hers have been written on all four pages of the sheet, and crossed like a young lady's letter.

We have said that Malcolm was a Scotchman, but it was not "Caledonia stern and wild" that gave him birth, but the rich vale of the Esk, where the scenery resembles the richest English landscape. His father had been educated for the ministry of the church, but had been prevented by a defect of utterance from entering it. He was tenant of Burnfoot, a farm of considerable extent, partly arable and partly pastoral. But he was not content to abide by his short-horns and his black-faced: but entered into speculations, in which, like so many others who have "too many irons in the fire," he burned his fingers. But his character did not suffer. "A close investigation into his concerns ' revealed only the just dealings of the man." "He felt the ' burden that was upon him, for he was a man by nature of ' an anxious and sensitive temperament, but, sustained by a good ' conscience, he bore up bravely beneath it. There was not ' perhaps a day of his life in which he did not remember his ' misfortunes-but he suffered with true Christian resignation, ' and was thankful for the blessings that remained." Such was "Auld Burnfit," a noble specimen of that proper middle class which Scotland alone possesses; a class which is a middle-class, not because it stands between the higher and the lower, and belongs to neither, but because it belongs to both, so that its members can associate with the higher class without servility, and with the lower without arrogance. And the "guid-wife" of Burnfoot was worthy of her husband; "a woman of high principle and ' sound understanding, but womanly in all; of quick parts and ' ready resources; strong in doing and in suffering; but gentle ' and affectionate, a support in adversity to her husband; and to ' her children a tender, a watchful, but not an over-indulgent ' mother. How much they all owed to her, it is difficult to say. She lived to be the mother of heroes, and was worthy

' of such a race." Yes! difficult to say, as it is difficult to count the sand-grains. To have such a mother is not a matter for saying, but for feeling, and for evincing thankfulness, not so

much with the lips as in the life.

The quiver of the farmer of Burnfoot was filled with a goodly Ten sons were ready to speak with his enemies in the gate, -only the worthy man had no enemies; -while seven daughters were ready to give a hearty, homely welcome to his friends, of whom he had many. John, the fourth of the sons, was born on the 2nd of May, 1769, and thus was a day younger than Arthur Wellesley. He got his education in the parish school of Westerkirk, and still more in the parlor and the kitchen of Burnfoot. From his pious father and mother he learned much; and not little from the stalwart ploughmen and shepherds of the border. He might have been a good scholar, if he had chosen; but scholarship was not the quality which he then held in highest esteem. His energy expended itself mainly in mischief. One of those light-hearted, restless boys who will always break through all rules, but with whom it is impossible to be angry, or to be angry for any length of time. We are pretty sure that it was neither with very intense anger, nor with very intense sorrow, that the worthy school-master came to the conclusion that, whenever any mischief was perpetrated, he could not be wrong, however appearances might point in another direction, in assuming that "Jock's at the bottom o't." And when, many years after, he received from the Persian envoy a copy of his History, with the inscription, "Jock's at the bottom o't," may be very sure that it did not take him by surprise to find Jock at the bottom of something else than mischief.

We have said that Mr. Malcolm was of that middle class which, in Scotland, stands between the higher and the lower, and belongs to both, as distinguished from the middle class elsewhere, which, standing between the higher and the lower, too generally belongs to neither. To this he was indebted for the means of setting his sons on the ladder which so many of them climbed so manfully. Robert was a civilian in the Madras presidency; James, afterwards Sir James Malcolm, K. C. B., was in the Marines, and Pulteney was on the way to the Red Flag at the Fore, determined, doubtless, to be what he in due time became, and what so many midshipmen determine to be, but never become, (but are all the better for the determination) an Admiral and a G. C. B. And now came John's turn. He had not quite attained the age of twelve years, when Mr. Johnstone of Alva intimated to Mr. Maleolm that his brother, the well-known Governor Johnstone of Ceylon, could procure for John an appointment in the military service of the Company. All felt that the ap-

pointment would have been more desirable at a later period; but it was not certain that it could be got then; and so the boy must take the tide at the flood. Still it seems to have been resolved that as much delay should be interposed as could be permitted. In the summer of next year, Mr. John Pasley, a London merchant, brother of Mrs. Malcolm, paid a visit to Burnfoot, and proposed to take his nephew with him to London. to have him brushed up a little before his presentation to the honorable court to pass for his cadetship. "So mere a child was he, (says Mr. Kaye) that on the morning of his departure, when the old nurse was combing his hair, she said to him, ' Now Jock, my mon, be sure when ye are awa', ye kaim ye'er head ' and keep ye'er face clean; if ye dinna, ye'll just be sent haim ' again." "Tut, woman," was the answer, "ye'ere aye sae feared, 've'll see if I were awa amang strangers, I'll just do weel ' aneugh." When we first read this anecdote, we were disposed to regard it as apocryphal; but we landed, after deep cogitation, in the conclusion that it is authentic, but that the deduction which Mr. Kaye draws from it is erroneous. He supposes that John's hair was combed every day by the old nurse; but we know enough of Scotch farm-house life to be sure that a boy of his stamp must have performed this office for himself at a very much earlier age. It was only because he was starting for London that the faithful old woman thought it her duty to "mak the callant a wee thocht dacent," and this she would have insisted on doing, if he had been a score instead of a dozen years old.

And Jock did "weel aneugh" among strangers. After seeing the wonders of the great metropolis, he was sent to school for a short time; but apparently the appointment which Governor Johnstone had secured for him, must be taken up within the There was no minimum age at that time prescribed for entrance into the Company's service; but each cadet was required to present himself before the Court of Directors, and receive their consent to proceed to India. "So, towards the end of ' that year, 1781, John Malcolm was taken to the India-House, ' and was, as his uncle anticipated, in a fair way to be rejected, ' when one of the Directors said to him ' Why, my little man, ' what would you do if you were to meet Hyder Ali?' 'Do, Sir!' ' said the young aspirant, in prompt reply, 'I would out with ' my sword and cut off his head.' 'You will do,' was the rejoinder, ' 'let him pass.'" And so the matter ended. Now we presume that we ought to be very indignant at this scene, and to congratulate ourselves on the fact of our living in these days of competition, and the Philosophy of History, and the Differential Calculus. Well, these are all very well in their place; but it

would be well if a few " marks" could be given for such juvenile

spirit as was displayed in Malcolm's answer.

Although his commission, as a cadet of Infantry in the Madras army, was dated in October, 1781, Malcolm did not sail till the autumn of the following year, and did not reach Madras till the 16th of April, 1783, when his age was a fortnight short of fourteen years. Although his life on the braes of Eskdale had made him large and strong, his appearance was juvenile even for his years. The fresh bloom of his undowny cheeks, and the merry twinkle of his bright eye, and his unsophisticated manners, were those of childhood. He soon became a favourite with all who came into contact with him. Under the designation of "Boy Malcolm," a soubriquet that long adhered to him, he gained quite a reputation, in a small way, as being "at the bottom" of all the pranks and mischief in which young ensigns are wont to indulge. We are afraid that he did not stop here; but that at this period of his life he passed over the line that separates mischief from vice. If so, he soon returned. He had been trained up as a child in the way of goodness, and the promise was fulfilled to his faithful parents, that he should not long wander from that path. By the beginning of 1788, we find him speaking of his career of folly as a thing of the past; and his good resolutions was not like the morning cloud, or the early dew. During all the rest of his life, while he retained an unusual share of the buoyancy of youth, he seems never to have strayed from the paths of virtue. One effect of his youthful folly was the contraction of debt. An ensign's pay in those days was very small; but he ought to have been able to live upon it. He had applied to his uncle in London for a remittance, and he had sent him £200. But the letter came into the hand of his brother Robert, who judiciously withheld the money, and allowed the young ensign to work his way back to independence, "Do not (says Robert Malcolm, writing to his mother, in February, 1789) blame John, poor ' fellow. Nothing but distress led him to what he did. It was ' even unknown to me till I received my uncle's letters, which ' I suppressed, and wrote to John in a different style than his ' uncle had done. Had he got the money my uncle ordered,-'viz. £200-he would effectually have been ruined. But I ' knew too well his situation to give him a shilling. He has ' now cleared himself from debt, and is as promising a character ' in his profession as lives." We see then that in the course of six years, he got into debt, and got out of it. Now we know that the former process is easy enough, but that the latter is not specially easy for any one, and that it must have been specially difficult for a young man on an ensign's pay, as an ensign's pay was in those days. If then we suppose that for half of the six years

health that it was difficult to persuade people that his sick-

certificate was aught else than a "bonao."

Malcolm had been a dozen years absent from home when he And this is just the proper time for an Indian to be absent from home. If he return earlier, he has not felt enough of the longing which makes him fully estimate the blessing. If he be much later, the changes that have occurred during his absence, are so marked, as greatly to sadden his enjoyment. Malcolm seems to have found things at Burnfoot pretty much as he left them. All that he had left behind were a dozen years older; but the change on them was not nearly so great as on himself. We presume that there must have been also a considerable addition to the flock during his absence; for it is not likely that all the seventeen Malcolms were born, before the fourth son was thirteen years old. Be this as it may, we may be sure that there was joy in Eskdale on the day that young Malcolm put his foot over the threshold of Burnfoot. Father and mother, and brother and sisters, and cousins of all degrees, and neighbours and dependents, rejoiced with no faint jubilation. We know something of the joy of such a return from exile; but the more we know of it, the less do we feel disposed to speak or to write of it. The joy of his visit was enhanced by the circumstance that his brothers Pulteney and James arrived from the West Indies during the time of John's being at home. But there was a dash of bitterness in the cup of bliss,—as in what cup of earthly bliss is there not? Three sons had gone to the West Indies, and two had gone to the East. Robert was still in the East, but he was well. Two had come from the West, but one, George, a fine young sailor, had fallen a victim to yellow fever in the beginning of the year. It was the first time that death had invaded the Burnfoot circle.

During his residence in England, Malcolm entered with characteristic zeal on the advocacy of the rights of the Company's officers, and did good service to a good cause; and by his letters in the newspapers on this subject, attracted the notice of men in power. But the months sped on as only months of furlough His health was quite re-established; indeed the do speed. home voyage had been sufficient for that; and his duty lay not at Burnfoot, but at Madras; and to Madras he must go. He had reached England in July, 1794, and he left it in May, 1795. He had the advantage of going out as Secretary to Sir Alured Clarke, who was proceeding as Commander-in-Chief to Madras. On their way they stopped at the Cape of Good Hope, and brought to a close the war that was then being waged between the Dutch and the English. It is so delightful to catch a historian of Mr. Kaye's almost finical accuracy "tripping," that

we cannot resist the temptation of "shewing him up." He states, truly enough, that the fight in which General Clarke defeated the Dutch, gave the Cape Colony to the English: but he adds, not truly enough, that by the English it has ever since been retained. Now of course, Mr. Kaye knows very well, though he seems for the moment to have forgotten, that the Cape was given up to the Dutch in 1802, that it was re-taken by an Indian hero, Sir David Baird in 1806, and even then was held

rather as a province than a colony till 1814.

After a stay of some two months at the Cape, the voyage for India was resumed, and was brought to a close somewhere about the end of 1795. For a little more than a year, Malcolm seems to have remained with the Commander-in-Chief at the Presidency. His hands were of course full. "The employment," he says, writing to his mother, "is of that nature as to leave ' me hardly one idle moment; all the better, you will say; and 'all the better I say;"—and all the better we say. He was now twenty-seven years old, he had got a fresh impulse, physically and mentally, during those ten months at home—and all the better, we repeat with all the circumstance of editorial oracle, that he had hardly an idle moment. In the beginning of 1797, Sir Robert Abercromby resigned the Command-in-Chief of the Bengal army; Sir Alured Clarke succeeded him; and General Harris succeeded Sir Alured Clarke in the command of the Madras army. Clarke was unable, for some reason which Mr. Kaye professes himself unable to explain, to take his secretary with him to Bengal; but Harris was happy to retain him, and although he would have liked to accompany his old master, he was happy to remain. "It may be gathered (says his biogra-' pher) from his letters, that John Malcolm was never more in 'a 'laughing' mood than at this period of his life. He had ' good health, good spirits, and good prospects. He was still ' Boy Malcolm;' and he wrote, both to his friends in India and ' to dear old Burnfoot, in a strain which must have imparted ' something of its own cheerfulness to the recipients of his ' laughing epistles." But while he was thus joyous and lighthearted, he was not idle. This was emphatically his period of study. He had marked out for himself the career of a "political," and while people who only casually saw him, regarded him as only the light-hearted and gay "Boy-Malcolm," he was carrying on an extensive correspondence with the best-informed men of the country, getting from each his views on various points of policy, and digesting these views into elaborate "minutes." Some of these he submitted to Lord Hobart, who received them graciously, and encouraged him to proceed with his self-imposed task.

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In February 1798, Lord Hobart resigned the Government of Madras, and General Harris acted during the interregnum. The Town-Majorship of Fort St. George was in those days an office of greater honor and emolument than it is now, and it was regarded as a perquisite of some one of the Governor's suite. It was therefore given by General Harris to his secretary, and Malcolm held it till the arrival of Lord Clive in August. In this year also he attained his captaincy. And in this year, Lord Mornington landed at Madras on his way to Calcutta; and Captain Malcolm took the liberty to forward to "the glorious little man," some of those papers that he had submitted to Lord Hobart, and to solicit that "when opportunity ' offered, he might be employed in the diplomatic line of his ' profession." And opportunity offered soon: on the 10th of September, he received a letter from the governor-general, announcing his appointment to be assistant to the Resident at the Court of Hyderabad, and at the same time requesting to see him as soon as he could possibly present himself at Calcutta. But it would seem that Malcolm must have received the official announcement of his appointment, and started at once for Hyderabad, before getting this letter from the governor-general; and once at Hyderabad, his hands were filled for some time.

The Nizam had for a long time had a difficult part to play. He was on terms of friendly alliance with the English. He was also on terms of friendship with the French. But the English and the French were at war with each other. He had no very special preference for either of the parties. The only question with him was as to the probable advantage of maintaining the one or the other friendship. One of the first acts of the administration of Lord Mornington was to compel him to a choice. had in his pay a body of 11,000 troops, under the command of French officers, and devoted to French interests. governor-general insisted that these troops should be disbanded, and their officers given up as prisoners of war into the hands of the English. This order had just reached Captain Kirkpatrick, when Malcolm joined him as his assistant. The work was one of importance. It was one also of difficulty and danger. It was admirably executed, and Malcolm had a fair share in the

credit of the execution :-

"That the dispersion of the French troops was a very important stroke of policy, and that it tended materially to secure our subsequent successes, is not to be denied. Malcolm shared with Kirkpatrick the credit of the achievement. But the experience which he had gained was of more worth to him than the honor. In the course of the fortnight which he had spent, by accident as it were, at Hyderabad, he had seen more of busy, stirring public life—more

of the strife and turmoil of oriental politics—than many men see in the course of years. The lesson that he learnt was never forgotten. That little reliance is to be placed on the word of an Indian diplomatist, that no native court is willing to fulfil the conditions of a treaty except under strong compulsion, Malcolm may have known But the great practical truth which he carried with him from Hyderabad, to be much pondered by the way, was, that the most vigorous policy is, at the same time, the most humane—that there is nothing so merciful, when strong measures are to be carried out, as an over-awing display of force at the outset. Had Kirkpatrick wanted resolution—had he hesitated, and faltered, and shewn himself to be a man of weak-nerved humanity, slow to resort to extremities, in all probability before the end of October, the French lines would have been running crimson with blood. There is an ill odour about the word "dragooning," but there is more real kindness in the thing itself than is readily to be

And so, deeply pondering this and other lessons, and bearing with him the colors of the disbanded French regiments, John

Malcolm proceeded to Calcutta.

Any one reading Mr. Kaye's account of the reception that awaited him there, and of the place which he occupied in the vice-regal court and councils of Lord Mornington, without having much previous knowledge of the character, and tastes, and peculiarities of that nobleman, will be apt to think that Mr. Kaye unduly magnifies his hero, and represents his advent to Calcutta as a more important event than it really was. But, in point of fact, the governor-general, the "glorious little man," was one of those few men to whom, being in office, it was of no consequence whether a man were old or not, whether he were a cadet or a colonel, provided he had eyes that could see, a brain that could think, a soul that could feel what was right and what was noble, and a hand that could hold a sword or a pen. In fact, we think that, upon the whole, other things being equal, he would have preferred a young man to an old one; at all events he seems to have surrounded himself with men whom many would have despised as youngsters; but whose energies, and whose unsophisticated ways of looking at affairs, he knew how to turn to account. It was not because he despised the wisdom of the ancients; but because he had a peculiar liking for a set of men who combined, in a wonderful way, the wisdom of experience with the energy and the fearlessness of youth. There are men who are never young ;calculating, planning, plotting, far-seeing in regard to the interests of self, from their boyhood. No man likes, or ought to like them. And there are men too, who never grow old; who retain the frivolity and the puppyism of boyhood, till, for their years, they ought to be old men. These are neither liked nor

likeable, neither esteemed nor estimable. But others there are, who, without any deficiency, yea with a superabundance, of the characteristic qualities of youth, require only to have responsibility laid upon them, in order to call forth the faculties and powers which in others are only developed by time and experience; and these men often retain the freshness and the vigor of youth until a good old age. These are the men, who are fittest for the work of this world in whatsoever of its departments. Those who know how to appreciate men make much of such when they find them. Blessed is the governor who has his quiver full of such.

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And such an one was Malcolm, and such ones were many of those whom Lord Mornington gathered around him in Calcutta. He knew how to appreciate them. He made much of them, in a judicious and manly way—and these fine young hearts beat joyously at the sound of his voice; and very gladly would they

have poured out their life-blood for their noble chief.

Doubtless Malcolm at this time was very happy. Nor less so, when the governor-general announced to him that he was to accompany himself to the Madras presidency, and take such part as might be assigned to him in the events that were "looming in the distance." In the governor-general's suite he arrived at Madras, and thence he was despatched to join the Nizam's force, and accompany it to Seringapatam. It consisted of two portions, the British troops in the pay of the Nizam, commanded by Colonels Roberts and Hyndman; and the Nizam's own troops under Meer Allum. They were all sepoys alike, but the one body was directly under the command of the Company's officers, while the other owned no master but the Nizam. It was with the latter portion of the force that Malcolm had mainly to do. He found these troops then in a state of mutiny; Meer Allum acknowledged himself unable to control them, and Malcolm felt himself justified in offering to take the command. His offer was accepted; and by a manly and determined bearing, he subdued those rude spirits, and reduced them into a state of obedience and efficiency. With this force of the Nizam, H. M.'s 33rd regiment was associated; and it was this that brought Malcolm into contact with the Honorable Arthur Wellesley; and thus a friendship was begun, which ripened into cordial intimacy, and which never slackened on either side till the last day of Malcolm's life. Indeed we may say in passing that we do not know that the Duke of Wellington was ever on more intimate terms with any man than with Sir John Malcolm.

The capture of Seringapatam, the death of Tippoo, and the subversion of his dynasty, belong to the history of India, rather than to the life of Malcolm. But there are two anecdotes,

related by Mr. Kaye, that we must transfer to our pages. On the morning of the final assault on the city, "Boy Malcolm" went into General Harris's tent, and addressed him as "Lord Harris." The old hero thought the joke mistimed, and answered him gravely. Yet we may be sure that he did not particularly dislike to be reminded by one whom he knew to be as sagacious as he was buoyant, of coming events casting their shadows The other story is equally characteristic. When the loot of Seringapatam was put up for sale, it was not unnatural that General Harris should wish to become possessor of the Spolia opima. But Tippoo's sword was knocked down to another bidder, to Captain Malcolm. Was he going to keep it for himself? No, he was not selfish enough for that. Was he going to send it Burnfoot? This would not have been inconsistent with his intense regard for his father and mother. But this too would have been selfishness; for what right had they peculiarly to a trophy which he had not peculiarly taken? No! he bought the sword, and presented it to Sir Alured Clarke. Harris liked him all the better for this tribute of respect for

a hero, of gratitude to his first patron.

In General Harris's despatch, Malcolm has a whole paragraph devoted to his praise; and indeed his services were of no ordinary kind. But for his exertions, and the confidence that the Nizam's officers and soldiers reposed in him, this large branch of the army would have been almost certainly lost to the cause. Lord Mornington was as willing to listen to the recommendation, as General Harris was to recommend "Captain Malcolm to the particular notice of his Lordship in Council;" and when a Commission was appointed for the settlement of the Mysore territory, consisting of General Harris, Arthur and Henry Wellesley, Colonels Kirkpatrick and Close, - John Malcolm and his friend, "Tom Munro," were appointed secretaries. When a governor-general nominates such a commission and such secretaries, it is not to be doubted that he means it to be a working commission; and such was this. In a month, the work was done, and done well. Much has been written on a point to which Mr. Kaye does not allude, or alludes only so slightly that the allusion will not be understood except by those conversant with the history of the period. We refer to the slight supposed to have been cast upon Sir David Baird, by his exclusion from this commission, and by the appointment of Col. Wellesley to the command of the city, to which Baird was thought to have a superior claim. We have no wish to revive this controversy; but we do think it is scarcely fair to admit, as seems to be sometimes admitted as an element in the discussion. the subsequent career of Colonel Wellesley. It is forgotten

that the controversy took place in the eighteenth, not in the nineteenth entury; that the parties were not Sir David Baird and the Duke of Wellington, but Sir David Baird and Colonel the Honorable Arthur Wellesley. That Colonel Wellesley's appointment was a good one is doubtless true; and it may be true also, that Baird's temper and habits fitted him better for the head of an army than for the settlement of a province; but we have not been quite convinced, either that Wellesley had showed so pre-eminent qualifications, or Baird so striking disqualifications as to justify the Governor-General in passing over the fine old hero, and appointing his own brother.

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The business of the Mysore Commissioner was scarcely wound up when Captain Malcolm was informed by Lord Mornington that he intended to send him as ambassador to the court of Persia. With what joy he received this announcement we need not tell. Since the days of Elizabeth, when Sir Anthony Jenkinson was sent to the court of the Shah of those days, no British envoy had proceeded to the Persian court. Malcolm himself thus states the objects of his Mission;—"To relieve India from the annual alarm of Zemaun Shah's invasion,\* \* \* to counteract the possible attempts of those villainous, but active democrats, the French; and to restore to some part of its former prosperity, a trade which has been in a great degree lost."

Zemaun Shah was at this time king of Affghanistan, who had been for years blustering about an invasion of the British territories, and a junction with the Mohammedan princes of India. It was considered a good stroke of policy to enlist Persia on our side, so that if he should attack us, Persia might attack him. The French were no doubt at this time ready for mischief of any sort; and it was probably necessary to checkmate them by all possible means. The trade with Persia had never been great; but it was considered desirable that it should not be allowed to fall wholly into disuse. Such were the objects of Malcolm's mission to Persia. As it was desirable that no time should be lost, and as his own temperament was never such as to lead him to lose time, he set off at once for Hyderabad, and spent a busy fortnight in closing his accounts there. He left Hyderabad on the 1st of November, 1799, reached Poonah on the 19th, and after a very short stay at Bombay, sailed thence on the 29th of December, two days before the end of the century. His first destination was Muscat, where he entered into a treaty between the Imaum and the English. He then started for Bushire, which he reached on the 1st of February, 1800.

Malcolm was strongly impressed with the conviction that his success in Persia would be greatly dependent on the liberality of his presents, and on the pertinacity of his standing up for his rights and dignities. Now the former was as much in accordance with his tastes as the latter was contrary to them. The giving of a present has the effect of putting people into good humour, the standing up for ceremony has that of putting them into bad humour. Still the one was as necessary as the other. Thus says his biographer:—

"The stickling for forms was more repellent to a man of Malcolm's temperament than the present-giving. He knew enough of oriental courts to recognise its necessity; but it was not less distasteful for the recognition. Eager as he was to advance with the work before him, it was vexatious in the extreme to be delayed by disputes about ceremonial observances—the style of a letter or the arrangement of an interview. He was personally a man of simple habits and unostentatious demeanour. Left to his own impulses, he would as readily have negotiated a treaty in his shirt-sleeves, and signed it with a billiard-cue under his arm, as arrayed in purple and gold, under a salute of artillery, and with a guard of honor at his back. But as the representative of a great nation, he was bound to uphold its dignity to the utmost. He was now among a people out of measure addicted to pomp and ceremony, with whom statesmanship was mainly a matter of fine writing; who stickled about forms of address, as though the destinies of empires were dependent upon the color of a compliment or the height of a chair; and who measured the grandeur of other nations with their own Chamberlain's wand. Any concession upon his part—any failure to insist upon the strict observance of what was due to him in his ambassadorial character, would have been construed, not only to his own disadvantage, but to that of the nation which he represented. So Malcolm resolved to do in Fars as is done in Fars, and to stickle as manfully for forms as any Hadjie in the country."

In fact it was merely a carrying out of the promise that he had made to the old woman at Burnfoot. She had urged him to be more careful about his "adonization" in London than it was necessary to be in Eskdale, and he had promised that when amongst strangers he should do "just weel aneugh." And now he was among strangers, and he strove to accommodate himself to their ideas. Only the old woman had held out the threat that, if he did not adopt London manners in London, he should be sent home again; and by adopting Persian manners in Persia, he narrowly escaped that penalty;—a penalty which, as our readers may remember, more than once followed a like course of procedure on the part of our ambassadors to China. Having remained at Bushire for more than three months, await-

ing the settlement of his claims as to ceremonial etiquette, he set forward for the Persian Capital on the 22nd of May:—

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"His suite consisted of six European gentlemen\*, two European servants, two surveying boys, forty-two troopers of the Madras native cavalry, forty-nine Bombay grenadiers, sixty-eight Indian servants and followers, a hundred and three Persian attendants, and two-hundred and thirty-six servants and followers belonging to the gentlemen of the Mission."

His first stage was at Shiraz, where the Prince-Regent held his Court. Here the ceremonial controversy was renewed. Malcolm insisted upon what he regarded as his rights, and they were conceded, though with a bad grace. For whatever was amiss, he insisted upon, and obtained, apologies. "Malcolm made a magnificent present to the prince,—a present of watches and pistols, mirrors and telescopes, shawls and table lustres, knives and tooth-picks, filagree-boxes and umbrellas, cloths and muslins, with an unlimited supply of sugar, sugar-candy and chintz." The quantity of sugar alone was portentous—339 maunds,—upwards of 27,000 lbs.,—besides two tubs of sugar-candy! and yet the Prince-Regent was but imperfectly sweetened after all.

He was detained at Shiraz longer than he expected, the cause of the delay being highly characteristic of the country in which it occurred. At last quitting it, he reached Ispahan on the 23rd of September, the autumnal equinox. Here Malcolm was received with great magnificence, and here also he dispensed presents on a princely scale. With all this it was not till the middle of November that he reached the Capital of Persia. As since the days of good Queen Bess and of Anthony Jenkinson, till the days of good King George and John Malcolm, no British envoy had stood before a Persian King, we may be allowed to extract our Author's account of Malcolm's first presentation:—

"On the 16th of November, the English ambassador was presented to the Persian monarch. After the ceremonies had been arranged, Malcolm, with all his suite, proceeded towards the palace, the drums and trumpets of his escort heralding his approach. One of his chief Hindostani servants carried the letter of the Governor-General. On reaching the inner gate, having dismounted, the ambassador was conducted to an apartment in which the Dewan-Beg was sitting,

*	From another part of the narrative, we learn that these were :-	
	Capt. William Campbell	First Assistant.
	Lieut. Charles Pasley	Assistants
	Mr. Richard Strachey	Assistants.
	Lieut. John Colebrooke	Commanding Escort,
	Mr. Gilbert Briggs	Surgeon.
	Mr. William Hollingberry	Writer.

and desired to seat himself on the other end of the same cushion. The governor-general's letter was then placed between them. Coffee and pipes were introduced; and after the lapse of nearly an hour, it was announced that the king himself was seated on the throne, and that he was prepared to receive the English envoy in the Dewan-

Khana, or hall of audience.

"Conducted by the Chamberlains, or masters of the ceremonies, Malcolm advanced, wearing the uniform of an English officer.\* The audience-chamber was at the further end of a great square, in various parts of which the officers of the court were marshalled according to their respective ranks. It was a lofty chamber, profusely ornamented, in one corner of which the king, gorgeously attired, and one blaze of jewellery, was seated upon his cushioned throne. † As Malcolm advanced, attended by the masters of the ceremonies—one of the officers of the court bearing the governor-general's letter on a golden salver—he uncovered his head whenever they made obeisance. As he neared the throne, a herald proclaimed that Captain John Malcolm was come from the Governor-General of India to see his Majesty of Persia. "He is welcome," replied the king. Then Malcolm walked up to the door of the audience-chamber, made a low bow, advanced to the centre of the room, and then took the seat provided for him. The gentlemen of his suite sat at a distance below him. The prime minister received the Governor-General's letter, and presented it to the king, who ordered it to be opened; and one of the secretaries of state then broke the seal, and read it with a very loud voice, in a clear and distinct manner.

"Having repeated his expressions of welcome, the king enquired after his Majesty of England; hoped that King George was in good health: asked how many wives he had; and put some perplexing questions respecting the manners of our Court. Then having inquired after the treatment which the ambassador had received on his journey, and how he liked the climate of the country, his Majesty spoke of the friendship which had always subsisted between Persia and Great Britain, and of the pleasurable feelings with which he contemplated its establishment on a firm basis. But beyond these general expressions of good feeling, nothing passed at the interview, relating to business of state. Malcolm, however, had every reason to congratulate himself on his reception. The affability with which the king had discoursed with him was declared to be "gracious beyond"

example."

On the 27th of November, the ambassador was again received by the monarch, and on this occasion, presented the magnificent

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Mehedi Ali Khan had endeavoured to persuade Malcolm to array himself in costly apparel, more in accordance with the ideas of the people than his plain soldier's uniform. But he laughed to scorn all such mummery, and declared that he would appear at the Persian Court as an Englishman and a soldier."

<sup>† &</sup>quot;'The King,' wrote Malcolm in his journal, 'has a fine countenance and an elegant person. He was dressed with a magnificence which it is impossible to describe—being covered with jewels, many of which are those of Nadir Shah. His dress could not be worth less than a million sterling.'"

presents with which he was charged. These were graciously accepted, and the king spent an hour in affable conversation with the ambassador.

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We cannot dwell upon the various events that occurred during the sojourn of Malcolm at the Persian Court. Enough to say that a commercial and a political treaty were prepared, discussed, altered and re-altered, and at length concluded, signed and sealed. Malcolm gained golden opinions for himself. The nobles vied with each other in sumptuous hospitality. The king himself was evidently pleased with his manly and joyous spirit; "and when," says his biographer, "he assured Malcolm, at parting, that he should ever feel the warmest interest in his welfare, the words were more ' truly spoken than are commonly the compliments of kings." The treaties being concluded at the end of January, 1801, Malcolm set out at once on his return to India, viá Baghdad, Bussorah and Bushire; and after various adventures, and a stormy voyage

in a leaky ship, he reached Bombay on the 13th of May.

On his arrival at Bombay, Malcolm was summoned to Calcutta to give an account of his mission, and had the satisfaction of receiving from the Governor-General assurances of his unqualified approbation of his proceedings. Lord Mornington, now become Lord Wellesley, also promised him the first appointment worthy of his acceptance, that might be vacant. En attendant, he appointed him to act as his own private secretary, during the absence of his brother, Mr. Henry Wellesley. This office is one whose holder may be every thing or nothing, according to the disposition of his chief. With Wellesley Malcolm was every thing, "dimidium melius sui." Honored and trusted by his Lordship, sharing with him the cares and the labors of the government of a great empire at a critical time, it is refreshing to see the constancy with which Malcolm's thoughts reverted to the old parlour at Burnfoot. It was now in his power to contribute handsomely to the increase of the material comforts of his parents and sisters; but we may be sure that his liberal remittances had little share in the production of the intense joy that his letters diffused in the old home. It is said that success is, with the public, the sole test of generalship. With the public it may be so, but not with mothers and sisters; and if Malcolm had been, not the most prosperous man in India,—as he was—but suffering under reproach and penury, these kindly judges would have brought in a verdict, finding him, as an Indian Court, at a later period, found a notable character, "the victim of circumstances." But when they learned that "Jock," who twenty years before had been "at the bottom" of half the boyish mischief in the parish of Westerkirk, was now very near the top of the government of a vast empire, they could only wonder and thank God.

Shortly after Malcolm's appointment to the Private Secretaryship, he accompanied the Governor-General on a trip to the N. W. Provinces; the main object of which was the settlement of Oude, that "Ireland" of India, whose management has, for half a century, been the grand test of the powers of each successive administration. In the course of the slow journey up the river, Malcolm was the confidential adviser of his Lordship, in regard to matters of great moment, which were then pressing upon his mind. These related not only to the settlement and administration of the country, but also to the relations between the home and the local authorities. We may state generally, -for we cannot afford to enter at all on the discussion of the matter—that the Court of Directors had conceived a strong prejudice against the officials at Madras; especially against Lord Clive, the Governor; Mr. Webbe, the Chief Secretary; and Mr. Cockburn, the president of the Revenue Board. Lord Wellesley was led, both by principle and interest, to stand by these men;—by principle, because he regarded them as the victims of injustice, by interest, not selfish but patriotic, because he considered their remaining in the country to be essential to the good of the country. It was too evident that a most disastrous collision between the Court and the Indian Governments might ensue. Thus there were long and earnest conferences, every day and all day, between the Governor-General and his private secretary. At last it was deemed necessary that Malcolm should proceed to Madras; and he parted with the Governor-General at Allahabad, and returned by dâk to Calcutta, whence he sailed at once for Madras, and reached it on the 26th of January, 1802. Employed there in a matter of exceeding delicacy and considerable difficulty, Malcolm acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of the Governor-General who had sent him, and of those to whom he was sent. One point in the negotiations involved no little selfdenial on Malcolm's part. It was Lord Wellesley's earnest desire that Mr. Webbe should remain in India. But as chief secretary at Madras he could not remain, because the Court of Directors had sent out a gentleman expressly to supersede him. Now the Residency of Mysore was about to become vacant, by the removal of Col. Close to Poonah. It had been fixed that Malcolm was to succeed to this office, one of the best in point of remuneration, and one of the most honorable in point of distinction, in the service. Now Malcolm was instructed to urge upon Mr. Webbe the acceptance of this office, to which he had himself been all but appointed; and he did plead with Webbe to accept the office, and pleaded so earnestly that he prevailed. We do not give him extravagant praise for this self-denying conduct; because we have never in India

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been without men willing to sacrifice their own interests to those of the public service. But we ought to mention that there were two circumstances which made the sacrifice peculiarly trying to Malcolm. The first was that Lord Wellesley did not intend to remain long in the country, and there might probably be no other vacancy to which he could appoint Malcolm, and certainly none so desirable in every way as this. The other was that he had already informed his friends in Scotland of his nomination to this office; and it was impossible to make them understand the reasons why the appointment had not taken place:—

"I know, my dear Colonel," said he, writing to Col. Kirkpatrick, "that you will feel this arrangement most severely in many respects, and in none more than as it affects me. This you must explain, particularly to Mr. John Pasley and my other friends. As they are under an impression, from letters which I cannot now re-call, that I am actually fixed as Resident at Mysore. Assure them that I consider my interests as little affected by the circumstances that have occurred, and that I continue to preserve—what Mr. Pasley knows has ever been my primary object—Lord Wellesley's favor and confidence."

As we shall not advert to this matter again, we may mention here that Mr. Webbe, in the course of a few months, hearing that Mr. Henry Wellesley was about to return to the Private Secretaryship, sent the resignation of his office to Lord Wellesley, for the express purpose of enabling His Lordship to make a permanent provision for Malcolm before his departure from India. But ere this, Malcolm was occupied in other matters.

Having brought his negotiations at Madras to a satisfactory termination, Malcolm set off at once for Calcutta, and thence to join the Goveror-General, who was then on his return from Lucknow. Early in March, he joined his Lordship, and again took possession of the Private-Secretary's seat. And so, through the hot weather of 1802, he labored at his desk in Calcutta, winning golden opinions from all descriptions of men. But this was not long to continue.

The King of Persia had sent an ambassador to India, to return Malcolm's visit to Teheran. At Bombay, a body of Company's sepoys was appointed to attend on him. A quarrel ensued between them and his own Persian attendants. The quarrel led to a scuffle, and the scuffle to a fight. Musket-balls were flying "quite promiscuously," when the ambassador unwisely went out to attempt to quell the disturbance. No sooner had he appeared on the scene than a bullet struck him, and down he fell

dead. This was an emergency. The effect produced by this disaster is thus described by Mr. Kaye:—

"It would be difficult to describe the sensation which this incident excited in the minds of all the European inhabitants of Bombay, from Governor Duncan down to the youngest ensign in the service. The whole settlement went into mourning. A frigate was despatched immediately to Calcutta to bear the melancholy tidings to the seat of the Supreme Government, and to seek for counsel in so unprecedented a conjuncture. The strongest minds in India were shaken by this terrible intelligence from Bombay. Even Lord Wellesley for a time was stunned and stupified by the disaster. A general gloom hung over the Presidency. Some spoke of the danger, some of the disgrace. To Malcolm the accident was peculiarly afflicting. He could not help feeling that the ambassador, though the guest of the nation, was peculiarly his guest. It was Malcolm's visit to Persia, which Hadjee Khalil Khan was returning, when he thus calamitously and ingloriously lost his life in a broil at the hands of one of our own people. He knew and he liked the man; but, beyond all, his heart was in the object of the Persian's mission. He saw now that all his own work was undone at a blow, just as the crown was about to be set upon it, and he knew not how long a time it might take to remedy the evil, even if the outrage did not lead to a total rupture with the Persian Court. "It brings sorrow to all," he wrote to Lord Hobart; "to me it brings the most severe distress. I see in one moment the labor of three years given to the winds (and that by the most unexpected and unprecedented of all accidents) just when it was on the point of completion."

Now Malcolm was the favorite adviser of Lord Wellesley on all occasions; and of course on a matter relating to Persia, his opinion was of the highest importance. So, after long and earnest conferences, it was agreed that the Private Secretary should proceed to Bombay, with a carte blanche, to do all that he might think necessary, in order to avert threatened calamity; and on the 30th of August, he embarked at Calcutta for Masulipatam. Thence he went at once to Hyderabad, where he had some work to do in conference with the Resident, Mr. Webbe. From Hyderabad he proceeded to Poonah, where also he had to hold conference with the Resident, Col. Close. In the course of his journey from Poonah to Bombay, an incident occurred, which would have tried the temper of most men; but Malcolm had the secret of being "jolly," under the most creditable circumstances. As he was quietly proceeding on his journey, dreaming of Burnfoot and Teheran, his palankin was surrounded by a body of cavalry and infantry, and he was made prisoner. It appeared that a petty chief, expecting a general action between Holkar and Scindiah, had conceived the idea that the possession of a man of Malcolm's standing would enable him to make ad-

vantageous terms with the victor, and so he had sent out a party to apprehend him. He was taken to a remote village among the hills, where only one inhabitant had ever seen a white face. He managed to get a note sent off to Poonah, and remained, without fear as to the issue. As this was the first time since he left Eskdale, that he had had an opportunity of witnessing unsophisticated village-life, he entered with great zest into the spirit of it; and perhaps the time that he spent here, passed as pleasantly as any that he ever passed out of Eskdale. He ingratiated himself with men, women, and children; and we should not wonder, if any traveller should now visit this village, though he found a tradition handed down through the half-century that has passed since then, of the sojourn of such a guest among them. But such pleasure could not last long. Fifteen hundred men were sent from Poonah, and Malcolm was allowed to proceed on his journey. He promised to the chief to inform the resident at Poonah, that, though detained, he had been treated with kindness. For the detention this Rob Roy was condemned to a fine; for the kindness, to a fine only.

Without further adventure, Malcolm reached Bombay on the 10th of October, and found the Persians very clamorous on account of the death of their master, and the Europeans very much alarmed at their clamours. But Malcolm's arrival soon put matters to rights. He understood the Persians, and they partly understood him, or were soon made to do so. By the end of the month, he had sent off the body of the ambassador to Persia, had expressed in a letter to the king, and in letters to many of the nobles and the relatives of the deceased, the extreme regret of the Governor-General, the Governor of Bombay, himself, and the whole community, at the melancholy occurrence, and had liberally expended presents and promised pensions to relatives and attachés. Perhaps the last step was the most effective of all. The Persians, king and people, acknowledged that the death of the Hadji was such an accident as will happen in the best-regulated families, and the entente cordiale suffered no interruption. Having brought this matter to so satisfactory a termination, Malcolm left Bombay about the end of November, and the close of the year 1802 found him in deep conference with Lord Wellesley in Calcutta

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Matters of no ordinary magnitude formed the prevailing subject of these conferences. The great Mahratta war was about to blaze out, and Malcolm was to have his fair share in the dangers and the glory of it. Mr. Webbe had resigned the Residency of Mysore at the end of the year, and Malcolm had been appointed to succeed him. But he was destined for a time to be a non-resident Resident. We must now endeavour, as

briefly as may be, to give our readers an idea of the position of the pieces on the board in the great game that was about to be played. Lord Wellesley was Governor-General; Lord Clive was Governor of Madras; General Lake was Commander-in-Chief in India; General Stuart was Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army; and under him General Arthur Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson were in command of divisions of the army; Colonel Close was Resident at the Peishwa's court at Poonah; Colonel Collins (our old friend Jack Collins\*) at that of Scindia; Mr. Webbe had been appointed to the Residency at the court of the Boonsla, or Raja of Berar, at Nagpore; and Major Malcolm stood appointed, as we have said, to succeed him as Resident at the court of the Raja of Mysore. Now some time before this, Scindia and the Peishwa had gone to loggerheads with Holkar, who had defeated their united forces in a smart action in the neighbourhood of Poonah. Holkar took possession of Poonah, but respected the flag on the British Residency. The Peishwa fled, and after various adventures, threw himself on the protection of the English, by whom he was conveyed in a British ship to Bassein. Here, on the last day of 1802, he signed a treaty, which was intended to be the basis of a great league of the chief Indian powers, the English, the Peishwa, Holkar, Scindia, the Boonsla, and the Nizam, on the footing of the English being acknowledged the paramount power. The first step to be taken was therefore to re-instate the Peishwa at Poonah; and it was hoped that this might be effected by a mere demonstration of force, without actually letting slip the dogs of war. General Wellesley therefore marched for Poonah, and was joined on the way by Col. Stevenson from Hyderabad. Holkar had quitted Poonah, leaving it in charge of Amrut Rao, one of his generals, with orders to burn it, if a British force should approach. General Wellesley prevented this by the rapidity of his movements, and Amrut Rao marched out with his garrison of 1,500 men. This was on the 20th of April, 1803. On the 27th, the Peishwa left Bassein, attended by Colonel Close, and escorted by a body of British troops under the command of Col. Murray, and on the 13th of May, he took his seat on the Musnud in Poonah.

Malcolm had left Calcutta in the beginning of February, but did not reach Madras till about the end of the month. After a short stay there, he joined General Stuart's camp, and after spending two days with him, he pushed on to join General Wellesley, who was on his march for Poonah. With him he remained in a non-descript position. He was nominally Resident at Seringapatam, and in that capacity he had no business in

<sup>\*</sup> See Calcutta Review, Vol. XXIV. Art, "LORD METCALFE."

General Wellesley's camp. But both from his knowledge of the position that Malcolm held in the Governor-General's confidence, and from his own respect for his judgment and skill in oriental diplomacy, General Wellesley desired to have him with him. It is evident also from the Governor-General's letters addressed to Malcolm at this time, that he expected of him the performance of the duties of Governor-General's Agent, though it does not appear that he was formally appointed to this office. His official position was not very clearly defined, but he had

abundance of work to do, and that was enough for him. The position of the "pieces" was now this: The confederation was complete between the English, the Peishwa, and the Nizam. Holkar was hovering on the frontiers of the Nizam's territory, which Stevenson had been detached by General Wellesley to defend. Scindia and the Boonsla were each in the field, and it did not yet appear what steps they were to take. The months of May, June, and July were spent in negotiation; but without effect. On the 3rd of August, Colonel Collins quitted Scindia's court; on the 6th, this intelligence reached General Wellesley: Scindia and the Boonsla had thus deliberately chosen to stake their fortune on the hazard of the die of war. On the 8th, General Wellesley took up his position before the walls of Ahmednugger, and on the 12th, the British bunting was floating over the citadel. But Malcolm had no share in this capture. He was on a sick-bed. He had been for months suffering from dysentery, and although he had been now up and now down, and had been able to do a vast amount of most important service, the insidious foe had been steadily gaining ground. After struggling long, sustained by his constitution, his spirit, and the excitement of his work, he yielded at last to the solicitation of his friends, and left the camp on the day after the capture of Ahmednuggur. He proceeded to Bombay, and there he speedily recovered, so far that we find him writing to General Wellesley on the 7th of September: "I have been at my desk, writing letters to England, for six ' hours, and am not fatigued. I am not yet permitted to ride." Whether the favorable symptoms had been deceptive, or whether he had over-taxed his strength and brought on a relapse, we do not know; but it was months after this ere he was able to rejoin Wellesley's camp; and he missed the glorious battles of Assave and Argaum. It was indeed a sore trial to a soldier to be doomed to inactivity while Lake fought Laswari, and Wellesley fought Assaye and Argaum. But these trials are not without their uses, and we doubt not that this trial was useful to Malcolm in various ways. At length, better but not yet well, he rejoined his old friend on the 16th of December. He was just in time to be too late, and too late to be in time. He heard from a

distance the firing at Gawilghur, and pushed on with all possible speed; but the fort had fallen before he came. And this was the end of the war. Two days after the Boonsla acceded to terms similar to those granted to the Peishwa. "Malcolm's arrival in camp," his biographer informs us, "was like a sudden burst of sun-shine." And we can well believe it. All work and no play was making dull boys of General Wellesley and those about him. But the Man Malcolm lessened the work by sharing

it, and the Boy Malcolm greatly augmented the play.

The Boonsla had now joined the league, but Scindia had not He now, however, began to treat, and after more than even the usual oriental amount of wriggling, evasion, and falsehood, a treaty was, at last, on the 30th of December, concluded on terms proposed by Malcolm, to whose judgment General Welleslev had on some points sacrificed his own. This treaty was concluded by Scindia's agents, and there was no doubt of its being ratified by himself. It was agreed between Malcolm and General Wellesley that as soon as the ratification was completed, Malcolm should proceed to Scindia's camp, in order to "conclude a ' supplementary treaty for the establishment of a subsidiary ' force in the Maharajah's dominions." To the camp he accordingly resorted, and a very difficult piece of work he had to He was sick, and Scindia was sick: or when he was well, he would not attend to business. Add to this that there were two parties among his advisers, who always, as a matter of course, pulled in opposite directions, and agreed in nothing but in opposing each other. Take an instance of the way in which native diplomacy was conducted in those days, and would be conducted now, if there were any native powers with whom to diplomatize. Malcolm had given to the ministers of Scindia a draft of a treaty, containing only such articles as he had understood to have been already agreed on in conference. When it was returned to him, he found that "almost all the expressions, ' and some of the most essential principles," had been altered, and that the following article had been added to it:-" That the ' English Government agreed, out of respect for the firman of ' the king,—out of regard for the tribe of the Peishwa,—out of friendship for the Maharajah,—and with a view to increase ' its own reputation with the natives of the country, to allow ' no cows to be killed in Hindostan!" With thus making and rejecting proposals, shifting, winding and wriggling, about two months passed over, and it was not till the last day of February that the negotiations were brought to a close. Malcolm had the gratification of receiving from the Governor-General privately, and from the Governor-General-in-Council publicly, the most cordial assurances of entire satisfaction with his services, and

approbation of the treaty which he had concluded. This was an immense relief to his mind; for he had received assurances that Lord Wellesley was not disposed to be easily satisfied. Even after the treaty was concluded, but before it reached Calcutta, his Lordship had written to Malcolm, threatening that if the treaty contained certain articles which he supposed it to contain, but which fortunately it did not contain, he would have recourse to the extreme measure of disowning the act of his own

agent, and refusing to sanction Malcolm's proceedings.

This supplementary treaty being concluded, it now fell to Malcolm's lot to arrange some important details, in order to the carrying into effect of the original treaty, concluded by General Wellesley. In the interpretation of that treaty a great difficulty arose. It had reference to various points of lesser moment, but mainly to the possession of Gwalior. If we understand aright the nature of the dispute,—and we have earnestly endeavoured to do so-it arose in this wise. By the treaty it was agreed that "such countries formerly in the possession of the Maharajah, ' situated between Jyepore and Joudpore, and to the southward of the former, are to belong to the Maharajah." By another article it was stipulated, "that whereas certain treaties have been made by the British Government with Rajahs and others, heretofore feudatories of the Maharajah, these treaties are to be confirmed; and the Maharajah hereby renounces all claims upon the persons with whom such treaties have been made, ' and declares them to be independent of his Government and ' authority, provided that none of the territories, belonging to ' the Maharajah, situated to the southward of those of the Rajahs of Jyepore and Joudpore and the Rana of Gohud, have been ' granted away by these treaties." This article referred to the treaties which had been made with the feudatory chiefs by General Lake, and of which General Wellesley did not know the contents when he concluded the main treaty with Scindia. The questions for consideration then were these two: To whom did Gwalior belong before the war? If to the Maharajah, Was there any thing in General Lake's engagements with the feudatory chiefs, which prevented our giving it back to him? Now the facts of the case were these: On the breaking up of the Mogul empire, Gwalior had fallen into the hands of the Rana of Gohud. From him it was taken by the Mahrattas before their breaking up into the great rival houses. It was taken by the English in 1780, and given to the Gohud Rana. In 1784, it was taken by the grandfather of Scindia, with the tacit consent of the English, to whom the Gohud Rana had been unfaithful. We do not see then on what possible ground it could be denied that at the commencement of the war, Gwalior was in possession

of the Maharajah. He had possessed it de facto for twenty years; and the English had never objected to his possession of it. This we think was tantamount in all fair reason to their acknowledgment of his right to possess it. There can be no doubt that Scindia signed the treaty with the understanding that it secured to him the possession of Gwalior; and if this were not the understanding of General Wellesley also, it seems almost incredible that nothing should have transpired in the course of the negotiation to rectify the apprehension of his astute plenipotentiary. This point then we consider settled.

How then did the treaties with the feudatory chiefs affect the settlement of the question? Two of these treaties touched upon it; that with Ambajee Inglia, and that with the Rana of Gohud. The account of these treaties we extract from Thornton's history, because it is fuller than that given by our

author :-

"Ambajee Inglia was a powerful servant of Scindia. \* \* \* of the territories which Ambajee had been authorized [by Scindia] to administer, formed the ancient possession of the house of Gohud. which had been conquered by Scindia some years before.\* Ambajee made overtures to the British Government, offering to detach himself from the service of Scindia, and become tributary to them. It was desirable to afford him encouragement, and the difficulty of reconciling his claims with those of the Rana of Gohud, was got over by dividing the country, and assigning the independent possession of part to Ambajee, in consideration of his surrendering the right of administering the whole; a negotiation with this view was opened, and, after much evasion, a treaty was concluded, by which Ambajee agreed to surrender all the territory north of Gwalior, together with the fortress of that name, the British Government guaranteeing to Ambajee the remainder of the territory which had been under his management. A force was despatched to take possession of the fortress, and Ambajee readily gave an order for its delivery. The commandant, however, refused to obey the instructions of his master, + and measures were taken for the reduction of the place by force. When a breach had been effected, the garrison offered to surrender in consideration of the sum of Rs. 50,000. This being refused, they demanded the value of certain stores as the price of submission, which being granted, possession of the fort was obtained by the English.

"By the treaty with the Rana of Gohud, Gwalior was ceded to

<sup>\*</sup> In 1784 as stated above.—Ed. C. R.

<sup>†</sup> Mr. Kaye says that this was by secret orders from Ambajee himself, whom he therefore designates "a double-dyed traitor." This is very likely; but it does not bear on the settlement of the question in hand.—Ed. C. R.

the Company, by whom the territories restored to her\* (him) under the arrangement with Ambajee were guaranteed."

It appears then that both Ambajee and the Gohud Rana had given up all rights which they might have possessed, or might have been supposed to possess, to Gwalior, and that it had been, so far as they were concerned, ceded to the East India Company. Now surely the meaning of the treaty with General Wellesley was, not that we should keep territory which Scindia claimed, on the ground of its being given up to us by his vassals, but only that we should be saved from the obligation to fulfil any portion of the treaty with him, whose fulfilment should put it out of our power to keep faith with those who had concluded treaties with General Lake. The article that we quoted above, would have justified the Company in withholding Gwalior from the Maharajah, if it had been by Lord Lake given over either to Ambajee or to the Gohud Rana; but not at all as the case really was.

On this point three distinct views were taken. Malcolm's was that it was both our duty, in terms of the treaty, and our interest politically, to allow Scindia's claim. General Wellesley's was that the duty was doubtful; but that in a case of doubt it was infinitely better to yield the point than to incur even the semblance of bad faith; and that, moreover, no harm could ensue from putting the Maharajah in possession of Gwalior. Lord Wellesley's was that good faith did not require our cession of Gwalior, and that policy imperatively demanded its retention. We give our vote unhesitatingly on the side of Malcolm, and cordially endorse Mr. Kaye's commendation of the firmness with which he sacrificed, what was to him a paramount object of desire,

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the friendship and favor of the Governor-General.

We know well what a "glorious little man" Lord Wellesley was; there never was a man whose friendship was more honorable or more delightful to those who enjoyed it. But his wrath was terrible. He would not have been a Wellesley else. And against Malcolm his wrath was fairly kindled. And then at this time especially he was peculiarly irritable. He was in bad health, and we all know that biliousness does not generally improve the temper. The Court of Directors were openly opposing the policy that he had so nobly and so conscientiously pursued. The ministry, from whom he had good reason to expect support, had abandoned him. He was about to leave the country, to save

<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Thornton makes a lady of this potentate, evidently confounding the word Rana with Rani; a mistake which we should scarcely have expected on the part of one so conversant with Indian affairs.—Ed. C. R.

himself from the ignominy of a recall; and he did not know but that he might be met on his return with an impeachment, and a second edition of Warren Hastings's trial. It was therefore peculiarly displeasing to him to have that very line of policy which was condemned by the Court, and not defended by the Crown, disputed and thwarted by one in whom he had placed such unbounded confidence as he had reposed in Malcolm. The controversy was only stopped by the arrival of Mr. Webbe, who relieved Malcolm of the office that had now become extremely distasteful to him. The Marquis afterwards wrote him a very long letter, which he intended to be conciliatory; but of which the plain English is simply this: "I have always encouraged you ' to give me advice, and have always had the highest possible 'opinion of you. But you must not give me advice which is distasteful to me." We dismiss this subject with the declaration that we do most thoroughly disapprove of Lord Wellesley's conduct in this matter, but that it was an exceptional case; indeed the only case we know in which he acted in a manner unworthy of himself.

We were anxious to place this matter in a clear light, and have therefore presented it in a single view, passing over events that occurred contemporaneously with its progress. Malcolm's health continued to be very indifferent, and it seemed impossible that he should get rid of his complaint without a change of climate. He was therefore desirous to be sent to England with despatches, announcing the termination of the Mahratta war. In this desire he was warmly supported by General Wellesley, who had urged it upon his brother; and it would most likely have been gratified, but for the unfortunate collision that ensued. But before this an event had occurred at home which deepened the gloom that had been induced by wearing indisposition, and the harassment of contending from day to day with chicanery and falsehood. "A letter from his uncle, John Pasley, an-' nounced the death of his venerable father. The sad tidings ' came upon him with painful suddenness. A few weeks before he had received a letter from his younger sailor-brother, ' Charles, \* announcing that all were well at Burnfoot; -and now he learned that the head of the family had been gathered to his rest. Mr. George Malcolm died peaceably in his own home, surrounded by his own people. He died as the Christian dieth, ' with an assured belief in the efficacy of his Redeemer's merits. 'To John Malcolm this thought-confirmed as it was by some beautiful letters from his sisters-brought great consolation. But still how deep was the sorrow which these tidings struck

<sup>\*</sup> The late Sir Charles Malcolm.

' into his heart, may be gathered from "-a letter which his Biographer quotes at length, but which we need not quote, seeing that both we and the majority of our readers are exiles as he was, and know, without being told, the effect of such tidings from our distant home. It is a solemn thing under any circumstances to lose a father, recalling as it does all the instances,—long forgotten, it may be, by the son, and heartily forgiven by the father,—in which the thoughtlessness, or indiscretion, or sins, of the son may have grieved the heart of the father. He must have been a better son than probably any of us have been, who has not many such instances to recall; he must be a worse son than, we hope, any of us have been, who does not on the occasion of his father's death, recall them. But if it is a solemnizing and a saddening thing to stand by the death-bed of a parent, it is ten-fold more so to hear long after that a parent has died in our absence. How we reproach ourselves with every laugh and jest that we have uttered, every gaiety in which we have indulged, even the eagerness with which we have engaged in our ordinary studies or business, as if it were an insult to the memory of those for whom we ought to have been mourning. All this, it will be said, is unreasonable. It may be so; but it is not of reasoning, but

of feeling, that we are speaking. Very glad was Malcolm, we may be sure, according to the measure of gladness that is competent to a man suffering under chronic dysentery, and mourning the death of a revered and beloved father, and lying under the severe displeasure of a master whom he has served with intensest zeal, when Mr. Webbe's arrival allowed him to quit the camp of Scindia. Immediately he took leave on sick-certificate, and went to pay a visit to his brother Robert at Vizagapatam. It was a great thing for Malcolm to be able at this time to hold quiet conference with his elder brother. A sister or a more excitable brother might have unmanned him; but Robert was grave and sensible, perhaps rather common-place; but kind and warm-hearted, and equally with John venerating and loving the father whom they had lost. In his society, and with nothing to do, Malcolm recovered his health and spirits insensibly. But it is proverbial, how difficult it is to get out of "mournings;" and although we do not in India indulge much in "the trappings and the suits of woe," the mere millinery and tailory of grief, yet it would seem as if there were truth in the proverb. We suppose that it is with this as with many matters of the same kind. People note the cases in which such coincidences occur, and disregard the cases in which they do not occur. Be this as it may, the two brothers learned at Vizagapatam of the death of another brother, William, a London merchant.

Meantime public events were running their course. There had been more change in the names than in the position of the "pieces" on our board. General Lake had become Lord Lake; General Wellesley was now Sir Arthur Wellesley, K. C. B., and Major Malcolm had become Lieut.-Colonel Malcolm. The only substantial change was that Lord Clive had left Madras, and had been succeeded in the Government of that Presidency by Lord William Bentinck. Holkar, who had unaccountably and most accommodatingly kept quiet while we had Scindia and the Boonsla on our hands, threw down the gauntlet when we had nothing to interfere with our "polishing him off." Lord Lake was, as before, kept in the north: and Sir Arthur Wellesley, as before, was sent to the south. Being in Calcutta, he wrote to Malcolm that he wished to take him with him into the Decean, and that he would pick him up on his way down the Bay. Accordingly, early in November, Malcolm joined his friend on board the Bombay frigate off Ganjam. Thence they proceeded to Madras, and after a few days' stay there, to Mysore. Malcolm found that things were getting on swimmingly under the able superintendence of his Assistant Major Wilks, and that there was nothing requiring his presence at the Residency. But it became more and more evident that there was to be no fighting in that part of India. Although the opening of the campaign was inauspicious for us, Lord Lake was now pressing Holkar so hard, as to require him to concentrate his forces towards the north. So Sir Arthur resolved to go to England, and Colonel Malcolm resolved to settle down in his Residency, and to occupy himself with the composition of the History of Persia. But this was not to be,at least not yet. At the close of the year he took formal charge of the Residency, intimating the fact to Lord William Bentinek on the 23rd of December; but Lord Wellesley required his services elsewhere, "so in the month of March, Malcolm guitted ' Mysore, and in the course of April (1803) again found himself ' deep in the councils of Government House in Calcutta." The matters under discussion are brought clearly into view in the following passage:—

"To what extent and in what manner it was desirable to interfere with the concerns of the Holkar family;—whether it were expedient to apply to the state of things which had arisen in consequence of the growing power of Jeswunt Rao (Holkar) the principle of counterpoise, and to depress Holkar by elevating Scindia;—whether it were advisable to interfere in the internal relations of the former family, and by supporting another member of it to the injury of Jeswunt Rao, secure the allegiance of the former;—or whether it behoved us to regard Holkar as any other prince, and deal with him for good or for evil, for peace or for war, as the circumstances of his

own conduct might suggest, were questions which at this time were warmly discussed by Lord Wellesley and his advisers, and debated by the authorities at home."

The first of these lines of policy Malcolm had proposed and advocated in letters from Scindia's camp, and the idea had then been scouted by Lord Wellesley. But at that time Scindia was on friendly terms with us, and had evidently a disposition favorable to the maintenance of peace. In the course of little more than a year that had elapsed since then, he had fallen entirely under the influence of his father-in-law and prime minister, Surjee Rao Ghautka, who had contrived to convert him from a somewhat thoughtless, but withal not a disingenuous youth, into a depraved and hopeless scoundrel. The advice that Malcolm gave in 1803, was therefore altogether inapplicable in 1805. But unfortunately Lord Wellesley, who had scouted it then, was too willing to act upon it now. Even Mr. Kaye, who has for Lord Wellesley a veneration and an affection of no ordinary strength, is obliged to differ from him. He can only apologize for him; and the apology must, to a certain extent at least, be sustained:—

"Lord Wellesley was now on the eve of retirement from office. He was every day expecting to hear of the appointment of his successor. He was weary and heart-sick of the long-continued strife which he had maintained with the authorities at home. It was easy to say that the "glorious little man" was losing all his old courage, was shaken in his high resolves. But it was not easy to bear up against the irritating assaults of his enemies, and the galling desertion of his friends. Whatever may have been the sympathy and support which a steady adhesion to his old policy would have secured to him from the statesmen of India, he knew that he could look for neither sympathy nor support from England; and to England he was now carrying his reputation. The "great game" may have suited those who were not responsible for its success or failure. And Lord Wellesley would still, perhaps, not have shrunk from it, if he could have seen it played out. But he knew that he would have been held responsible for measures initiated, but not prosecuted to their completion, by himself; and there were many considerations which enveloped the issue of another war with a mist of doubt and uncertainty."

We have said that this apology must be sustained, to a certain extent, but to a certain extent only. In fact it would have been more applicable to the close of 1803, than to the beginning of 1805. At the former of these dates, no less than at the latter, Lord Wellesley supposed himself to be on the eve of retirement. And his unpopularity at home had greatly decreased in the interval. While the thanks of parliament had been cordially given to all engaged in the war, on purely military grounds, so far as

regarded its conduct, there had been but a slight grumble uttered by a few members against its origination on political grounds. The Crown had raised General Lake to the peerage, and General Wellesley to the knighthood of the Bath. "I am not certain," we find him writing to Malcolm on the 2nd of November, 1804, " of the views of the present administration with regard to the ' system of government and policy in India, although I have ' received a very kind and flattering letter from Mr. Pitt." This surely indicates that the tide had turned in his favor, and shews a different state of things from that which prevailed in 1803, respecting which General Wellesley wrote to Malcolm on the 21st of January, 1804, as follows,-" The Governor-General has ' received a letter from Henry, in which Henry informs him ' that he had had a long conversation with Mr. Addington ' on the subject of the support which the Governor-General was ' to expect from ministers hereafter, in which Mr. Addington said ' plainly that they could not support the Governor-General ' against the Court of Directors."

Be all these things as they might, Lord Wellesley was glad to remain at peace with Scindia, if it could be maintained without dishonor; and Mr. Jenkins, (afterwards Sir Richard Jenkins, who died lately) then acting Resident at his court, was instructed to inform him, if he thought fit, that either Col. Malcolm or Mr. Græme Mercer, or both, would probably soon be deputed on a special mission to his court. And so, after a fortnight's residence in Calcutta, Malcolm proceeded to Lord Lake's camp, with discretionary powers to act as the course of events might render expedient. In this mission, Malcolm rejoiced on various accounts; but mainly because it showed him that he still retained, or had completely regained, that place in Lord Wellesley's confidence, which had been his joy and his pride, and the loss, or

supposed loss, of which had grieved him so bitterly.

And so Malcolm set out from Calcutta, to attempt to unravel the tangled skein of Mahratta politics. After visiting Lucknow, he joined Lord Lake on the banks of the Chumbul, and shortly after proceeded with him to Muttra, "He now found himself among new friends, and, for the first time, on service with the Bengal Army. His arrival had created no little sensation in the camp. There were many there familiar with his name and his reputation, who had long desired to see the man of whom they had heard so much, and who were not disappointed. He was doubly welcome at Lord Lake's head-quarters. He was welcome on his own account. His fine personal qualities ever rendered him popular both with young and old; and his presence contributed much to the cheerfulness of the camp. But he was welcome also as one who was believed to be at the head of the war-party—

or rather one who would not willingly consent to any peace ' but an honorable and a lasting one." In laying plans for vigorous action in peace or in war, the hot months of 1805 were passed away; when Malcolm was put to a severe test by a request from Lord Wellesley that he should accompany him to England. What his Lordship's purpose might be in making this request, we cannot quite understand, nor does the work before us give us any aid. Being left to conjecture, therefore, we suppose that his Lordship, expecting to be assailed with a storm of censure on his return to England, was anxious to have one with him, on whose talents and whose hearty sympathy he could count with certainty, as at once an able and a zealous vindicator of the policy that he had pursued. It was a difficult matter for Malcolm to decide whether he should or should not comply with this request; he decided in the negative; and we think few will doubt that he decided wisely.

On the 30th of July, 1805, Lord Cornwallis arrived in Calcutta, and Lord Wellesley shortly afterwards took his departure, carrying with him the respect of all, even of those who did not approve of the principles of his administration. At this distance of time we can judge impartially of those principles. They have given its character to the history of India during the last half-century; and we do not hesitate to say that an opposite line of policy would have produced a worse result. By saying this we do not intend to commit ourselves to the advocacy of a "warpolicy" in all circumstances. But at the end of last century, and the beginning of the present, it was a question of our existence or non-existence in India. It is to Lord Wellesley that we owe our existence as a great Asiatic power; and he would be a bolder man than we who would venture to say that our existence in that character has not been advantageous both to Eng-

Ind and to India.

One of Lord Cornwallis's first acts was to forward to Malcolm an explicit outline of the course of policy which he intended to pursue. He was avowedly sent out to alter that of his predecessor, and to introduce a peace-policy,—mainly on financial grounds. He therefore frankly asked Malcolm whether he were willing to co-operate heartily with him in effecting his purposes. Perhaps some may think that Malcolm's office was so far a political one, where so much was necessarily left to the judgment of the actual officer, that it would have been wiser for him to have resigned it, and either to have returned to his Residency at Mysore, or to have volunteered for military service under Lord Lake. And Malcolm soon felt that this was the only course left to him to pursue. He therefore determined to beg to be relieved of his office. But at present he did not feel this; and

he replied to Lord Cornwallis, that he would, as a public servant, render a cheerful obedience to His Lordship's commands, and do all that he could do to merit his approbation. But he soon found that the views of Lord Cornwallis, and indeed the conditions of his appointment, were still more directly opposed to the policy of his predecessor than he had at first supposed; that they were not only opposed to annexation, but that they comprehended the cession of whole kingdoms already annexed. His views as to the nature of his office, and the necessity of its being held by one whose sentiments were in accordance with those of the Governor-General, are very clearly stated in a letter to his friend, Mr. Edmonstone, part of which we extract:—

"Your station and mine are, my dear friend, widely different. As an officer of Government, acting immediately under the Governor-General, you have in fact, only to obey orders, and are never left to the exercise of your own discretion and judgment, as you have a ready reference in all cases that can occur to the superior authority, with whom, of course, every responsibility rests. Under such circumstances, a secretary that chooses to be of a different opinionthat is to say, to maintain different opinions-from a Governor-General, has, in my opinion, no option but to resign; and his resignation would, on such occasion, appear extraordinary to every person acquainted with the nature of his office, which is obviously one of an executive, not of a deliberative nature. Now look at my situation. Placed at a great distance from the Governor-General, and acting upon instructions of a general nature—obliged constantly to determine points upon my own judgment, as there is no time for reference—liable to be called upon by extraordinary exigencies to act in a most decided manner to save the public interests from injury, it is indispensable that the sentiments of my mind should be in some unison with the dictates of my duty; and if they unfortunately are contrary to it, I am not fit to be employed, for I have seen enough of these scenes to be satisfied that a mere principle of obedience will never carry a man through a charge, where such large discretionary powers must be given, with either honor to himself or advantage to the public."

On the day before this letter was written, Lord Cornwallis died at Ghazipore,—"one of the best and noblest of men who ever gave his life to his country." Colonel Malcolm, on personal grounds, deeply lamented this event. Lord Cornwallis was his earliest patron. Even in the days when he was in reality, as for so long he was in name and in feeling, the Boy Malcolm, his Lordship had befriended him. And now, in the few weeks of his second tenure of the Governor-General's office, he had treated Malcolm with that frankness and manly confidence which is alike creditable to the man who displays it, and to the

man towards whom it is displayed. Lord Cornwallis was a gentleman, and knew that, in dealing with Malcolm, he had a gentleman to deal with. But while Malcolm shared the grief which all India felt at the loss of the venerable veteran, and shared in addition the grief which his personal friends felt with double keenness; he did not conceal his belief that, for the interests of the public service, especially as regarded the conduct of those difficult negotiations in which he was himself engaged, it was better that the vice-regal sceptre had passed into another hand. The hand destined to receive it was that of Sir George Barlow, a man who had been deep in the confidence of Lord Wellesley, and who had supported him in those measures which Malcolm believed to be essential to the good of India. Malcolm therefore hastened to recall his resignation, and to assure Sir George of his willingness to be employed in his present situation. But Sir George was in a difficult position one of the most difficult in which a public or a private man can be placed. Nothing can be done without money, and the Indian Government had no money, nor the means of procuring any. "Why don't you rob the butler?" said Sheridan to his son Tom. "I have robbed him already," was the lugubrious answer. "Then rob the cook." "It is done, sir." The story is true with respect to the Government of India at that time. With reference to this subject, we have already written at some length in our Review of the life of Lord Metcalfe. and can add nothing to the following sentence which we then wrote. "We believe that peace was in 1806 a necessity. Without money the war could not be carried on, and money there was ' none. It was not a question of giving or withholding what was. ' It was the necessity of not giving what could in no way be pro-Still we were not reduced to the ignominy of suing for terms. Malcolm concluded with Scindia a treaty which, if it would not have pleased Lord Wellesley in the days when he was in the heart of the "great game," was yet upon the whole advantageous to us. Lord Lake pursued Holkar so closely that his army was discomfited without a battle. He sued for peace, and it was granted to him on terms, which, while more favorable to him than would probably have been granted, had there been a few crores of rupees in the treasury at Calcutta, were yet advantageous to the British interests. There is no doubt that it is mainly to Malcolm that we owe that these treaties were so favorable to our interests as they were. His services on this occasion were of the most laborious and the most disinterested kind. He had done all that could be done to raise money, and had succeeded to a certain extent; and had not been convinced that both the butler and the cook were "cleared out." In a word he was a

soldier and a diplomatist; but he was not a financier. He probably did not know the full extent of the financial difficulty with which Barlow had to contend; and if he had known it, he probably would not have been willing to acknowledge that it could not be surmounted.

But while we are prepared to vindicate Sir George Barlow thus far, we cannot but think that he passed over the line that separates moderation from pusillanimity, when he resolved to withdraw the shield of British protection from those petty states with whom we had been in alliance. This was simply ceding their territories to Holkar; and was, in our estimation, at once a crime and blunder. So thought Lord Lake and Colonel Malcolm; and many a "wigging" was administered to the latter for the freedom with which he expressed his sentiments. That these sentiments were always expressed with perfect temper, and with due official deference, we will not assert. Malcolm was indeed a Tory, and therefore well disposed to submit to legitimate authority; but still he had stood his ground unflinchingly against the man in all the world whom he most venerated, and whom he regarded with feelings which, in these days of independence and "the points of the charter," will probably be regarded by some as verging upon servility; and it was not very likely that he would defer more, or so much, to a man whom he must have regarded as belonging to his own class, and with whom he had been accustomed to associate on terms of familiarity and equality. Moreover Malcolm must have regarded Barlow as a renegade from the principles of the Wellesley administration; and this was what he could not tolerate. The "wiggings" that he received, therefore, fond as he was of approbation and applause, and sensitive as he was of blame or censure, he learned to regard as honorable to himself, and thought himself, in some sort, a martyr for those principles to which he was "faithful found, 'mid many faithless." It was with sore hearts that Lord Lake and he heard the remonstrances of the agents of the native chiefs against our breach of faith, and could not deny that the accusations were just. "It is the first ' time," said the agent of one of these chiefs, " that the British ' Government has ever abandoned an ally from motives of mere ' convenience." And Malcolm echoed the sentiment with a bitter sense of shame and humiliation. "This is the first measure of ' the kind," he wrote, "that the English have ever taken ' in India, and I trust in God it will be the last." With these feelings, obliged to act ministerially in a case against which his heart and his judgment alike revolted, with his health broken by incessant toil, it may be easily supposed that Malcolm longed for the time when he might return to Mysore, and occupy himself with the history of Persia.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Malcolm himself was eager to return to Mysore, and be quiet.

Sept., 1857.

His health was failing him again; he had overworked himself, and he could look only to rest as a restorative. But there was one special and highly important duty which detained him in Upper India. After the conclusion of the peace with Holkar, the army had marched back to the provinces, and Malcolm, still at the elbow of the Commander-in-Chief, had accompanied it. Not merely were the final arrangements of which he was the unwilling agent, with respect to the Western Alliances, to be carried out, but the great work of reducing the irregular troops was to be accomplished under his directions. Among the many services which he rendered to the State, this—though it makes little show in a work of biography was not the least arduous in performance, or the least important in result. His efforts in this direction were unwearied, and they were crowned with a success which exceeded the most sanguine hopes of the Government. By the 1st of April, little remained of the immense body of irregulars which had so encumbered our finances, beyond a single corps (Skinner's), and the monthly expenditure had

been reduced from four lakhs to 35,000 rupees.

"At the same time the provincial battalions, to which the internal defence of Upper India had been entrusted, were being disbanded. A vast amount of other detail-business also devolved upon Malcolm business connected with the numerous claims of individuals for reward or compensation for services rendered or injuries sustained during the Jagheers were to be granted to some; pensions or gratuities to Every man's claim was to be sifted to the bottom. The Governor-General might differ in opinion from Malcolm regarding the political system most advantageous, in its application, to the interests of the State, but he could not withhold his approbation from the zealous and successful exertions which that good and faithful servant was making to wind up all the multitudinous affairs, political and financial, which remained to be adjusted,—the sequelæ of a three Lord Lake had ever delighted to acknowledge the important assistance he had received from Malcolm; and now the Governor-General-in-Council declared that "they had great pleasure ' in expressing their high approbation of the activity, diligence, ability, and judgment manifested by Colonel Malcolm in discharge of the arduous, laborious, and important duties connected with the ' arrangements for the reduction of the irregular troops, and for the ' assignment of rewards and provisions to such individuals as had ' received promises, or had established claims upon the Government by their conduct during the war, and concur in opinion with his ' Lordship (Lord Lake) that Colonel Malcolm has accomplished ' these objects in a manner highly advantageous to the interests, and ' honorable to the reputation, of the British Government; and con-' sider that officer to have rendered essential public services by his ' indefatigable and successful exertions in the accomplishment of ' these important arrangements."

At the end of June, Malcolm left Lord Lake at Cawnpore, and proceeded by boat to Calcutta. Here his reception by his numerous friends was cordial, and by the Governor-General

polite and respectful. Between Barlow and Malcolm, there was decidedly what is very conveniently termed a misunderstanding, which, while it prevented any great amount of personal cordiality between them, made them both doubly careful to fail in no point of public and official recognition. Malcolm's desire and intention were to proceed, without delay, to Mysore, and Barlow would have been glad on some accounts to have him there. But he could not dispense with his presence in Calcutta. Holkar was shewing his teeth again; and although Barlow would not consent to act upon Malcolm's advice, he felt that he would not be justified in declining to avail himself of his knowledge. "I do not think it probable," says he, in a letter to Lord Wellesley, "that any opinions of mine will ever be adopted ' in a manner beneficial to the public interests; every statement ' is favorably received, and its truth and justice acknowledged; ' but it is first modelled with a view of reconciling its adoption ' to prior proceedings, and next with that of suiting it to the ' palate of the Directors; and after undergoing this alterative course, it cannot be supposed to retain much of its original ' character." Altogether, Malcolm was at this time under a cloud; and his main consolation seems to have been in unburdening his mind in long letters to the Marquis and Sir Arthur Wellesley. In addition to the apprehensions that he felt for the safety of the state as threatened by Holkar, he shared with all men in those days, the alarm excited by the mutiny of Vellore. The threatenings without, and the troubles within our borders, led him to look with eager desire to the Wellesleys, and he earnestly desired that Sir Arthur should be sent to Madras, as Governor and Commander-in-Chief. This measure he agitated with characteristic zeal. "Sir Arthur Wellesley would have returned to India if he had been invited; but his friends ' thought that he could render more essential service to his coun-' try nearer home." The following extract of a letter from Sir Arthur has an affecting interest in these days:-

"Alas! my dear Malcolm, what is come over the army of Fort St. George? What are we to believe? Is it possible that the princes at Vellore can have corrupted the detachment at Hyderabad at the distance of 500 miles? Surely these princes, in confinement, and possessing but limited pecuniary means, could never have had the power of creating a general interest in their favor throughout the whole of the native army of Fort St. George, dispersed as it is over thousands of miles! I am all anxiety upon this subject, and yet I have not received a line from a soul. Nobody believes the accounts which have been received from India upon this subject, notwithstanding the character and credit of those who have transmitted them; and the mind of every man is filled with suspicion

and alarm. Surely the brave fellows who went through the difficulties and dangers of the Mahratta campaign, cannot have broken their allegiance! I can never believe it till I see it proved in the clearest manner."

Thus in these latter days, men have been reasoning a priori, believing in part, yet striving to unbelieve, considering things to be impossible whose possibility has been vouched by their actuality. In the same letter from which this extract is taken, Sir Arthur intimates that the Government had some thoughts of sending an embassy to Persia, and that Sir Arthur was exerting himself to secure that the ambassador should be, not Mr.

Harford Jones, as was proposed, but Colonel Malcolm.

At length, nothing loth, Malcolm left Calcutta, reached Madras on the 14th of January, 1807, and on the 21st of March, left it for Mysore. His purpose now was to remain quietly at his Residency for a year, recruit his finances, which had been somewhat impaired by the expenses which he had been obliged to incur in northern India, and then retire to old England and otium cum dignitate. We cannot, at this stage of our article, afford to indulge in disquisition, else we might shew that Malcolm was in error; that the true otium for him was negotium; that the dignity that was most suited to his taste, was what is called in these days the dignity of labor. He soon felt this himself. Mysore was too quiet for him. He was not the kind of man who, when there was nothing to do, could do it well. And in Mysore there was nothing to do but to let well alone. We find him therefore suggesting that he should be sent at the head of a small force to Bussorah, in order to divert the attention of Turkey, and compel the Sultan to withdraw from his connexion with Buonaparte. This proposal was made on the 6th of May, and repeated on the 25th. How then are we to account for the change that seems to have come over the mind of the writer, when Lord Minto arrived at Madras in the course of the following month, and when he wrote to his son and private secretary, begging him not to put him in the way of active employment, as his desire was now to spend a short time quietly in Mysore, and then to retire to a cottage on the lovely banks of the Eske? The solution is not difficult. There was to be love in that cottage. To make a long story short—and after the manner of India in those days, it was not a very long story— Malcolm had become acquainted with Miss Charlotte Campbell, daughter of Colonel Campbell, of H. M.'s 74th regiment, (afterwards Sir Alexander Campbell, Bart. and K. C. B., and Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army.) The acquaintance had sprouted up into friendship, the friendship had grown up into love,

and the love was about to effloresce into the orange-blossoms of marriage. And accordingly on the 4th of July, Miss Charlotte Campbell became Mrs. John Malcolm, the soldier's daughter became the soldier's wife,—an help-meet for her husband. "After so many years of stirring and trying work, the enjoy-' ment of a few months of repose was, perhaps, the best service ' he could render to the state. But he soon felt that he was ' again ready for a life of action. There was a new incentive ' to exertion. The once cherished idea of a speedy return to ' England was abandoned. So Malcolm again turned his thoughts ' towards some extensive scene of action, on which new honors ' might be gained to ennoble the name he had given to his And such a scene was soon to offer itself. The peace of Tilsit had brought France and Russia into alliance; and it was not doubtful that they contemplated a combined attack upon To resist such an attack, Lord Minto determined to strengthen our alliance with the powers on our western and north-western borders; and in order to this end he resolved to send Charles Metcalfe to the Punjaub, Mountstuart Elphinstone to Affghanistan, and Colonel Malcolm to Persia. A few pages back we stated that it was the design of the Home authorities to send an ambassador to Persia, and that Sir Arthur Welleslev had exerted his influence to secure the nomination for Malcolm in preference to Mr. Harford Jones. Mr. Kave. after stating that it seemed a mere matter of course that Malcolm should be selected for the Persian embassy, goes on to

"But there were other and higher authorities, and it was possible for them to ignore, or to reject, Malcolm's claims, and to think of another ambassador. Lord Minto, before leaving England, had urged those claims upon the King's ministers and the Court of Directors, and Sir Arthur Wellesley had done the same. But they had failed. The fact is that Malcolm, though perhaps the most popular man in India, was not popular in the regions of Leadenhall-Street and Whitehall. He had the reputation of being an able, an energetic, but an unsafe man. By unsafe they meant extravagant. They believed that on his former mission to Persia he had spent a large sum of public money; and they determined now to despatch to Teheran one with less magnificent notions of the greatness of England and the dignity of an ambassador. There was a gentleman then in England ready to their hand and fit for their purpose. Mr. Harford Jones had resided for many years in a mixed political and commercial capacity on the shores of the Persian gulf; he was not without a certain kind of cleverness, but it had never obtained for him any reputation in India, and among the Persians themselves his standing had never been such as to invest him with any prestige of authority, or to secure for him general respect. What it was

that particularly recommended him to the authorities at home—except that he was in almost every respect the very reverse of Malcolm—it is difficult to say; but they made him a Baronet, and despatched him, with large powers from the Crown, as ambassador to Persia, to counteract the influence of the French, and to conclude a treaty with the Shah. It was at first designed that he should proceed to Teheran by the way of St. Petersburg; but the peace of Tilsit necessitated the abandonment of this project, and when Lord Minto arrived in India he was altogether ignorant of the manner in which, under these altered circumstances, the representative of the Court of St. James would shape his movements in the east.

"In this state of uncertainty the Governor-General believed that there was still room for Malcolm to be beneficially employed (pending the arrival of Jones at Teheran) in that part of the country, which the influence of the latter would hardly reach. It was proposed therefore, to despatch him at once to the Persian Gulf, with a commission of a somewhat general and not very defined cha-

racter."

We must say that we question the wisdom of this. Had Lord Minto not proposed in England the mission of Malcolm to Persia,—had the matter occurred to him for the first time in India, it would have been different. But the Court of Directors and the King's Government having distinctly refused to send Malcolm, nothing but the most pressing necessity could have justified the Governor-General in exposing his envoy to the collision which must have infallibly ensued. And we do not think that such necessity existed. It is true that the French had already an embassy in Persia, and it may be true that Russian diplomacy was at work in a less open manner. But it is also true that the Shah had hitherto valued the English alliance, and that there was no reason to believe that the habits of the Persian Court would permit a very speedy

change of his policy.

Of course Malcolm accepted the appointment. On the suggestion of Sir George Barlow, who was now Governor of Madras, and who seems to have forgotten the little "tiff" he had had with Malcolm while he temporarily held the office of Governor-General, he was gazetted as Brigadier-General, with a view to the increase of his influence in Persia. On the 17th of February, 1808, Malcolm, accompanied by his wife, embarked at Madras for Bombay. He reached this port in the first week of April, and here he made the acquaintance of Sir James Mackintosh,—an acquaintance which soon ripened into a lasting friendship. On the 17th of April, he embarked on board the *Psyche*, a frigate lately captured from the French. Mrs. Malcolm was left at Bombay. It appears that Malcolm's spirits were not high when he set out on his mission. The counteraction of French influence was all in the way of his duty, and not incompatible with his

tastes. But it was no pleasant prospect that was before him, in having to maintain his position as affected by the presence of Sir Harford Jones, about who semovements he seems to have been uncertain, and who might arrive in Persia before him, or while he was there. And then he was a man and a husband as well as a public officer; and it was not pleasant to leave his wife, after nine months of married life, among strangers.

Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
Or shiver at the gale?
Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe I'm not so weak,
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Enough, enough, my yeoman good, Thy grief let none gainsay.

But his depression did not last long. At Muscat he did not land, but received a kind message from the Imaum, which was brought by an old friend, whose kindly remembrance of his former visit was very gratifying to his feelings. From Bushire he sent Captain Pasley and Mr. Bruce to Teheran with a letter to the King. But they were not allowed to proceed further than Shiraz. The French influence had prevailed. While their embassy was at court, Malcom was instructed to negotiate with the Prince Regent at Shiraz. To this he would not consent; and immediately set sail for Calcutta. His mission had failed; but he had done his duty, and he was not dispirited. Writing to his wife on the day of his leaving Bushire, he says:—

"I have determined to proceed to Fort William, and sail for that place to-day. The resolution to pass Bombay, believe me, was not taken without pain; but my duty called for the sacrifice, and you will be pleased that I had virtue and firmness enough to make it. I hope to be at Calcutta about the 1st of September. I shall leave it for Bombay about the 1st of October, and arrive with my dearest Charlotte about the 10th of November. How long I stay there is a speculation; but, believe me, the present step is the only one I could take to enable me to do justice to the great interests committed to my charge. These, by the blessing of God, will yet prosper; and I shall have the credit, if the victory is won, of having not been sparing of exertion. A month with Lord Minto will do wonders."

We suspect our readers are finding that we have become dull in this narrative. We shall therefore present a specimen of the "Boy Malcolm." The following is from his journal kept for the perusal of Mrs. Malcolm:—

"We sailed this morning for Karrack to get water for the

voyage. As we were nearing the island, I fell into conversation with a confidential servant of the Sheik of Bushire, who had been sent to facilitate our getting water at Karrack. This poor fellow became quite eloquent at the idea of my going to India, which he had just heard. It foreboded, he said, ruin to his country. He then abused the King, the Prince, and his master the Sheik, who was, he said, a weak young man, who was ruled by some vile Persian advisers. 'He has now,' said the Arab, 'put the seal to his folly by disgusting you with his unworthy suspicions.' He then launched out into a grand account of my last mission, which he graced, in the true Arab style, with personal anecdotes. Nothing could be more entertaining than for a man to listen to anecdotes of himself, particularly when these were partly true, partly accidental speeches and occurrences which had been framed into regular stories, and had reached in that shape the lowest classes. To give you a short specimen of the Arab's conversation: 'Do they keep a parcel of vile French vessels,' said he in a rage, 'while they send away a man of whose wisdom and munificence, children speak, as well as fellows with white beards? Have they forgot what you did at Bushire, Shiraz, Ispahan, and Teheran? When Abdul Hamad, that half-merchant, half-minister, came to Bushire, deputed from Shiraz to find out by his wonderful penetration the objects of your mission, did you not closet him, make him swear secreey, and then tell him that in the times of the Suffavee Kings, the Persians had no beards, but the English had; that the latter had since lost that fine ornament to the face, and that as it was rumoured the Persians had found it, you were deputed to try and recover your right? That Hamad said, he became a laughing stock all over Persia, when the manner in which you treated him was made public. And at Shiraz, when that sly Persian minister, Chiragh Ali Khan, asked you what your business was at Court, you replied that, if you told him, you should have nothing to say to his master, the king.' 'At Ispahan,' continued the Arab, 'Mahommed Hussein Khan, the governor, who was the richest man in Persia, came to see you, and with a view of dazzling you, he wore a kubah, or upper garment, made of the celebrated zerbaff, or golden cloth, which is only worked in one loom in Persia. He found you dressed quite plain; but next day you went out a hunting, and it was reported to him that one of your favorite greyhounds was clothed in a cloth of the same stuff.' 'The fellow,' said he, 'has worn a plain chintz jacket ever since he received this rebuke. When you went one day to see the king, he put on all his richest jewels to excite your wonder. You looked him in the face, and you looked at his sword; but your eyes never once wandered to his fine diamonds. He was disappointed, and told Hadjee Ibrahim to ask you, as you retired, if you had not noticed them. The Hadjee returned to the presence, and was silent. The King was angry and said, "Repeat what Malcolm Saheb said." The Hadjee hesitated, till the King grew impatient. He then said, "Please your majesty, when I asked Captain Malcolm what he thought of your diamonds," "Nothing," he said, "what use are diamonds except as ornaments for women? I saw

the King's face, Captain Malcolm told me, with pleasure: it is the countenance of a man. And I admire his fine scymetar; steel is the lord of jewels." 'The King,' said the talkative Arab, 'though he

was disappointed, could not help admiring such sentiments.'

"All the Arab's stories are pretty near the truth. The dog's fine jewelled coat I recollect. It was made out of a dress of honor I had received, and put on to please my head huntsman, who used to lead this favorite greyhound himself; but God knows it was not meant to ridicule the magnificence of the Governor of Ispahan, from whom I received a thousand civilities."

So Malcolm left Persia, and returned to India. At the mouth of the Gulf, he met a vessel from Bombay, and received a parcel of letters, bringing him intelligence of the birth of a daughter, and the perfect recovery of his wife. Gladdened by these good news he proceeded to Calcutta, and received a most cordial welcome from Lord Minto. After much earnest consultation it was agreed that Malcolm should return to Persia, at the head of a force sufficient to enable him, if it should seem desirable, to take possession of the island of Karrack, in the Persian Gulf. It seems to have been considered that the refusal of the Shah to receive our envoy, while the ambassador of France was actually at his Court, was tantamount to a declaration of war, and that our possession of that island would enable us to keep Persia in check. Malcolm's own reasons for this step are plausible enough, as are generally the reasons for "most just and necessary wars." They were such as these; that we must have the means of preventing Persia from assisting any European Power in the invasion of India; that Persia, Eastern Turkey, and Arabia are to be regarded, not as national governments, but rather as tools which any European power might use. That it was for the manifest advantage of Persia to be on our side, since if she sided with our enemies, we should have no alternative but to blow her "into the middle of next week," whereas if she were on our side, it would not be the policy of any power wishing to invade India to attack her; -and so forth. arguments, and such as these, convinced Lord Minto. Sir Harford Jones, who was now at Bombay, was ordered to remain there, and General Malcolm set off, as one of old to Baratraria, " seeing in the distance, as he wrote playfully, a lordly castle, ' himself lord of the isle, and his lady-love looking out of a ' window and smiling approval of his acts."

Now Sir Harford Jones had come to Bombay after Malcolm had left that port for Bushire. When he heard of Malcolm's departure he was "in a fix." He did not well know what to do. He took advice of Sir James Mækintosh and of Colonel Close; and they were of course thorough "Malcolmites."

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They recommended him to remain at Bombay, waiting for what might turn up; and he, like a sensible man, did wait. when the tidings of Malcolm's having left Bushire arrived at Bombay, he considered that the embargo was taken off, and started for Persia, before Lord Minto's order directing him to remain, reached him. The intimation of his having started reached Calcutta while Malcolm was on his way down the river; and at Kedgeree he received a letter from the Governor-General requesting him to return. So Malcolm returned to Calcutta, not, we fear, in an amiable mood. But he found the Governor-General and the Council unanimous in the opinion that they must not consent to be choused out of their island by the accident of Sir Harford's having sailed; and it was at once resolved that "Malcolm was to take ship for Bombay; to muster his ' force; to prepare his equipments, and to make all things ready ' for his descent on the island, from which he was to menace Persia, Arabia and the Porte, and baffle the designs of Napo-' leon and the Czar." With this prospect again before him, of course his amiability soon returned, and we find, in his correspondence with his wife, such stories as the following, which seems to us to be well worthy of preservation, as a specimen of the graceful and gentleman-like manners which made the Governor-General peculiarly fascinating in private life:-

"Your acquaintance Mrs. W— happened not to have been introduced to Lord Minto when she dined here (Government House), and mistaking him for another, she said, "Do you know the cause of General Malcolm's return to Calcutta?" "I believe I can guess," was the Lord's reply. "Pray, then, tell me," said the lady. Lord Minto hesitated till after we were seated at table, and then said, "We had better give the General plenty of wine, and we shall get this secret out of him." The lady, who had now discovered his rank, began to make apologies. "I assure you, my Lord," she said, "I did not know you." "I am delighted at that compliment," he replied. "Not to be known as Governor-General in private society is my ambition. I suppose," he added, laughing, "you thought I looked too young and too much of a puppy for that old grave fellow Lord Minto, whom you had heard people talking about."

Once more General Malcolm turned his back on our Palatial city, on board the *Chiffonne*, and employed himself, as active men employ themselves on board ship, writing a discourse on "the career of Nadir Shah, to be submitted by his friend Mr. Colebrooke to the Asiatic Society,"—telling stories to, and romping with, Johnny Wainwright, the Captain's son, a fine boy of ten years, "who soon discovered Malcolm's wonderful fund of anecdote;"—remembering all his pleasant intercourse with Lord Minto, in Calcutta—and anticipating the far more pleasant

intercourse which he hoped to enjoy with Charlotte and little Margaret at Bombay. "At last, on the 30th of November, the vessel entered Bombay harbour—and Malcolm was happy." The sculptor cast a veil over the face of a father about to be deprived by a ruthless superstition of his daughter, and this is imputed to his despair of being able to express such grief. This, we take upon us to say, is a mistake. It was not that he could not, but that he would not, that he felt that he ought not; he instinctively respected the sacredness of parental grief; and in like manner do we respect the sacredness of conjugal and

parental joy.

In all the delights of genial intercourse with his Bombay friends, of that sacred intimacy to which we have alluded with his amiable and accomplished wife, of incessant wonderment at the discovery of the various beauties of his wonderful baby, and of exciting occupation in the organization of his little army, six weeks did not seem long; and on the 3rd of January, 1809, he wrote to Mr. Henry Wellesley that he expected to proceed to the Gulf in ten days, with an admirably well-appointed little force of about 2,000 men, to be followed, if necessary, with 3 or 4,000 more. Lord Minto had written to Sir Harford Jones directing him to return from Bushire; but as he had left Bombay before he was ordered to remain there, so he had left Bushire before he was ordered to return thence. Now if Malcolm had been merely bent on his own gratification, or if he had studied merely his own interests, he might have got great kudos by hastening his departure, and taking possession of Karrack before Jones could present himself in "the presence" at Teheran. But while this would have been congenial to the feelings of the "Boy-Malcolm," and would have been as good as what Sir Arthur Wellesley could only describe by a proverbial phrase as a " proper Malcolm riot," he neither on this, nor on any other occasion, allowed his dashing spirit to gain the ascendancy over his duty as a man entrusted with weighty responsibilities; and he therefore halted till he could refer to Calcutta. Before this reference reached Calcutta, the Government there had received intelligence respecting the relations of the European powers, which had caused Lord Minto to write to Malcolm to await further orders, and to Lord Minto suspend the expedition, if it should not have sailed. also expressed his desire, if the Military expedition should not be found necessary, to place a resident minister at the Persian Court, and hinted that the minister should be General Malcolm. But this was not to Malcolm's taste. Six years before this he had written from General Wellesley's camp to General Stuart, "a political agent is never so likely to succeed as when he nego-' tiates at the head of an army;" and he was of the same mind still. From his letters it would appear as if he had understood Lord Minto to contemplate the sending of him as "political," and a military force under another General; but it appears that what was really contemplated was not to send the military force at all. And this contemplation in due time ripened into a resolution. The whole scheme of the mission, political and military alike, was for the present abandoned. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting the concluding paragraph of the private letter from Lord Minto, which accompanied the official intimation of this resolution. If a man do not himself particularly care for such graceful compliments, he is always sure that his wife will be gratified by them, and he is pleased if it were only that they give pleasure to her.

"For these reasons, and for others which it is not necessary to enumerate in this letter, I think we are at liberty, and it is therefore our duty to renounce the proposed expedition, and, so far as Persia is concerned, to resume our peace establishment. Knowing how your mind and all its powers have, for such a length of time, been devoted to the great interests involved in the affair of Persia, and generally in the Persian Gulf-knowing how instrumental I have myself been in disturbing the tranquillity, public and domestic, of your permanent station at Mysore, and in kindling the very ardour which this letter is to extinguish—I cannot but feel extreme regret and discomfort at a termination which, on one hand, withdraws such talents as yours, with all the energy which belongs to your character, from the great field on which they were to be displayed, and, on the other, may seem to blight the rich fruits of honor and distinction which you were on the point of gathering. These are sentiments, in which I hope and am convinced you firmly believe, while I rely on the rectitude as well as strength of mind which distinguish you for feeling that they are sentiments which may be permitted to follow, but which could not be allowed any share in forming, our resolution on this great public question."

On receipt of this letter, Malcolm would of course have turned his face at once towards Mysore; but there was no steam in those days, and the monsoon was against him; and so he remained a few weeks longer in Bombay, collecting materials for his contemplated Political History of India and his History of Persia. In the month of May, "he embarked with his family for Madras; but he arrived there only to find the Government in alarm, the Presidency in commotion, and the army in rebellion."

We need not inform our readers that the rebellion of the army was the cause of the alarm of the Government, and of the commotion of the Presidency. Upon the history of this rebellion, we cannot enter now; but shall probably, ere long, make it

the subject of a separate article. We shall only state in general that almost all the regimental officers of the Madras army assumed an attitude of determined defiance to the Government, and many of them declared themselves ready to fight in defence of their rights to the last drop of their blood. This was a state of things which has no parallel in the history of a British army. That English gentlemen and soldiers, with or without cause of complaint, should have comported themselves as these men did, we believe that few in these days would deem possible. We all know, alas! too well, what is the misery of a sepoy mutiny; but the mutiny, or rather rebellion, of the English portion of our army, is a misery of a still darker character. The chief foci of the rebellion were Hyderabad and Masulipatam. To the former station, Colonel Close was despatched, and to the latter, General Malcolm. It is with the latter that we have to do. He started from Madras after long conferences with Sir George Barlow, with the distinct understanding that the plan of proceeding, which he had sketched out, of firmness tempered with conciliation, had the full sanction of the Governor. If he were right in this understanding, we think it impossible to doubt that he acted his difficult part in an admirable manner. He made no promises to officers with arms in their hands, which they professed themselves ready to use against the Government whom they had sworn to serve. But he reasoned with them in public and in private, represented to them the atrocity and the madness of their conduct, and was in a fair way to bringing them to submission. He then recommended to Government the issue of a proclamation, offering a pardon to those who should, within one hour after its receipt, return to their duty, and threatening the utmost severity of military law to those who should hesitate to return. This course was rejected by Sir George, who trusted to the loyalty of the Royal troops, and considered that the time had come to turn British bayonets against British breasts. This awful alternative was adopted by Sir George, and a bloody conflict ensued at Seringapatam. Malcolm's advice having been rejected, he asked permission to proceed to Madras, in the hope of being able to convince the Governor of the propriety of adopting it; and when in this he failed, it was of course out of the question that he should return to Masulipatam. The mutiny was quelled by other means than those that Malcolm had recommended; but whether it would not have been better quelled by gentler means, and whether it were favorable to British prestige to exhibit the spectacle of a civil war before the newly conquered natives of Seringapatam, may well be questioned.

While Malcolm was yet at Madras, in the month of Septem-

ber, Sir George Barlow despatched a letter to the Secret Committee on the subject of the mutiny, into which he introduced very grave reflexions on Malcolm's conduct. Of the existence of this letter, Malcolm knew nothing till it was laid before parliament three years after, and printed in a Blue-Book. He then wrote and published a plain statement of the facts of the case,

and left his conduct to the judgment of the world.

Malcolm had left Masulipatam on the 22nd of July, and reached Madras on the 26th. By this time it had been resolved by Lord Minto's Government to send him to Persia; and he was again summoned to Calcutta to receive his orders. Before he could obey this call, he was informed that Lord Minto was about to visit Madras, and would see him there. Accordingly, on the 11th of September, the Governor-General arrived at Madras, and Malcolm was soon ready to proceed to Persia. At this point Mr. Kaye's first volume closes, and at this point we shall close our present article, believing that the life of Malcolm is so germane to an *Indian Review*, that it may well bear to be made the subject of more than one article. We intend therefore to trace his subsequent career in our next issue.

ART. VIII.—1. An Introduction to the study of Universal History, in two dissertations: I.—History as a study, II.—On the Separation of the early facts of History from fable. By SIR JOHN STODDART. (Encyclopædia Metropolitana.) London, 1850.

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2. History of England, from the fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth. By J. A. FROUDE. London, 1856.

THE human race has been compared to an ever-green tree, which, amidst continual change in every successive portion, still preserves an identity of verdure throughout these ceaseless renovations. Generation after generation passes, but the human race remains, age by age advancing in collective knowledge and power,

"And the individual withers, and the world grows more and more."

And just as in the tree the leaves fall in irregular though certain succession, and some from the previous summer will linger on amidst the next spring's more vigorous offspring, so we see it to be in man. The generations do not pass away at once; the law that periodically changes the entire population of the globe, acts by a gradual and irregular influence; and long after a new generation has risen to occupy the places of the former, a few representatives of other days linger amongst it, to bear witness to the events of their youth, like Horace's laudator temporis acti. It is this interlacing of generations, which renders history possible. If the change were sudden and abrupt between one generation and another (as we see it to be in many insects and plants), an impassable chasm would lie between every age, and those which preceded or followed it; and the growing experience of mankind would be impossible. The treasures of one age would be no longer transmitted to another, to accumulate with thought's compound interest; each would struggle on, with its own hardly won pittance of knowledge,—born itself in intellectual beggary, and leaving the same destitution to its sons. But such could never be the condition of man, if this life was to be a stage of mental as well as moral discipline,—if the human race was to be self-trained, by a long process of culture, to the maturity of their powers, and complete dominion over the blind forces of nature around them. For this, it is essential that every age should advance,—that it should inherit the discoveries of all its predecessors, and transmit them with usury to its successors.

And yet without books how faint and uncertain is the link

between the present and even a comparatively recent past. Year by year, not only of persons but of things

From off the circle of the hills;"\*

and the events which were once known to every one, become ere long confused and uncertain, and unless perpetuated in writing, inevitably fade into a shadowy fiction. Year by year lessens the number of surviving witnesses; even those that linger on lose the remembrance, under the wear of age and the constant pressure of new objects on the attention. We cannot stop the current of life, but are inevitably borne on to new associations and circumstances, which gradually obliterate and falsify our recollections.

There is a deeply real sketch in Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop," of Kit's taking his children in after years to see the house where little Nell had lived with her grandfather; "but' new improvements had altered it so much, it was not like the same. The old house had been long pulled down, and a fine broad road was in its place. At first he would draw with his stick a square upon the ground to show them where it used to stand. But he soon became uncertain of the spot, and could only say it was thereabouts, he thought, and that these alterations were confusing."

Years bring the same confusion to the memories of us all; and if the interlacing of generations renders history possible, by thus preserving witnesses of past events and representatives of a vanished age, it is contemporary narrative only, which can

really make that history authentic.

In fact, what is all history at bottom, but an attempt to solve an impossible problem, which yet admits of an indefinite approximation to the truth? We can never wholly recall a byegone age, or re-produce it in all its colours and lineaments; but its representation may vary between almost infinite limits,—between the barren lists of the dynasties of Magadha, and a Gibbon's Decline, or Grote's Greece. Sir Robert Walpole's celebrated saying, "don't read me history, for that must be false," is thus far literally true; but it involves a practical fallacy. We can never express the exact area of a circle, because we can never exactly express the ratio between the radius and the circumference; but we can indefinitely approach it for every practical purpose; and thus, though we can never exactly attain to the full historic truth, there are no limits to our progress in its pursuit.

<sup>\*</sup> Tennyson's In memoriam,

But still, as we said, the exact attainment is beyond our reach, because the age is past. No efforts of the reason or imagination can recall the age of Queen Elizabeth in all its circumstances, because we can never bridge over the innavigable sea of three centuries, "which washes with silent waves between us." We cannot call up from the dead any witness to clear our doubts,—we are left entirely to silent monuments, which tell us their written message, but are dumb, if we question them farther. We have nought but the memorials which the age itself may have left us,—we are entirely dependent on the faithfulness and capacity of their authors for all that we can ever know. One hour's converse with Pericles or Augustus might clear up a thousand difficulties in Greek or Roman History, but that hour is a hopeless wish; we must be content to grope our way amid conjectures and doubts, where any contemporary could solve our difficulty in a moment. An Athenian cobbler could settle at once the disputes of scholars about the ecclesia, and the legislation of Solon and Cleisthenes; but alas! the witness has absconded, and our court's subpana has no power to produce him. The carelessness or inaccuracy of contemporaries entails an endless task on their successors, and hence history is so filled with conjectures that can never be proved or disproved, and chasms that no erudition can fill up.

Let us look for a moment at India, and her early history

before the Mohammedan conquest.

Every early glimpse of India reveals to us a teeming and busy population, separated into numerous small kingdoms, which are of course in constantly changing attitudes of friendship or hostility to each other. Civilization was highly advanced, and knowledge and literature were extensively cultivated, as is amply witnessed by the mass of ancient writings which we still possess. The chain of writings, in fact, runs up in an almost unbroken series, age beyond age, to the earliest times; but throughout that long series there is no such thing as history. The stream of thought flows on, but it never receives any image from the scenes through which it passes; the interests of the present are absorbed in gigantic dreams of the far distant past and future. Hence pre-Mohammedan India has no history; its annals are a lost chapter in the story of mankind. For the facts of history, unlike the facts of science, never repeat themselves; if the contemporary observer do not record them, no after age can recover them. Over that busy world of human life, between the era of the Vedas and Mahmud's invasions,—with all its triumphs and failures, its vices and heroisms,—there hangs an impenetrable veil. We can see that there was plenty to tell, but there was no one who cared to tell it. The establishment of the Brahmanical tribes; the rise of the laws of Manu; the disputes between the hierarchy and the warrior caste, whose records we can dimly trace in the legends of Jámadagnya and Viswamitra; the rise of Buddhism and its subsequent overthrow,—these are subjects as deeply interesting as any in ancient history, but they are now enigmas which we can never solve. European erudition may pore over the epic legends, until it fancies it can decypher some older writing under the palimpsest; by the aid of coins and inscriptions we can settle a few dates and names of dynasties; but these at their best are but a barren substitute for the living story of human interest, which, but for contemporary

apathy, we might have possessed. Happily, however, all countries are not like India; other civilised nations have been proud to commemorate the deeds of their ancestors and contemporaries; and with them the muse of history has taken her place, a daughter of memory, with the sister eight. The earliest note of European history opens on "This is the publication of the researches of this string. ' Herodotus of Halicarnassus, that past actions may not vanish ' from among men by time, nor the great and marvellous achieve-' ments, displayed by Greeks and Barbarians, lose their meed of ' praise." Every other civilised people, except India, have had some form of chronicle amidst their other literature, which preserved, however imperfectly, some features of the vanished generations,—some remembrance of their deeds and sufferings, to interest posterity. Even in the thickest darkness of the middle ages, there were hands found, which could write, however dully, some record of the events transpiring around them, little as the writers may have detected the nature of the general movement, or realised the goal to which it was tending. voluminous collections, which comprise the successive annals and chronicles of mediæval England and France, attest the existence, however faint, of some historical impulse even in the dark ages. Men were not even then content to perish forgotten; they too

These early chronicles are of course always uncritical; the writer puts down as he hears, and thinks only of preserving his details without further sifting or examination. The whole race of chroniclers are but the heapers of facts,—they are valuable, simply because they rescue from oblivion those countless traits and details, which, unless preserved by a contemporary, are for ever lost, and which in the historian's hands are invaluable as materials. It remains for the historian, properly so called, to use these materials for his work, to change the rude and undigested mass into order and regularity, and to shew the true

wished in their way that their present, however rude and barbar-

ous, might still "not vanish from among men by time."

meaning and connection of those events which to his predecessor were bare and isolated incidents. And with the historian arises a new need,—historical criticism.\* It is not enough that a fact be stated, he must examine the proofs of its authenticity. He must endeavour to trace the various stories to their original source, to unravel the threads of fiction which successive repetitions have woven into the original tissue, and to strip off all those later additions which form no part of the genuine narrative.

With the Greeks, among whom history sprang almost like Minerva, in full maturity, in the work of Herodotus, there was something like criticism from the very first; even in Herodotus, there is some weighing of evidence, and a definite expression of

opinion. But we see it in its full in Thucydides.

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The difference in years between Herodotus and Thucydides was less than one generation, but in tone of thought they are separated by ages. The one belongs to the ancient world, with its child-like wonder and trust, moving among the powers of nature with an unreasoning eye which

Has sight of Neptune rising from the sea, Or hears old Triton blow his wreathed horn,

While in Thucydides, we find ourselves transported abruptly into a modern world of thought and feeling. Thucydides is the only modern ancient; much of his history may be cast in an antique mould, much of it may seem rude and unskilful, but the tone of thought is essentially modern. If we only compare the way in which the two speak of the oracles and the prodigies which to the common belief foretold the coming struggles, when we pass from the one to the other, it is as though centuries intervened. No ancient historian writes with the severe criticism of Thucydides, and hence the difference strikes us so strongly. If we pass from Herodotus to Livy, there is no such shock, we can at once realise and understand both.

But that which in the rapid development of the Greek mind came out in the next generation, in the ordinary routine of the human mind takes centuries; it is only through a long line of tedious chroniclers that we reach at last a genuine historian. Thus in French history we must wade through a long series of monkish annals, from Gregory of Tours, for more than nine

<sup>\*</sup> Whether the historian treat of past or contemporary events, really makes no difference, as in either case he must depend on the testimony of others; for even in contemporary events, he cannot have been personally present at one-tenth of what he relates. In the following pages, we have considered the historian of the past, who compiles from contemporary writers; but the same rules apply for all.

centuries, before we come to Philippe de Comines,—the first writer who has something of the historian, with whom to write history was to think and to weigh, as well as to recollect and narrate.

For our present purpose all history may be divided into four classes, characterised by a greater or less amount of evidence; and it is by examining these that the rules of historical criticism

may be determined.

I. Where there is abundance of contemporary evidence, writers of all parties and opinions, and evidence of all kinds, as letters, speeches, &c., besides proper histories. This is only found in modern times, as for instance in our Parliamentary struggle with Charles I.

II. Where there is contemporary evidence, but all on one side; thus in Roman history, we have no story from the Carthaginian side. The best Mohammedan history never rises above

this class.

III. Where there remain no contemporary writers, but only later compilers from popular traditions, backed however by contemporary monuments; as the history of the Roman republic to the age of Pyrrhus, and pre-Mohammedan India from the fourth century before our era.

IV. Beyond this lies the mythic period, where there is no basis of historical proof at all, but only unsupported legends, as in the regal period at Rome, and the heroic age of Greece

and India.

Let us examine each of these in an inverse order; for it is by an induction from these that the rules of historic evidence are to be framed, and to each of them are the rules to be applied, if

our history is to be worthy of the name.

With the last mentioned, or mythic period, that cloud-land of heroic fable, which lies at the dawn of history, stretching back as far as the national memory or imagination may have ventured to explore, historical criticism has nothing to do. The vexed questions of the siege of Troy, or the wanderings of Æneas, or the Mahábhárata war, lie beyond her province,her instrument has no power to analyse them. There doubtless is some portion of truth contained in all these ancient heroic poems; the national enthusiasm of those simple times craved some basis of reality on which to ground its lawless inventions; but in which part of the poem that truth is to be found, we have no power to determine,—we cannot resolve the nebula. Poetic fiction has thrown her glamour-light over all alike, and we must be content to resign it all to her. There is no substratum of fact apart from the poems, by which to test and reject the overgrowth of fiction; we have no contemporary records

or monuments; and therefore criticism is powerless. What can be a more hopeless task than that which Bishop Thirlwall has attempted in the earlier chapters of his 'Greece,'-to sift the few grains of truth from the conflicting legends of an unhistoric age,—where we have no possible criterion except our own preconceived associations, to guide us in the search? We find the same also in Indian history. In the Rámáyana and Mahábhárata, there doubtless is an historic basis, on which the national fancy has erected its enormous superstructure of fable; but which is fact and which is fable, it is hopeless at this distance of time to determine. The story of ancient India is lost for ever, and we cannot re-produce it. All that we can attempt is to give the representations of the people, where any such are preserved to us, as in Manu's code and the Greek accounts; and by these scattered notices to form some combined picture of what India was in its social aspect at these two different epochs.

In ancient times (and even in modern too,) there was a favourite method of extracting the truth from the mythic period, by stripping the legend of all its marvellous adjuncts, and reducing it within the limits of probability, as if all that was rendered vraisemblable must therefore be vrai, and as if the legend contained all the history, only in an exaggerated form. But few processes are more erroneous; the very marvels which are thus eliminated, are too often the one point of life in the legend, without which it collapses at once into dull commonplace. Our method has reduced the poetry to prose, but we have not changed the fiction into truth,—we have only changed beauty into deformity, without gaining any thing for history by the transformation. Those legends which are found in every nation at a certain period of its growth, represent a phase of mind, not the events of an age; and we read them hopelessly wrong, if we think to decipher there any record of the events of that time. So far as the historian is the philosophic observer of national manners and habits of thought, these legends offer a boundless store of materials, and in every legend he has a contemporary and unconscious witness to represent the intellectual growth of the people. For the history of facts, they are valueless, but for that of thought they are pregnant with mean-The story of 'Troy divine,' or the family war for the throne of Hastinapura, remains a fable still, after all the efforts to unravel its truth; but the phase of national character and civilization therein pourtrayed, has a never-dying truthfulness and interest; and it is in this, and this alone, that the historic value of the Homeric poems or the Mahábhárata consists.

Leaving the mythic period, our next division in the reverse order which we adopt is that which, though it possesses no con-

temporary annals, but only compilations of a much later date, and from dubious original sources, has yet certain genuine monuments, which remain as witnesses for the historian. And here, we think, historic truth begins. It has escaped from the land of shadows, where every object eluded its grasp, and vanished into air at its touch, like the vision of Anchises in Hades;\* it here finds itself face to face with certain realities which will bear handling and examination. Much of the surrounding detail is still fable. The national invention has been busy to adorn its favorite heroes with impossible exploits, or to fill up chasms of oblivion by long histories of circumstantial fictions; but with it all we have certain truthful evidence, on which, as far as it reaches, we may safely take our stand. For the rest of the period we are at a loss as before, and speculation gropes blindly as ever; but in each contemporary witness, be it law, or treaty, or inscription, we have sure ground for our hypothesis, and so far as these may explain or suggest, we may even venture to deal with the surrounding fables themselves. The monuments may explain or confirm them, or may themselves receive new light from the comparison. Thus in Indian history, we have a few certain monuments to attest the intercourse between the kings of Magadha and Greece, as the treaty of Seleucus with Sandracottus, Megasthenes' residence at Palibothra, and the treaty of Antiochus with Asoka; and when this is established, what a light is shed on the Mahábhárata, which represents the king of the Yavanas (Ionians) as the ally of the king of Magadha. For the era of the war of Hastinapura, it is a childish anachronism; but for the age of the poem itself, it is truthful evidence. The triumph of historical criticism, as applied to this period, is seen in Roman history, as for instance in the story of Porsena, where, by a few extant monuments, t we have not only detected the falsehood of the Roman account, but have constructed something like the truth.

We pass on to the second of our classes, and here we find ourselves with something of historic certainty within our reach. We have no longer the cloud-land of the mythic period, where fact and fable are intermingled beyond any power of human analysis; nor are we toilsomely groping our way by the light of

<sup>\*</sup> Ter frustra comprensa manus effugit imago, Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.

<sup>†</sup> The treaty with Carthage, preserved by Polybius, which gives the extent of Roman territory, as it was in the first year of the Republic, the numbers of the tribes given in Livy, and the remarkable extract preserved by Pliny from the actual treaty with Porsena. How many generations of scholars had studied Livy and Pliny, and yet the value of this extract had never been noticed until M. de Beaufort pointed it out.

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a few extant monuments, which too often only serve to render the darkness visible, and to make us realise the more vividly, how little we can ever really know. In our present period, we find ourselves amply provided with materials,—it is the quality rather than the quantity which embarrasses our search. The contemporaries of the events which we study have left us their written accounts, and from these we can compile our own narrative, and, as we read them, we may feel sure that they are leading us by a real road. It is no will-of-the-wisp which is guiding us, but a hand of flesh and blood; and the events which we are witnessing, are not the dreams of a poet who only sought to embody a prevailing sentiment or idea of his own time; nor the fictions of a later chronicler who sought to conceal under his interpolations the hiatus which time had left,—we are in the midst of real scenes, enacted by living men, moved by real human passions. But our danger here lies in the very intensity of those human feelings, which give such reality to the page. The contemporary's passions must blind his judgment, the enthusiasm for his own party must render him partial; and unless we can correct his statements by those of the other side, unless at any rate we can compare the relative plausibility of the two, we can scarcely avoid drawing a false estimate of the time, and stereotyping a view which was necessarily distorted and incomplete. The error which the historian here commits, is not the substitution of falsehood for fact, the mistaking for a real event something which never had any existence, except in the inventor's brain; but he is perpetuating to posterity the deficient perspective which must mar the landscape of the contemporary. Our representation of the age is thus incomplete rather than false. we deal in half-truths and half-views of persons and things. But every one knows how perilous these half-views are, when we come to generalise the lessons of history into social philcsophy; and hence however plausible our histories may be, when they are thus drawn from partial sources, they bear with them the marks of inaccuracy, and we must use all heed when we apply them. The more earnest the age which we study, the more intense its passions and contests,-the more certain it is that any one-sided view must be blotted and mutilated. not the Cavalier who can understand the Roundhead, or the Roundhead the Cavalier,—the Athenian and the Spartan have no sympathies with each other; and unless we have the accounts of both, to compare and contrast, our history is doomed to be incomplete, and the lessons which it might teach proportionably enfeebled and indistinct.

Ancient history almost entirely belongs to this class,—partyhatred extinguished its objects, and at the end of a struggle,

every trace of the conquered was swept away. Who can now re-produce the age of the Gracchi or of Augustus in its full features? The literature which remains is the voice of the conquerors, and carries only their distorted feelings and views; and we look in vain for any record of the hopes and feelings which strung the nerves of their antagonists. They were crushed, and their watchwords perished with them; and we can only gather faint traces of what they were by the casual hints or unconscious expressions which may drop from their enemies and maligners. To this class also belongs Mohammedan history even at its best: -we have only the records of Islam, not of the nationalities which Islam crushed. Thus the great blank in the history of Mohammedan India is the utter absence of any Hindu accounts of the struggle; we have only the annals of the invader. Not one voice from the millions that were conquered has dared to tell us his countrymen's struggles or despair. Even when a Hindu has written, he only writes as a Mohammedan. "From one of that nation we might have expected to learn what were the feelings, hopes, faiths, fears and yearnings of his subject race.but unfortunately he rarely writes unless according to order or dictation, and every phrase is studiously and servilely turned to flatter the vanity of an imperious Mohammedan patron. There is nothing to betray his religion or his nation, except perhaps a certain stiffness and affectation of style, which show how ill the foreign garb befits him."\*

One period yet remains—the only one to which the historian can really turn with comfort and hope; and even this will reveal sufficient ground for caution and care, to make us feel how difficult it is to recover the past from oblivion at all. In this we have every resource at our disposal, to recall the bye-gone age, so far as books and writings can recall it; those features only are absent, which the 'litera scripta' is powerless to pourtray. Most modern history is of this kind; and it is to the discovery of such literary and antiquarian treasures as the documents relating to early English history, published under the direction of the Record Commission, "the Close and Patent Rolls," the "Parliamentary writs," &c., the sixteen volumes of letters, relating to the times of Thomas à Becket, published by Dr. Giles, and many similar works, that modern history chiefly owes its success in its treatment of the later mediæval times.† For the later periods of modern-European history, we are amply supplied with contemporary narratives, written with all shades of opinions

<sup>\*</sup> Sir H. Elliot's Bibliographical Index, Introd. p. xviii.

<sup>†</sup> Similarly for French history, we have the "Collection des Memoires relatifs à l'histoire de France" in 31 volumes, and the various volumes of "Documens Inédits," published by the ministry of Public Instruction.

to bias them and with every degree of partiality; and from these, by comparison and mutual correction, we may re-produce a tolerably exact picture as the events appeared to the various contemporaries. But much is still undone, while we are dependent on written narratives only,-no contemporary is present at one-tenth of what he describes, and is necessarily dependent on others for his information, and is limited by their accuracy and honesty. It is to those stores of letters and despatches, which reveal the actors themselves in their unguarded moments, the publication of which has formed a new feature of literature in our day, that history looks as her final resource. anywhere will the real truth be found; if the confidential communications of private intercourse reveal it not, the search is hopeless indeed. Such publications as the letters of Oliver Cromwell, or the Stanhope correspondence, are not like the letters of Cicero and Pliny in old times, -inestimable as the letters to Atticus are to the historical student,-for those were written with an eye to publication, and we feel that the writer never entirely unbosoms himself,—he is thinking of a future reader, besides Atticus, and checks his outpouring confidence, as at the entrance of an intruder. The pre-eminent value of the publications of our day, over all the ancient collections of letters, lies in their perfect genuineness and spontaneity,-they were written with no thought of after publication, for no third eye to see; and when we read them, it often seems a half sacrilege to intrude into such a sanctuary of private feeling. These are some of the highest kinds of historical evidence, and it is only in modern times that such have been rendered available; so that we have some good reason for hoping that modern history will be more truthful and valuable, from the better means placed at her disposal.

Such then being a progressive view of the several phases of history, as we pass from the absolute uncertainty of popular tradition, through a gradually increasing clearness to the daylight of modern times,—our next question is, what are the rules of historical evidence, to be applied with more or less severity to

all these periods in turn?

The historian sits as the judge of an epoch, and he summons to his bar all the actors in its busy drama. His verdict is their future fame,—praise or blame may be said to hang on his voice. The rules of evidence therefore will be such as the upright judge demands; but a degree of laxity is necessarily allowed to the historian, which we deny in the court of law. The historian is a private individual, and he is armed with no powers to enforce the production of testimony; he is necessarily obliged to be content with the best that his researches can discover. Hence

arise two important differences between his court and that of the judge. In the first place, he regards all evidence as admissible, he excludes no deposition; he only reserves to himself to discriminate between their relative merits. In the second place, evidence which would be hearsay in a court of law, may be in his eyes original, if he can but satisfy himself as to the accuracy of the copy or repetition. The rules of evidence established in our courts of justice, are too strict to bind the student in his library, but they may always furnish him hints in the examination of any doubtful authority. "He must be guided, not, indeed, by their rules, but by the reasons of their rules."\*

To constitute the highest testimony, it must be original and contemporaneous; unless both these conditions be fulfilled, it is

uncertain and of inferior value.

It must be original,—i. e., the narrative must rest on the authority of an eye-witness to the fact. The writer himself on whom the historian relies, or some persont with whom that writer has spoken, and whose testimony that writer has taken down, must depose to the relation, or we introduce an element of uncertainty, whose subtle poison, like quicksilver in gold, will loosen the cohesion of the whole. There is no limit to the uncertainty, if this witness' evidence is derived from hearsay. In all evidence, where our own senses did not inform us, we are necessarily dependent on another's word; and of the truthfulness of that word we must ourselves determine by his bearing and character, if we are personally examining him, and by the internal evidence (which is a book's bearing and character) if it be only his written testimony. In either of these two ways, we come in direct contact with the witness. We saw not the event ourselves, but we have seen and tested one who did. But when the evidence is on hearsay, we lose this personal control altogether; we are dependent on the testimony of a man, who is not produced in court, and of whose trustworthiness we have no means of judging. It is this which forms one main element of uncertainty in the boasted authorities of Arabian tradition: the historian who gives the chain and hangs his narrative thereon, has no means of testing the separate links. In evidence especially does the maxim hold that nothing is stronger than its weakest part; and here we have no means of determining where the flaw, if any, may lie. When Herodotus tells us of that famous dinner party at Thebes, which Attaginus gave to Mar-

<sup>\*</sup> Sir G. C. Lewis, 'Method of Observation in Politics,' vol. i., p. 196.

<sup>†</sup> Strictly speaking, this is hearsay to the historian,—but the writer must be considered as the magistrate who has taken the deposition of a person not produced in court. In a court of law, this may not be admissible, but in that of history we are forced to receive it.

donius and the other Persian nobles,—when one of the Persians prophetically with tears told the Greek who reclined with him on the same couch, that of all those nobles, and the army which then lay encamped on the river, hardly a man was fated to escape the coming crisis,—he tells it on the personal authority of that very Greek to whom it happened,—"the sequel which I am about to relate, I myself heard from Thersander, a native of Orchomenos, and one of the first men in that city." Herodotus himself was not present, but he had talked face to face with one who was; and Herodotus has sufficiently proved his own truthful character by the internal and external evidence of his book, to carry conviction to the reader that he has faithfully reported the deposition. It rests on the trustworthiness of Thersander; and that we must take on the authority of

Herodotus, as we must every thing else in his book.

Where the original documents are preserved, or as long as the witnesses themselves live, we can test the historian or writer's accuracy; but in the historical court, time is continually removing both these sources, especially the latter; and hence we are obliged to consider as our original authority, the writer who records the deposition. Thersander in the narrative of Herodotus has been dead for more than 2,200 years, and the tablets in the Capitol, from which Polybius made his translation of the Roman treaties with Carthage, have long since perished, so that we cannot test their accuracy; this must rest on the general character which they possess for diligence and care. Diodorus Siculus, on the contrary, is a hasty writer, and we can often prove his inaccuracy; hence suspicion attaches to him throughout, because we can never feel sure that his quotations and repetitions are to be relied on.

But the Arabian evidence, as we said, is of a totally inferior kind, and can carry no conviction at all to the reader. We read of the care which the compilers exercised in rejecting spurious traditions; thus Abu Dáúd, out of 500,000 traditions respecting the Prophet, selected only 4,800; but this criticism was only guided by the character of the names of the witnesses. If the character of each link in the chain was deemed unimpeachable, the tradition was received, whatever its inherent improbability.\* Thus, "I have been informed by Mohammed b. Bashshár, that he had been informed by Yahyá b. Sayd, who said that he had been informed by Hishám b. Hassán, who said that he had it from Al Hasan Baçriy, who said that he heard from Abdallah b. Moghaffal, 'that the Prophet had been forbidden by God to comb more frequently than every

<sup>\*</sup> See the Calcutta Review, No. xxxvii. "Sources for the biography of Mohammed."

other day." The same system is pursued every where in all Arabian history; every author gives us these chains of

names, as if they were demonstrative evidence.

As we said before, the historian rejects no evidence, however far removed from the original authority; a mere popular rumour may possess a certain weight and credibility; but it is important that he should fully realise to himself and impress on his readers the uncertain character of such testimony when received. Some of it may be true, but much of it is certainly false; and it is the impossibility of testing how much that renders it

so suspicious and dangerous,

The evidence must also be contemporary; it must be written down at the time, before the impression has been suffered to grow faint or be effaced. Life is like a long procession, and new faces and objects are continually appearing, while the old vanish from our sight; and the claims and interests of the present must inevitably confuse and alter our recollections of the past. If any long interval has been suffered to intervene before the facts are committed to writing, and stamped in a lasting form, so far is an element of inaccuracy and uncertainty admitted; new events and combinations have risen meanwhile to influence and modify our recollections, and we are insensibly colouring the past by the prevailing hues of to-day. Here again the historian does not reject any evidence, however suspicious; he may receive it all for its worth, and test it by other and better kinds. We are speaking now of the highest evidence, which the historian is bound to find if possible, and if such be not forthcoming, the age is defective in one main ingredient of history, and its record therefore in the page of the historian is thus far defective also.

Tried by this test, again, the Arabian traditions do not stand. Far from being committed to writing from the first, the great mass of tradition remained for generations only oral, transmitted from year to year, and inevitably growing as time went on, so that we cannot, with confidence, or even with show of likelihood, affirm of any tradition that it was recorded till nearly the

end of the first century of the Hegira.†

We may here mention two of the principal sources of error, which may influence even the best kinds of evidence,—the counteracting forces, for whose effects we must make continual allowance and correction; and of course it will be understood that with the inferior kinds these influences will be still more pernicious.

Contemporary evidence is liable to be partial and prejudiced.

<sup>\*</sup> Dr. Sprenger's Life of Mohammed.

<sup>+</sup> Calcutta Review, No. xxxvii, p. 27.

To a student in after times the past seems tranquil; it has lost its heat and unrest, and has settled into a deceptive aspect of repose. But to the men who lived in the sound of the busy hum of its voices, it wore a very different appearance; to them all was real and living, and every event enlisted on its side strong sentiments and earnest convictions. To us these are all past; we can look on the scene with dispassionate eye; nay more, in many of the conflicts and crises we can sympathise with the better portion of both parties. But to the contemporary this is impossible: he must, nay he ought to feel strongly, and the man who could write in cold blood about the Persian war in which he himself had fought, or the Reformation struggle in which his dearest friends had suffered, would be below, not above, the level of human nature. The contemporary should write with a desire to do broad justice to all, and he should consciously allow himself in no deviation from the truth; but he cannot alter his point of view; he must see "in section," not "in plan." No one blames Clarendon for his Royalist prepossessions; these in him were natural and right; we honour him for his loyalty and fidelity, and they make us the more ready to trust him. But we have a right to demand conscious truthfulness, and in this Clarendon fails; and, as Hallam says, "No man can avoid con-' sidering his incessant deviations from the great duties of an ' historian as a moral blemish in his character." An honest contemporary may sometimes mislead, but it will be by an unconscious bias; and wilfully to misrepresent an antagonist is to forfeit that honesty. A contemporary record therefore, however honest its aim, will necessarily require caution in its use; we must test it by other accounts, especially those of the opposite party, and existing letters and public documents. But inasmuch as too large a proportion of mankind are habitually careless of truth, we must lay our account to find some degree of intentional perversion of facts in the mass of contemporary writers; and this is a serious drawback to historical accuracy in general.

Again, to the contemporary the future is unknown. This may at first seem a matter of little importance, but in reality, we can hardly over-estimate its effects. To us, the fears and hopes of a past age are over, its triumphs and dangers are equally past, and it is only by a strong effort of the imagination that we can realise them, as if still in the womb of futurity. Especially must we bear this in mind in the great crises of a nation; to the contemporaries the final issue, which to us is known from the lessons of childhood, was uncertain and alarming, and in this twilight of the future men saw shadows of terror, which we know to have been illusions, however real to them. Now this bright or sombre hue from an uncertain future colours the

contemporary's page; while at the same time his ignorance of the goal, to which the events of his age are tending, leads him to violate all relative proportion in his estimates. It is only the after historian who can reduce the events to their proper standard,—who can read the whole as a whole, and so duly subordi-

nate the parts.

Contemporary evidence will vary in kind. This might seem a truism, but no rule has been so often and habitually violated. Our histories of Athens, for instance, have been hitherto compiled on an almost opposite principle. Our scholars have written Greek history,\* as if every contemporary record were of equal value; and they have drawn their conclusions from the sneers of the satirist, as unhesitatingly as from the gravest statesman. To the historian satires and libels are often invaluable aids; they may sometimes throw a new light on a period, and they will always illustrate its manners and views. Thus every classical scholar, who has read Thucydides and Aristophanes, hand in hand, taking each comedy in its order, as he reaches the corresponding year of the Peloponnesian war, will know how vivid the interest is, which the comedy throws on the sober history. Thus,—to give only one instance which occurs to us,—we learn from Thucydides that the Athenians who had lived in the country, were loath to be torn from their family homes, on the breaking out of the war, and to be cooped up in the crowded city; but to realise this to the full, we should read the comedy of the 'Peace,' where these very old citizens form the chorus, and hear them lamenting in person for the pleasant farms and vineyards they have left:

Glad day for honest country folks,—oh Peace, how you remind me! You make me think directly of the vines I left behind me, And the fig trees which I planted,—ah I was younger then! How I long to bid good morrow to their honest heads again!

But satire and comedy are to illustrate, not to prove; and when we use them as evidence, they must mislead. Mr. Grote's chapter on the Sophists is a memorable illustration of this. For ages men have accepted satire as proof, and of course it has prejudiced their views. The Punch of our day will be an invaluable aid to the future historian, as representing the present time in its lighter traits and feelings; but alas for historic truth if he forgets what Punch is, and treats it as many a grave scholar has treated the Greek Punch, Aristophanes.

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;There has been a time, when every Arabic, Persian or Turkish work, containing the history of Mohammed and his successors, or any part of the history of the East, was considered as a source of information, the authenticity of which was above all doubt and question."—Dr. Sprenger.

We need not here classify all the different kinds of contemporary evidence, but we may notice a few of the more important.

First, then, we would put the contemporary historian, who writes with an honest wish to tell the story of his own time. We can forgive him a hearty partiality for his own side, if he can resist its temptations to wilful perversion of the truth. Of such writers, prejudiced it may be, but honest in the main, there are many degrees, varying with the shades of moral and intellectual strength; but in this class, though in different ranks of it, we would place such writers as Thucydides, Froissart, Comines, and Burnet. In a far lower class would we rank those who often intentionally deceive, such as Julius Cæsar and Clarendon, because, however high their merits as authors, they have violated the cardinal rule of history, truth; and no powers of thought or beauties of style can atone for this crime.

Next to these comes the dull plodding chronicler, such as the monkish writers of the middle ages; and below these the mere partizan, who upholds his side through thick and thin, the indiscriminate laudator or abuser, such as Abu'l Fazl in his history of Akbar, in which "an uniform strain of panegyric and triumph" is kept up, which disgusts the reader with the author, and almost with the hero. Amidst these unmeaning flourishes, the real merits of Akbar disappear, and it is from other authors we learn the motives of his actions, the difficulties he had to contend with, and the resources by which they were surmount-

ed."\*

From these we pass to works not historical in their form, but abounding with the raw materials of history; and foremost among these are the letters of the leading men of the age,—where we talk with the minds which ruled the course of events, and see them undisguised and without reserve. Such evidence, as we have before observed, is of the highest value,† and it is the great advantage of the modern writer that stores of such letters have been published, and stores, relating to every modern period, yet await an editor.‡ With these may be classed the documents of the time, such collections as Rymer's Fædera, the Statute Book, and those various papers in the Rolls house, which have recently proved such a rich mine, when worked by Mr. Froude. His history of Henry VIII. will be variously judged by different readers, and we may all dissent from some of his conclusions; but one thing seems certain, that it must remain the history of the times, unless

<sup>\*</sup> Elphinstone's India.

<sup>† &</sup>quot;Surely this testimony," says Hallam, speaking of the Paston collection of letters, "outweighs a thousand ordinary chronicles."

<sup>‡ &</sup>quot;The library at Besançon contains sixty volumes of the letters of Granvella, Charles the Fifth's great minister."—Dr. Arnold's Lectures on History.

some one digs deeper in the same mine. "I have taken my story," he says, "almost exclusively from contemporary letters,

'state-papers and acts of Parliament. In examining each separate transaction, my plan has been to arrange the materials relating to it in chronological order; and when this has been done closely and carefully, it has seemed to me, as if the history

' has written itself, and can be read in its main outlines without

difficulty."

Next to these are the various fugitive works, the pamphlets and controversial treatises, out of which such an artist as Macaulay can pick all those vivid traits which light up his pages. Ample collections of these are found in all our great public libraries in England; and little to be relied on as such productions are for their own authority, they sometimes contain imbedded facts

and allusions of great value.

With these we may mention the satires and libels to which we have already alluded—those ephemeral bubbles, which are lashed into existence by party conflict, and whose interest expires with the hour that gave them birth. To the general reader, few things are more stale and unprofitable; but they are often full of interest to the historical and antiquarian student, whose researches enable him to revive the forgotten jest. It is indeed singular that works of wit in general, which are the readiest understood in their own time, and appeal to the immediate perceptions of their original readers, become of all books to after times the most obscure and uninteresting. Charles Lamb, in one of his essays, remarks that a joke cannot be transmitted by letter to Australia, -" It is a merchandise that above all requires a quick return,—a pun and its recognitory laugh must be ' co-instantaneous!" Open any of the political satires of former times, and how flat and spiritless they seem; even Hudibras, Absalom and Ahithophel, and the Dunciad, have an obsolete and forgotten air. Such books must pass away as works of humour; their only chance of perpetuity is the Antiquarian interest, which attaches to these vivid pictures of the past, and always leads a few minds to such studies.

To this catalogue, the future historian will have to add one most important item, which has only lately risen into significance—the daily newspaper. He will have no longer to complain of any dearth of materials,—he will rather be overwhelmed by their accumulation; and the impossibility of reading one-tenth of the mass will bring in new sources of error and confusion. The files of the *Times*, with their daily rumours and contradictions, will give him a most vivid picture of our age; but his will be a steady head which does not turn giddy amidst the hubbub and whirl. Still the newspaper will be a most valuable aid,

especially for confirmation and proof; and above all, our reports of all public meetings and Parliamentary debates. Great indeed will be the change to pass from the fictitious harangues of ancient authors, or the hardly more trustworthy debates of the senate of Liliput, to the verbatim reports in any number of the Times. The lost speeches of Bolingbroke, for which Pitt would have exchanged so many an extant classic, would now be preserved for ever; and though our present Parliamentary debates may lack the sententious eloquence of former oratory, we can hardly doubt that, for business-like grappling with the subject, and lucid exposition of its details, (the real points of interest to the future historian) the orators of the present day are far superior to their predecessors, and their speeches therefore far more

worthy to be preserved.

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The "organon" of historical criticism, which we have thus imperfectly described, has already changed every field of history to which it has been honestly applied,—especially that classical field which every one had previously pronounced to be clipped bare, and barren. Mr. Grote's twelve volumes are professedly written under its laws; and however we may dissent from some of his opinions, none can rise from their perusal without new views of that subject in some of its most essential features. Greek and Latin had been read for centuries, and their histories studied and commented on by successive generations of scholars; but the soil was a virgin one to the husbandman after all. Mitford and Thirlwall had already shewn its fertility, but it has been reserved to Mr. Grote's life-study to reap the full harvest. Similarly the three great provinces of modern history (to use Dr. Arnold's division,) European, Colonial and Oriental, must be all examined\* and re-written with this strict attention to evidence; and wherever it is tried, new discoveries will be the result.

In many things the effect will be startling and disagreeable. Much that has been received on tradition for ages will be found untenable, just as our school-boys are now taught to reject the Roman history which their grand-fathers implicitly believed; and much that we now reject may be weighed and proved true. The process will be distasteful; but after all, truth is best. If history be not true, it is worse than the idlest fiction, because it deceives. Our history may become less picturesque; we may find some of our heroes dethroned; but the result will be something to be relied on; and if historical philosophy is to be ever better than a dream, it is only by an induction from real facts

that its laws and principles are to be gained.

<sup>\*</sup> Thus Dr. Sprenger was the first writer who submitted the sources of the biography of Mohammed to a critical enquiry.

SEPT., 1857.

That history will become less picturesque we may readily own, if we restrict that term to the vivid anecdote or the brilliant rencontre; but there are other elements of deeper meaning which are not so easily invalidated. A village custom, a clause from an ancient statute, or a time-worn inscription, may possess as vivid an interest, if we have but the key to decipher them. As our researches extend, and our knowledge becomes deeper, we are continually turning up new relics of the past. Thus of how recent a date is Comparative Philology, which has unveiled to us the mysteries of language, and shewn that our words are not only the ready money of daily life, but historical medals as well.

The anecdotes and incidents will go, we fear, — for how many have already gone! Thus the long cherished story of the recital by Herodotus of his unfinished history at the Olympian games, with the boy Thucydides among his audience, has vanished before closer scrutiny; dates are insuperably stubborn, and Herodotus and Thucydides were born too near each other to allow of such a rencontre. The story in fact rests on the authority of Lucian, who lived six hundred years after the event, if it happened,—in itself suspicious enough; and Lucian's character for accuracy is too low to warrant any extraordinary trust.

Again, Belisarius begging for bread with "give an obol to Belisarius," was long received as a fact, but when traced to its source, it seems quite untrustworthy, as it first appears in a random compilation by that poor "Greek witling" (as Milton calls him) Tzetzes, a monk of the twelfth century. The legend of Fair Rosamund's fate is undoubtedly false, and can be traced up to no contemporary authority; in fact the further back we carry our search, the less of the story is known; and in this instance, we can distinctly trace the growth of the fable through successive chroniclers.

We need hardly remind our readers of the parallel instance in oriental history, in the story of Mahmúd and the jewel-filled idol at Somnath, which has been proved to be in itself impossible, as the idol was a solid stone block, in fact a common Linga column. It is encouraging to find that the story is equally overthrown by a scrutiny of authorities, and Professor Wilson (in the Asiatic Journal, May, 1843) has traced it back to its earliest extant mention, in Abulfeda, at the commencement of the thirteenth century. Every later author adds something of his own, until the idol, which in this writer was only five cubits high, two of which are set in the ground, and which is destroyed by a fire lighted round it to split the hardness of the stone, becomes in the gradual growth of fiction an idol in human figure, which Mahmúd bursts open with his axe, and thus discovers an immense

store of jewels in its belly. This is the account in Ferishta (A. D. 1600), whence it has been copied into our general histories.

The whole history of the early Mohammedan conquests, as we have it in Gibbon, and the popular writers who follow him, abounds with apocryphal stories. The only authority accessible to the general reader, and which Gibbon mainly consulted, is Ockley's history of the Saracens, a work displaying great learning and diligence, but unfortunately chiefly based on an author who little merited such confidence. The history by Wákidi, which he has incorporated into his work, is now considered a mere romance, by some writer, who lived between the close of the eleventh and the middle of the fourteenth century.\*

In conclusion, we would take as a further illustration of the method of historical evidence an instance treated at length by Isaac Taylor in his excellent though scarce work on the process of historical proof.† We have taken this especially, because we are for once enabled to prove the correctness of the verdict, by

later discoveries unknown at the time to the writer.

The question is the authenticity of the account that Xerxes cut a trench through the narrow isthmus of the promontory of Mount Athos, that his second fleet might coast from gulf to gulf without doubling the dangerous headland, where his former fleet was wrecked. Several modern writers have rejected the story altogether, relying on its inherent improbability, and on the language of the Roman satirist, Juvenal, who expressly adduces it to support his epithet, "Græcia mendax," and whose words imply that it was generally disbelieved in his time.

Let us examine the evidence in favour of the account. The primary witness is Herodotus, who gives a detailed account of the whole undertaking, entering minutely into particulars; and Thueydides, who possessed estates in the neighbourhood, and had commanded the Athenian fleet there, alludes to the canal as still in existence, and well-known to his readers. Similarly, the orators Lysias and Isocrates confidently affirm the fact; and in later times, the historians Diodorus Siculus and Justin relate it without hesitation, though of course their evidence will weigh but little in the scale. Lysias and Isocrates, as orators, lose their advantage of proximity to the time by the suspicion of

<sup>\*</sup> Ergo libri isti nec seculo undecimo exeunte antiquiores, nec medio seculo decimo quarto juniores.—Hamaker, Pref. ad Incerti Auct. Lib.

<sup>†</sup> We are glad to see that the Calcutta University has introduced the subject of historical evidence into its course of study for the B. A. degree; and that Isaac Taylor's two works (the one mentioned above, and that on the transmission of ancient books,) are recommended as text-books. Sir John Stoddart's reprint at the head of our article, contains some valuable remarks on early history; and there is an admirable summary of the subject in chap. vii. of Sir G. C. Lewis' "Methods of observation and reasoning in Politics."

rhetorical exaggeration; but here our cavils must stop,—we can challenge no other witness. The testimony of Herodotus and Thucydides remains distinct and unshaken, and is alone sufficient to establish the point. The Athenians, by their possessions at Amphipolis and elsewhere, were constantly in communication with those coasts; and it is impossible that two such writers could have joined in mentioning as a fact, what so many of their readers could have at once disproved, if it were false. Of course Juvenal's sneer is put out of court as evidence by the 500 years which had intervened; and the internal improbabilities can weigh little in themselves, when we remember an eastern despot's caprices, and his unlimited power to gratify them.

Judging therefore by the rules of evidence alone, Isaac Taylor

gave an unhesitating verdict for Herodotus.

But in this case, we are not left to criticism; the verdict has been unexpectedly confirmed by different evidence. Modern travellers, in this, as in a thousand other instances, have confirmed the truthfulness of the father of history, and we read the following in the latest edition of his works: "The canal was traced by Carlyle (ap. Walpole's Turkey, i., p. 224,) throughout the whole of its extent. It is about a mile and a quarter long, ' and twenty-five yards across. It has been much filled up by mud and rushes. Its bottom is in many places very little above the ' level of the sea, in some parts of it corn is sown, in others there are pools of water." It runs in fact from the Gulf of Monte Santo to the bay of Erso in the Gulf of Contessa. Other travellers speak of a singular mound, which rises as a natural citadel over the village of Erso, the ancient Acanthus; and there, Herodotus tells us, Artachæes died, the superintendent of the canal, and a man of royal blood, whom Xerxes ordered to be buried with royal pomp, and "the whole army raised his mound."